

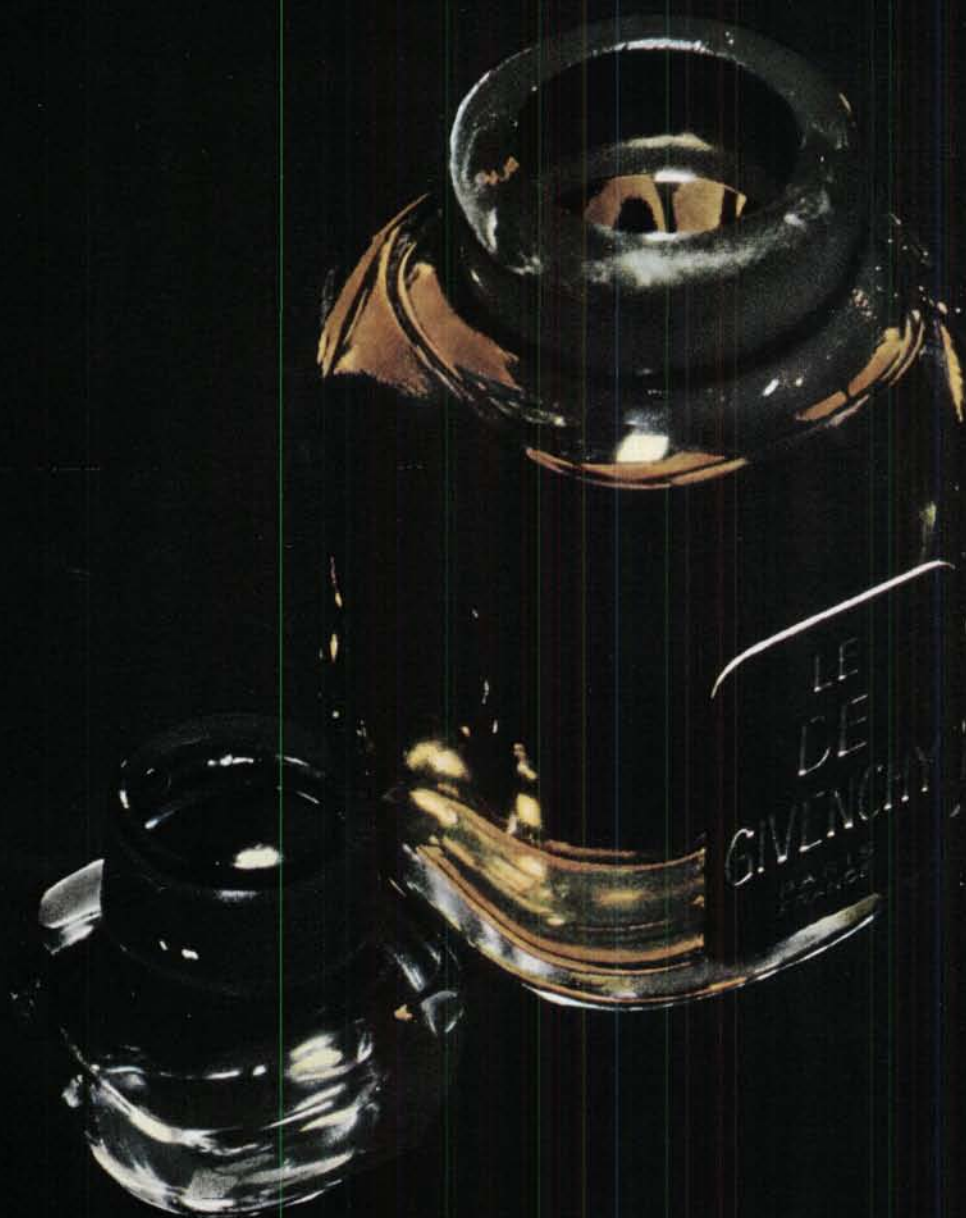
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BARBARY SHORE—A workshop production of a play by Jack Gelber, adapted from the novel by Norman Mailer. With Verna Bloom, Rip Torn, Lane Smith, and David Clennon. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 3:30 and 8; Tuesday through Friday, Nov. 6-9, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 10-11, at 3:30 and 8. Free.)

BLACK THEATRE ALLIANCE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of a three-week showcase (plays, musicals, vaudeville, poetry readings) by sixteen groups that will run through Sunday, Nov. 18. Wednesday, Oct. 31: Afro-American Studio. . . . Thursday, Nov. 1: New Federal Theatre. . . . Friday, Nov. 2: Demi-Gods. . . . Saturday, Nov. 3: Afro-American Total Theatre. . . . Sunday, Nov. 4: Vinie Burrows, plus segments from "The River Niger" and "Raisin," in a benefit performance; for tickets, call 245-8125. . . . Wednesday, Nov. 7: Bed-Stuy Theatre, Inc. . . . Thursday, Nov. 8: Voices, Inc. . . . Friday, Nov. 9: Cornbread Players. . . . Saturday, Nov. 10: Black Vibrations and Weusi Kuumba Troupe. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sunday, Nov. 4, at 7.)

BOOM BOOM ROOM—David Rabe's play will be the initial presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Madeline Kahn, Charles Durning, Charlotte Rae, and Robert Loggia head a cast directed by Julie Bovasso. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 7. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 8, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 9. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

A BREEZE FROM THE GULF—Mart Crowley is the author of this pointless arrangement of episodes about a drunk, his drug-addicted wife, and the son they use and abuse. Scott McKay, Ruth Ford, and Robert Drivas are the good actors, poor souls. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE CONTRACTOR—David Storey's hypnotic play about some Yorkshire workmen who erect a tent on their boss's lawn and then take it down. The acting, under Barry Davis's direction, is flawless. With Kevin O'Connor, Joseph Maher, Neil Fitzgerald, and John Wardwell, among other stalwarts. (Chelsea/Manhattan, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Sunday, Nov. 4, and starting Tuesday, Nov. 6, the curtain time will be 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Nov. 3, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CROWN MATRIMONIAL—An adroitly written account of the turmoil into which Edward VIII pitched himself, the Royal Family, and England itself, when he decided to marry Wallis Simpson. The author is Royce Ryton, the director is Peter Dews, and the stars are Eileen Herlie and George Grizzard. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE FAGGOT—Al Carmines, resident pastor of the Judson Memorial Church, has applied his prodigious talent for music and lyrics to a humorous and merciful oratorio on the subject of homosexuality. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 674-8420. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE FATHER—Robert Lansing plays the title role in this revival of Strindberg's play. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays

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through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

FULL CIRCLE—The only play by the late Erich Maria Remarque, adapted by Peter Stone and starring Bibi Andersson and Leonard Nimoy. Directed by Otto Preminger. Previews through Tuesday, Nov. 6. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 7. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA—A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza

Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

HARD TO BE A JEW—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

THE HOT L BALTIMORE—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them fairly inexperienced,

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DRAWINGS: George Price, Brian Savage, Barney Tobey, Stan Hunt, Edward Frascino, David Langdon, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Robert Weber, Joseph Farris, Al Ross, J. B. Handelsman, Donald Reilly, William Hamilton, James Stevenson, Charles Barsotti, Robert Day, Frank Modell

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

enced, shine, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

HOUSE PARTY—A play by Ed Bullins, with music by Pat Patrick and lyrics by Mr. Bullins. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8; on Thursday, Nov. 8, at 6:15. Matinees Saturdays at 2.)

IRENE—A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Debbie Reynolds and the rest of the cast redeem the false-ness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC—Love in three-quarter time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, and Hermione Gingold. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MEIN MAMA DER GENERAL—A Yiddish musical. (Burstein, 250 W. 43rd St. 354-5616. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

MOLLY—Kay Ballard in a musical based on characters from "The Goldbergs," by Gertrude Berg. The book is by Louis Garfinkle and Leonard Adelson, the music by Jerry Livingston, and the lyrics by Mr. Adelson and Mack David. Paul Aaron directed. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 31. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 1. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NOURISH THE BEAST—Steve Tesich's comedy, formerly known as "Baba Goya," about an eccentric family in Queens. At times, the humor seems strained, but when Mr. Tesich is funny, he is funny indeed. The acting, under Edwin Sherin's direction, is good. With Olympia Dukakis, R. A. Dow, and Randy Kim. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

RAISIN—A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

RELIGION—A new oratorio by Al Carmines, with a cast of more than eighty. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. GR 7-0351. Fridays through Mondays at 8:30. Closes Monday, Nov. 19.)

SEESAW—Patti Karr and John Gavin are the charming, incompatible lovers in this musical version of the Gibson play, "Two for the Seesaw." A flawed but lively production. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE—An able production of the Williams classic, starring Lois Nettleton and Alan Feinstein. The director is Jules Irving. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)

VERONICA'S ROOM—A mishmash of exchanged identities and displacements in time, intended to make our flesh creep; instead it makes our feet move. Written by Ira Levin and starring Eileen Heckart and Arthur Kennedy. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS—Jean Anouilh's lovely, witty play, in a not very satisfactory production. With Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson, directed by Brian Murray. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at



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7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 25.)

WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE: A sparkling all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,625 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2102 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **NATIONAL LAMPOON'S LEMMINGS:** The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright, nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Thursdays and Wednesdays, Oct. 31, at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 2.)... **THE RIVER NIGER:** Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Arthur French, Roxie Roker,

Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 25.)... **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Jack Gilford and Sam Levene as a pair of acerbic old clowns are sufficient reasons to view this characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5960. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Square Dance," "Nightwings," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Cakewalk."... Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Petrouchka," "As Time Goes By," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... Friday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Square Dance," "Parade," "Nightwings," and "Jive."... Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2: "Parade," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Le Beau Danube."... Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8: "The Dream," "Nightwings," and "Trinity."... Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2: "Petrouchka," "As Time Goes By," and "Cakewalk."... Sunday, Nov. 4, at 7:30: "The Dream," "Remembrances," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

NATIONAL BALLET—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 7:30, and Friday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Bartók Concerto," "Water Study," "Courante," and "Graduation Ball."... Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Jungle," "Harlequinade Pas de Deux," "Eaters of Darkness," and "Raymonda."... Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Bartók Concerto," "Eaters of Darkness," "Esmerelda Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball."... Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2 and 7:30: "The Sleeping Beauty." The closing performance will be a benefit, with, among others, Margot Fonteyn, Gwen Verdon, and, as window dressing, a number of theatrical celebrities. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

IYO LOLA RIBAR YUGOSLAVIAN NATIONAL FOLK ENSEMBLE—A company of fifty dancers, singers, and musicians in a two-week engagement. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 11.)

"DON QUIXOTE" ON FILM—The American premiere of Rudolf Nureyev's version of the Petipa ballet, filmed in color, with Mr. Nureyev, Robert Helpmann, Lucette Aldous, and dancers of the Australian Ballet. A benefit for the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

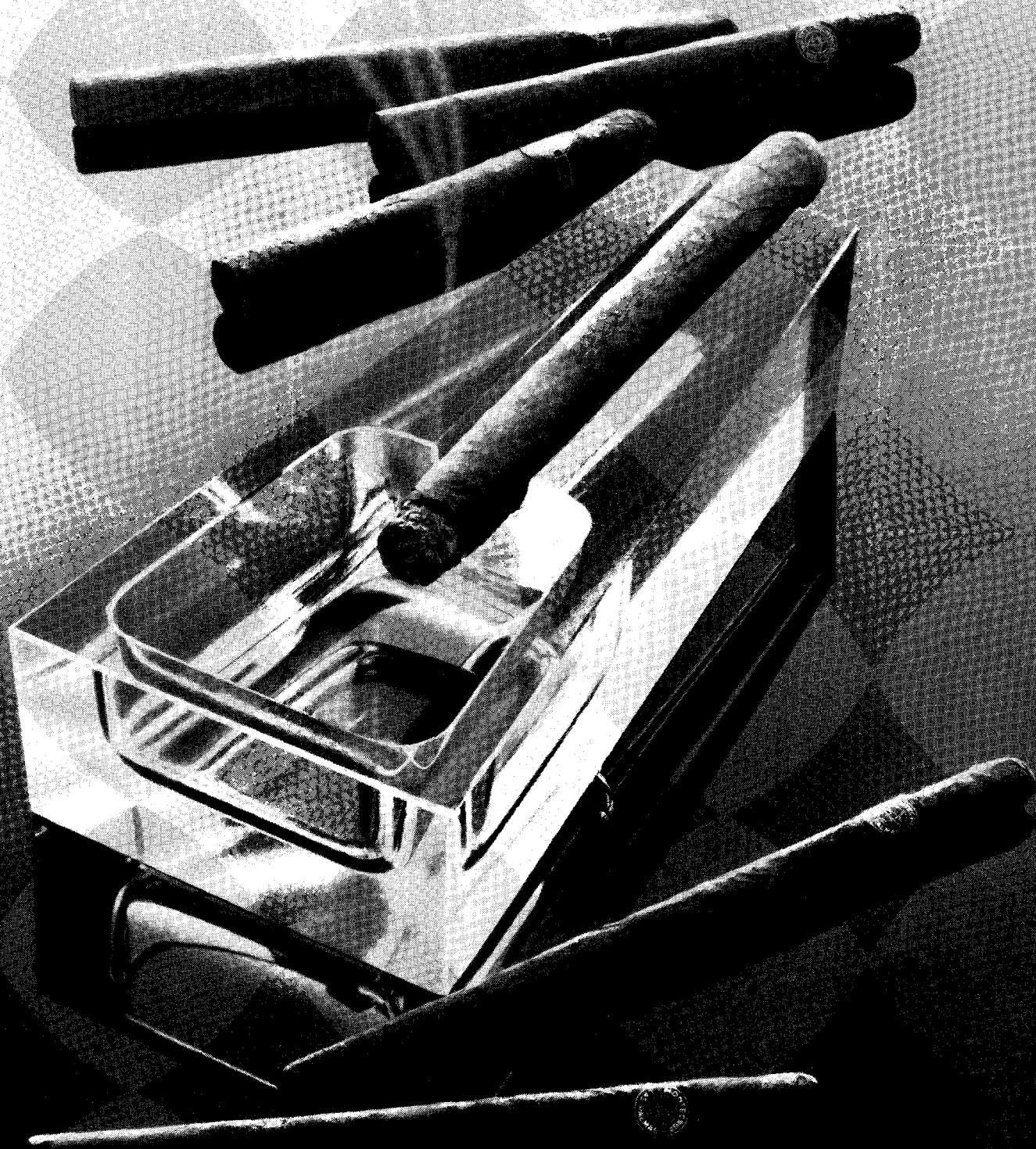
CHET BAKER—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet, leading a quintet. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, from nine-thirty, and Saturday, Nov. 3, from nine.

ROY ELDRIDGE—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Cyril Haynes, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Venerable Dixieland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

BOBBY HACKETT—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet, leading a sextet that includes Vic Dickenson on trombone, Hank Jones on piano, Remo Palmier on guitar, George Duvivier on bass, and Grady Tate on drums. From eight to one-thirty, except Sundays.

JIM HALL—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Guitar, with bassist Jay

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Leonhart, starting Tuesday, Nov. 6, from nine to one.

EDDIE HEYWOOD—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). Piano, at nine and eleven-thirty, beginning Saturday, Nov. 3.

HARRY JAMES—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). Trumpet, leading a dance band on Friday, Nov. 2.

ELLIS LARKINS—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Vernon Duke, Alec Wilder, and Burton Lane on Sunday, Nov. 4, from five-forty-five to seven-forty-five.

NELLIE LUTCHER—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, along with guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards, from eight to one, except Sundays.

JUNIOR MANCE—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Piano, with a trio, nightly, except Mondays, from ten.

PHAROAH SANDERS—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Saxophone, leading a quintet, at ten, through Sunday, Nov. 4.

BOBBY SHORT—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five nightly, except Sunday and Monday.

BILLY TAYLOR—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Piano, leading a trio, beginning Monday, Nov. 5. From nine-thirty; on Saturdays from nine.

MCCOY TYNER—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a quartet, from ten, starting Tuesday, Nov. 6.

DICK WELLSTOOD—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with clarinetist and soprano saxophonist Kenny Davern and drummer Panama Francis. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

PHIL WOODS—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Reeds, leading a quartet, Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, from nine-thirty, and Saturday, Nov. 3, from nine.

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An informal sort of bar, with kegs hanging from the ceiling and people hanging around listening to jazz produced by a trio under the leadership of pianist Bernard Small. Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dining.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar period pieces. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Having midwived the American folk renaissance, this simple setting (little changed in fifteen-odd years) now gives its attention to singer Judi Pulver, through Monday, Nov. 5. On Thursday, Nov. 8, Dory Previn, an authority on pathos, starts singing poetic tributes to hangups with songs like "Be Careful, Baby, I'm a Loser." Ice-cream concoctions or, for spartans, coffee, tea, or water. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers. Closed Wednesday, Nov. 7.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. In spite of its obstructing pillars and a glare from the kitchen that pours out every time the doors swing open, the jazz that is featured here is well chosen, well miked, and attracts most of the attention. Alto saxophonist Charles McPherson lets loose with his quartet through Saturday, Nov. 3. Guitarist Sam Brown and his trio drop by for one evening, Tuesday, Nov. 6. Closed Mondays.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and respectful ear for music, this intimate, warmhearted bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar nearest the mu-

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sic corner. Pianist Mike Longo, who acquired much of his strong rhythmic sense during his years with Dizzy Gillespie, stretches out on his own, with the bass accompaniment of Sam Jones, through Saturday, Nov. 3. Guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma engage in friendly rallies, sitting close by their amplifier as though it were a hearth. Beginning Monday, Nov. 5. Pianist Al Haig, who studied jazzology in the forties and fifties and who sounds as fresh and inventive as many of the younger keyboard players around now, provides Sunday music. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is renowned as much for his choice of material as for his talent, which is decidedly unfair; a Cole Porter song, after all, could be taken for granted. Not so Mr. Short—his forte is intensity rather than insouciance. Accompanied by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, he arrives at nine-forty-five every night except Sunday and Monday. Dinner and supper.

CHURCHILL'S, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, well-lit bar and restaurant overflowing with enthusiasm (and patrons). Twenty-one-year-old stride pianist Brooks Kerr and trombonist Mathew Gee provide the music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven until four. Dining.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The improbable callin'-over-the-back-fence vocal stylings of Nellie Lucher are abetted by Morris Edwards on bass and Skeeter Best on guitar. Dick Hyman flourishes at the keyboard on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dinner.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk (and not necessarily first-rate, either)—entertain. Sounds from nine. Sundays are set aside for a hootenanny, and Mondays are silent.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the gently playful piano stylings of Ellis Larkins with Al Hall on bass Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sunday, Nov. 4, from five-forty-five to seven-forty-five, Larkins and Hall will play Vernon Duke, Alec Wilder, and Burton Lane compositions. Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard from nine-thirty on Mondays, and from six to nine Mondays through Fridays singer-pianist Tad Bruce reigns over these tiny quarters. Snacks.

GUITAR, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—With its casual atmosphere, sparsely designed chairs and lamps, and large, sprawling square tables, this spacious room looks not unlike a student-union lounge. The bandstand, which is also expansive, accommodates guitarist Jim Barto's duo through Saturday, Nov. 3. Anita Sheer, a flamenco guitarist, will play on Sunday and Monday, Nov. 4-5. If this club were a palace, Jim Hall (probably the most influential guitarist around nowadays) would be a worthy regent. It's not, but luckily this superb musician and his bassist, Jay Leonhart, will be paying a state visit beginning Tuesday, Nov. 6. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

HALF NOTE, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—High-calibred jazz in a new, modern setting about

as warm as the Hall of Mirrors. Cool and placid Chet Baker leads a quintet opposite the Phil Woods quartet through Saturday, Nov. 3. More reminders of the fifties: jazz vocalist Sylvia Syms, who got her start just around the corner from here in the late forties, shows off her own style (she was originally an ardent Holiday disciple), backed by a combo, starting Monday, Nov. 5. The versatile and articulate Billy Taylor arrives at the same time with his trio. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, various performers are on hand from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Lance Hayward is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts takes over. Bassist Lyn Christie participates on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

JAZZBOAT, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—The musical offerings at this out-of-the-way spot are well worth the trip. Doug Carn, a young organist, pianist, and composer, takes charge of his band, which includes vocalist Jean Carn, through Sunday, Nov. 4. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Cyril Haynes, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

JIMMY'S, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A three-story restaurant complex. The main-floor dining room, square and barnlike, adjoins a circular bar where pianist Barry Harris and bassist Lawrence Evans are turning out some well-planned, well-executed jazz—if only one could hear it over the frantic convention of voices. Mondays through Saturdays from eight until one. A comprehensive menu. Closed Sundays. ... ¶ In the 52ND STREET ROOM, downstairs, one wall is lined with blowups of photos of jazz personages who worked in the forties and fifties, when there was more than one jazz club on 52nd Street. Harry James and his orchestra play on Friday, Nov. 2, only. Singer Dakota Staton, who learned a lot from Ella, trades sets with pianist Eddie Heywood from Saturday, Nov. 3. Music at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1. ... ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

KENNY'S CASTAWAYS, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Weathered wood, ropes and riggings, a young, ardent clientele, and an amicable staff form a setting for fairly reliable entertainment that varies from rock, folk, and blues to jazz. Manhattan Transfer, a group indulging itself in the good-time music of the past, appears through Sunday, Nov. 4. On Tuesday, Nov. 6, John Lucien, a singer and guitarist, brings in his band. Shows begin at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring musicians and jesters. Snacks.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings, and a place of pilgrimage that is considered de rigueur for those who thrive on folk, blues, country, etc. For those who prefer glitter bands, Sylvester and the Hot Band will stick around through Monday, Nov. 5. Folky-rock singer Bruce Springsteen comes in to perform Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 6-8. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

METRO, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—A new Village citadel upholding the doctrines of folk, rock, and pop. Texas folkie Carolyn Hester sings in her fragile-voiced manner through Sunday, Nov. 4. Country Gazette, a group that was born in the West, arrives with its well-versed strings (fiddle, banjo, guitar, and bass) and causes listeners to be grateful for their enthusiastic and artful devotion to Bill Monroe's invention of the thirties—bluegrass. Their short stint lasts from Monday to Wednesday, Nov. 5-7. On Thursday, Nov. 8, Ellen McIlwaine, the Kate Smith of the counter-culture, begins belting out folk





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

songs and ballads to her very able guitar accompaniment. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. Pianist Dick Wellstood, who plays in many styles—Fats Waller, J. P. Johnson, Scott Joplin—with equal proficiency, performs with clarinetist and soprano saxophonist Kenny Davern and drummer Panama Francis from nine to one Tuesdays through Saturdays. Woody Allen, now a stand-up clarinetist, performs with the Monday-night Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Pianist Ray Bryant heads up a trio from ten until three Thursdays through Saturdays.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A genuinely exotic nightclub that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano, singing waiters, and forties campiness. Comic and pianist Edward Morris performs opposite the Louis St. Louis quartet through Saturday, Nov. 3. Warholian female impersonator Holly Woodlawn works on thirty-year-old period pieces Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 7-10. Shows start at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five. Intermittent piano music is provided by Edward Morris from eight-thirty to two. Monday nights are showcases for other burgeoning entertainers. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—These two tiny and tired-looking rooms, with erotic (soft-core) tablecloths, are dominated by Bucky Pizzarelli's satisfying solo-guitar work from nine-thirty until one. No music Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Jimmy Sidey on piano works with a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The spacious upper deck, with its wooden booths, tables, chairs, and beams, continues its tradition of presenting popular jazz groups. The bluesy and likable Junior Mance trio occupies the prominent position now. Harpist Daphne Hellman's trio is still a Wednesday feature. The music begins about ten. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now thirty-nine) was considered a Bohemian curiosity. Today some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. Pharoah Sanders, a musical humanist-explorer who has been out there and back, brings it all home with his quintet, through Sunday, Nov. 4. McCoy Tyner was a sideman—more than that, really—with John Coltrane in his best years. Now that he's heading up his own group, Tyner's originality has found its full force. His brilliantly complex performances can be hard on the listener—he plays flat out at all times; his solos allow no letup—and this unrelieved, vertiginous intensity can make his music viscerally unsettling for those listeners who don't know what they have bargained for. He and his quartet begin Tuesday, Nov. 6. Music from ten. Closed Monday, Nov. 5.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right off a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano-bass work of Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays, and the varied keyboard musings of Kenny Brawner Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DAINGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His

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non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

AMERICANA Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX**, the Bobby Hackett sextet and the Peppi Morreale trio alternate for dancing, from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Through Saturday, Nov. 3, Herb Winner will be in the **Café** with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad will be on duty Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 6-10. No music Sundays or Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Wright Brothers, a brace of singers and dancers, are the current act in the **PERSIAN ROOM**. Beginning Monday, Nov. 5, British singer Leoni Page arrives to replace them. The schedule is Mondays through Thursdays at ten and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . In the **PALM COURT**, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while pianist Ruth Andrews provides the music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling on Sundays from four to seven, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Within a beautiful balloon on permanent station above midtown, composer-pianist Cy Coleman and his entourage will be onstage at dinner and supper through Saturday, Nov. 3. Singer Bobby Rydell commences on Monday, Nov. 5. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view is presenting the piano duo of Johnny DeMaio and Fred Silver, from seven to midnight, every night but Monday, when guest performers appear.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Irish singer John MacNally is holding forth in the **MAISONETTE** during the dinner and supper hours. Dancing all night to the Anthony Terini band. Closed Sundays. . . .

LA BOITE RUSSE, the across-the-way peace haven, has a violinist, a pianist, and a songbird named Aelita in operation from eight to one. A Russian menu. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . In the **ST. REGIS ROOM**, Hugh Shannon sings and plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-thirty until one. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dinner and supper in the **EMPIRE ROOM** are devoted to the songs of Jack Jones. His final night will be Saturday, Nov. 3. On Thursday, Nov. 8, Gladys Knight and the Pips reopen the place as a forum for their song recitals. Dance music by the Bob Rosen-garden band. Closed Sunday through Wednesday, Nov. 4-7.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Recent paintings by a Belgian member of the "Cobra" group. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

THEODORE ARGEROPOLOS—Paintings and prints by

a formalist; first one-man show here. Through Nov. 17. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD CATHELIN—Still-lives and landscapes with figures by a School of Paris painter. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL CÉZANNE (1839-1906)—Sixteen watercolours. Through Nov. 16. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

CHUCK CLOSE—Drawings. Through Nov. 15. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM CLUTZ—Semi-abstract drawings of New York scenes. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St.)

AVEL DE KNIGHT—Paintings suggestive of landscape, some with figures. Starts Saturday, Nov. 3. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM F. DRAPER—Realistic paintings. Through Nov. 17. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JUD FINE—Sculptures in stone, bamboo, string, and other materials. Through Nov. 30. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

JOSEPH FLOCH—Interiors and landscapes. Through Friday, Nov. 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABBY GOELL—Paintings and lithographs combining natural and geometric shapes. Through Nov. 16. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St.)

MORRIS GRAVES—Flower paintings. Through Dec. 1. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, Nov. 3. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

NANCY GROSSMAN—Drawings and collages. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

JEROEN HENNEMAN—Landscape paintings and drawings of objects from daily life; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St.)

DAVID HOCKNEY—A retrospective of prints of landscapes, portraits, and still-lives. Through Nov. 28. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

TOM HOLLAND—Abstract paintings on fibre glass. Through Thursday, Nov. 8. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

GASTON LACHAISE (1882-1935)—Bronzes, plaster models, and drawings. Through Nov. 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACOB LAWRENCE—Gouache paintings done during the past four years. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

LEONID—Paintings by the Russian-born Neo-Romanticist. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—Paintings from 1923 to the present, with related drawings. Through Dec. 1. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRI MATISSE (1869-1954)—A benefit loan show of fifty-seven paintings representing all phases of his development. Starts Friday, Nov. 2. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

PATRICIA MEYEROWITZ—Abstract mahogany sculptures; first solo show here. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Hartley, 50 E. 73rd St.)

JOAN MIRÓ—Two hundred graphics in a show that is running concurrently with the Miró exhibits at the Museum of Modern Art and the Pierre Matisse Gallery (41 E. 57th St.). Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ZERO MOSTEL—Oils and collages. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

MINORU NIIZUMA—Abstract marble sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

EMIL NOLDE (1897-1956)—Paintings and graphics by the German Expressionist. Through Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

YUTAKA OHASHI—Paintings on celestial themes. Through Nov. 15. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

JERRY OKIMOTO—Multi-sectioned canvases. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL RESIKA—Landscapes. Through Saturday,

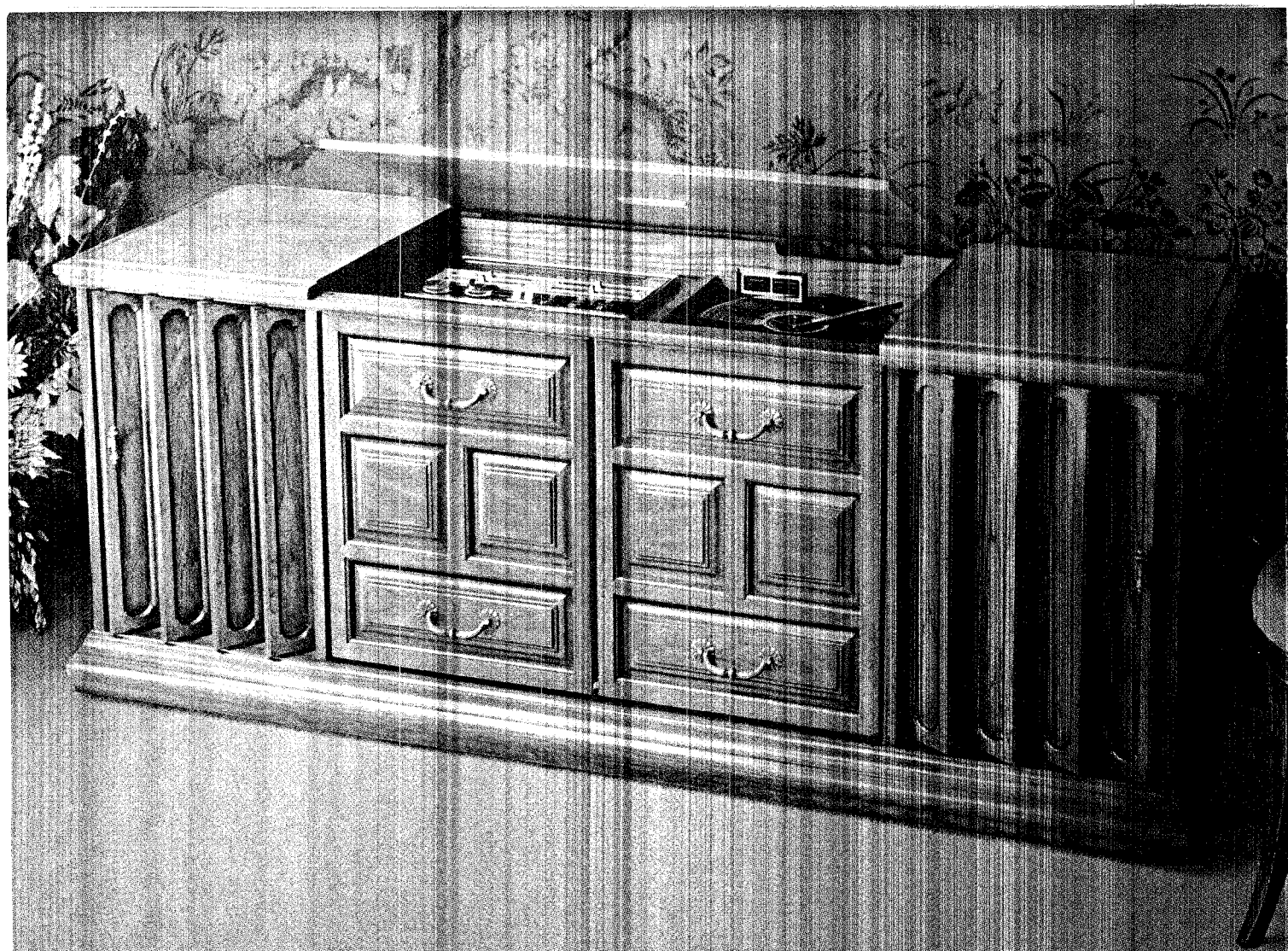
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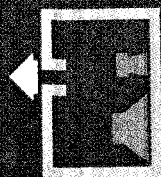


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 10. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

HELENE SIMON—Abstract stone sculptures of Hebraic and Arabic calligraphies. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

DAVID SMITH (1906-65)—Drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Knodler, 21 E. 70th St.)

ALMA W. THOMAS—Color-field paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

CRISTÓBAL TORAL—Paintings of still-lives, nudes, and train stations. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CORA KELLEY WARD—Abstract paintings. Starting Thursday, Nov. 1. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

KIM WHANKI—Paintings. Through Nov. 24. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by Peruvian artists from 800 B.C. to 1700 A.D. Through Nov. 11. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6 p.m.)... **DANENBERG**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Picasso, Van Minck, O'Keeffe, and other French and American artists. Through Nov. 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Matisse, Picasso, Tanguy, Rothko, and other twentieth-century artists. Through Nov. 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **KORNBLIE**, 58 E. 79th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Indian miniature paintings. Through Nov. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **SOLOMON**, 950 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings and European graphics, with examples by, among others, de Kooning, Gottlieb, and Picasso. Through Nov. 30.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JANE B. ARMSTRONG—Stone sculptures of animals. Through Nov. 17. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Watercolors done in 1938 on the Gaspé Peninsula. Through Nov. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ED BAYNARD—Landscapes in oil and still-lives in pencil and watercolor. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WOLFGANG BEHL—Wood sculptures. Through Thursday, Nov. 8. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARCELO BONEVARDI—Abstract painted constructions that hang on the wall. Through Nov. 24. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

POWER BOOTHE—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 15. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES COINER—Paintings of England, Scotland, and Wales. Through Nov. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JANE EAKIN—Interiors, still-lives, and landscapes in a Romantic-realist vein. Through Thursday, Nov. 8. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SAM FRANCIS—Two shows of Abstract Expressionist paintings. Both through Nov. 14. (Emmerich, uptown, 41 E. 57th St., and downtown, at 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH GOTO—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

JACQUELINE GOUREVITCH—Oils of cloud formations. Through Nov. 15. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES HINMAN—Shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFRED JENSEN—Thickly textured paintings, most of them incorporating numbers or words. Through Nov. 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

A. RAYMOND KATZ—Thickly textured abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Weinger, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOAN MIRÓ—"Sobretexims" (textile creations) in a show that is running concurrently with his shows at the Museum of Modern Art and the Weintraub Gallery (992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.). Through Friday, Nov. 6. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

WILLIAM MOÏSE—Expressionist paintings.

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Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

YEHIEL SHEMI—Black and red abstract sculptures of bolted steel. Through Thursday, Nov. 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK SONENBERG—Large sculptures, plus models and drawings. Through Tuesday, Nov. 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHAIM SOUTINE (1894-1943)—A benefit loan exhibition of seventy-eight paintings, most of them executed in the twenties and thirties. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Demuth, Dove, Marin, O'Keeffe, and other pioneer American abstractionists. Through Nov. 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Beckmann, Corinth, Feininger, Matisse, and others. Through Dec. 1. (Closed Saturday mornings.)... **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: The gallery celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with a loan exhibition of paintings (Picasso, Dubuffet) and sculptures (Brancusi, Giacometti). Through Saturday, Nov. 3.

SCULPTORS GUILD—Their thirty-sixth annual, composed of about sixty-four pieces (by Roy Gussow, Minoru Niizuma, Helen Beling, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums. Through Nov. 18. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

ARMAN—This artist engages in such activities as collecting garbage from the studios of his contemporaries and packaging it for display, blowing up motorcycles with dynamite and reassembling the fragments, and stomping on selected debris until it arranges itself to his taste, and this exhibition of the results is accompanied by photographs showing him in the throes of creativity. Through Nov. 21. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

DANIEL BUREN—One large striped canvas in sections, which extends out the gallery window and across the street. Through Wednesday, Nov. 7. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT COOKE/ROSALIND HODGKINS—Large abstract steel sculptures. Paintings and drawings. Starts Saturday, Nov. 3. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JIM HUNTINGTON/SALVATORE ROMANO—Abstract sculptures. One moving sculpture. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.)

VINCENT INCONIGLIO/ARLENE SKLAR-WEINSTEIN—Abstract paintings. Abstract figure paintings with a humanist treatment. Through Nov. 15. (West Broadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

STEVE KELEMAN/JIM YOUNGERMAN—Large lyrical abstract wall hangings. Witty figurative drawings. Starts Saturday, Nov. 3. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH RAFFAEL—Five large oils and twenty watercolors. Through Wednesday, Nov. 7.



(Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

NORA SPEYER—Figure and landscape paintings. Through Thursday, Nov. 8. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL VON RINGELHEIM/SIG RENNELS—Abstract stainless-steel sculptures. One inflated room-size airplane made of rubber. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway.)

JOHN WALKER—Ten large silk-screen prints. Starts Thursday, Nov. 1. (Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

IDELLE WEBER—Paintings of fruit and vegetable stands, based on slides. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

ROGER WILLIAMS—Abstract sculptures; first one-man show here. Starts Saturday, Nov. 3. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JACKIE WINSOR—Abstract sculptures in wood and rope. Through Nov. 14. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOW—Works on paper by Gene Davis, Robert Ryman, Red Grooms, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Three constructions made of crushed automobile parts. Through March 28. (Hammar skjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2 Hammar skjöld Plaza, Second Ave., at 47th St.)

E. E. CUMMINGS (1894-1962)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 30. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

TRAN THO—Stone sculptures and paintings on wood by a Vietnamese artist. Starts Thursday, Nov. 1. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

GROUP SHOW—"Erotic Art," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by eighty artists, including Beckmann, Chagall, Rivers, and Segal. Through Dec. 10. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

LAURA GILPIN/LELAND RICE—Mainly photographs of Navajo Indians. Portraits and interiors. Through Dec. 2. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

ROBERT HEINECKEN—Works in collage, multiple and serial image, and offset press. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

LASZLO MOHOLY-NAGY (1895-1946)—Reproductions of approximately thirty of the Bauhaus Master's experimental photographs of the twenties. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Sonabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM HENRY FOX TALBOT (1800-77) and **DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL** (1802-70)—Calotypes made in the eighteen-forties by two pioneers of photography. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Scott Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.: Photographs taken in Egypt and the Holy Land between 1848 and 1870 by Maxim Du Camp, Francis Frith, Auguste Salzmann, Felix Teynard, and Frank Good, among others. Through Sunday, Nov. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)... **EASTMAN KODAK**, 1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St.: Photographs, films, and memorabilia of national events and preoccupations from the early days of the century to the present. Through Monday, Nov. 5. (Closed Monday mornings.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: André Kertész, David Chalk, Dan O'Neill, Alix Olivera, and Mark de Mello. Starts Sunday, Nov. 4. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.)... **UNDERGROUND**, 134 Fifth Ave., at 19th St.: Photographs by students and faculty of Montclair State College, some reverting to processes used in the nineteenth century. Through Nov. 21. (Closed Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Newly acquired Chinese paintings (album



*Amethyst 14kt
gold ring \$500*

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and diamonds \$2250*

*Peridot 18kt gold ring
set with diamonds \$1850*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

leaves, an album of poetry, and hand scrolls and hanging scrolls) from the eleventh century through the fourteenth. Starts Thursday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Oils, pastels, and prints by Mary Cassatt from the museum's collection. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Two hundred objects of the North, Central, and South American Indians, spanning four thousand years, on loan from the Museum of the American Indian. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ Thirty Japanese prints representing two hundred years of Japanese printmaking, exhibited along with a hundred netsuke and inro. Starts Thursday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Four paintings borrowed from the Minneapolis Institute of Fine Arts, worth seeing if you can find them dispersed among four galleries in the European Painting section. . . . ¶ About a hundred specimens of early Renaissance sculpture from northern Italy, on display—and looking as if they belonged there—in the Blumenthal Patio from the Castle of Vézèl Blanco. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Prints and drawings of landscapes. Biblical and mythological subjects, and studies of farm workers by Abraham Bloemaert (1564-1651). Through Sunday, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Paintings by van Gogh and his contemporaries, accompanied by passages from letters van Gogh wrote to his brother Theo and others, which contain comments on artists, schools, paintings, and theories. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A show of photographs of Egypt and the Holy Land; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Election Day, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An Ellsworth Kelly retrospective: early reliefs and constructions, collages of squares or strips of paper arranged by chance, and delicate, spare line drawings of plants. Through Sunday, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings spanning the career of Joan Miró from 1921 to 1972. Through Dec. 10. A complementary show of graphics is at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. A complementary show of "Sobreteirims" is at the Matisse Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Forty-seven prints, published in Germany in 1923, by Arp, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Chagall, and others. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Floor sculptures and wall pieces by Barry Flanagan, a British sculptor who works with cloth, rope, sand, and other materials. Through Dec. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. At press time, employees were still picketing the museum, but the exhibit rooms were open.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A big retrospective of the British avant-garde artist Richard Hamilton. Through Sunday, Nov. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the work of Jules Olitski, the color-field abstractionist, ranging from the late fifties to the present. Through Sunday, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Sixty-nine American Impressionist paintings. Through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Architectural constructions by Tony Berlant. Through Thursday, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, prints, drawings, and photographs, in a show labelled "Extraordinary Realities," mainly by artists who have not exhibited in New York. Through Dec. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ In the museum's new downtown branch, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St., mosaics from New York City subways. Through Nov. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred and seventy Egyptian reliefs, statuary, and other objects dating from 1378-1362 B.C., the period of Akhenaten and Nefertiti. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ English prints and drawings from the eighteenth century to the present. Through Jan. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display on the subject of curassows and related tropical birds, including mounted specimens, paintings, drawings, maps, and tape recordings. Through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Shah 'Abbas and

the Arts of Isfahan," an exhibition of paintings, manuscripts, imperial artifacts, and calligraphy from seventeenth-century Persia. Through Dec. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of porcelains designed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for trade to the West. Through Jan. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Nearly two hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints from the Martha Jackson collection. Through Nov. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibit (for both addicts of detective novels and for the uninitiated) honoring Edgar Allan Poe as father of the genre. It opens with the original manuscript of his first detective story and includes books and manuscripts by Arthur Conan Doyle, Ross Macdonald, Agatha Christie, and other master obfuscators. Through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—Ukiyo-e master prints (fashion-figure drawings), from the sixteen-eighties to the eighteen-forties, from the Ledoux collection. Through Nov. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Seventy bronze and steel sculptures, many on religious subjects, by Luise Kaish, along with some of her drawings. Through Dec. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Printed books; from 1455 to 1955, reflecting achievements and changes in the art of typography. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ European and Persian manuscript leaves from the twelfth century through the seventeenth. Through Dec. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A handsomely mounted exhibition of historical and contemporary objects that were designed to be portable, including furniture, camping equipment, vehicles, and "body extensions," such as a necklace which registers air pollution and body temperature. Through Jan. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of the late Robert Goldwater, who directed the museum from its inception, in 1936, until his death, in March. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixtieth annual exhibit of oils, watercolors, and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America. Through Nov. 11. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—The high point of an exhibition called "Blacks: U.S.A.: 1973" is twelve paintings by the late Palmer Hayden (1890-1973), illustrating verses from the folk epic "The Ballad of John Henry." Through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Over fifty primitive Haitian paintings from the nineteen-forties to the present. Starts Friday, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Bread sculptures, by John Fischer. Through Friday, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Forty prints, from 1961 to the present, by Marisol. Through Nov. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

MUSIC

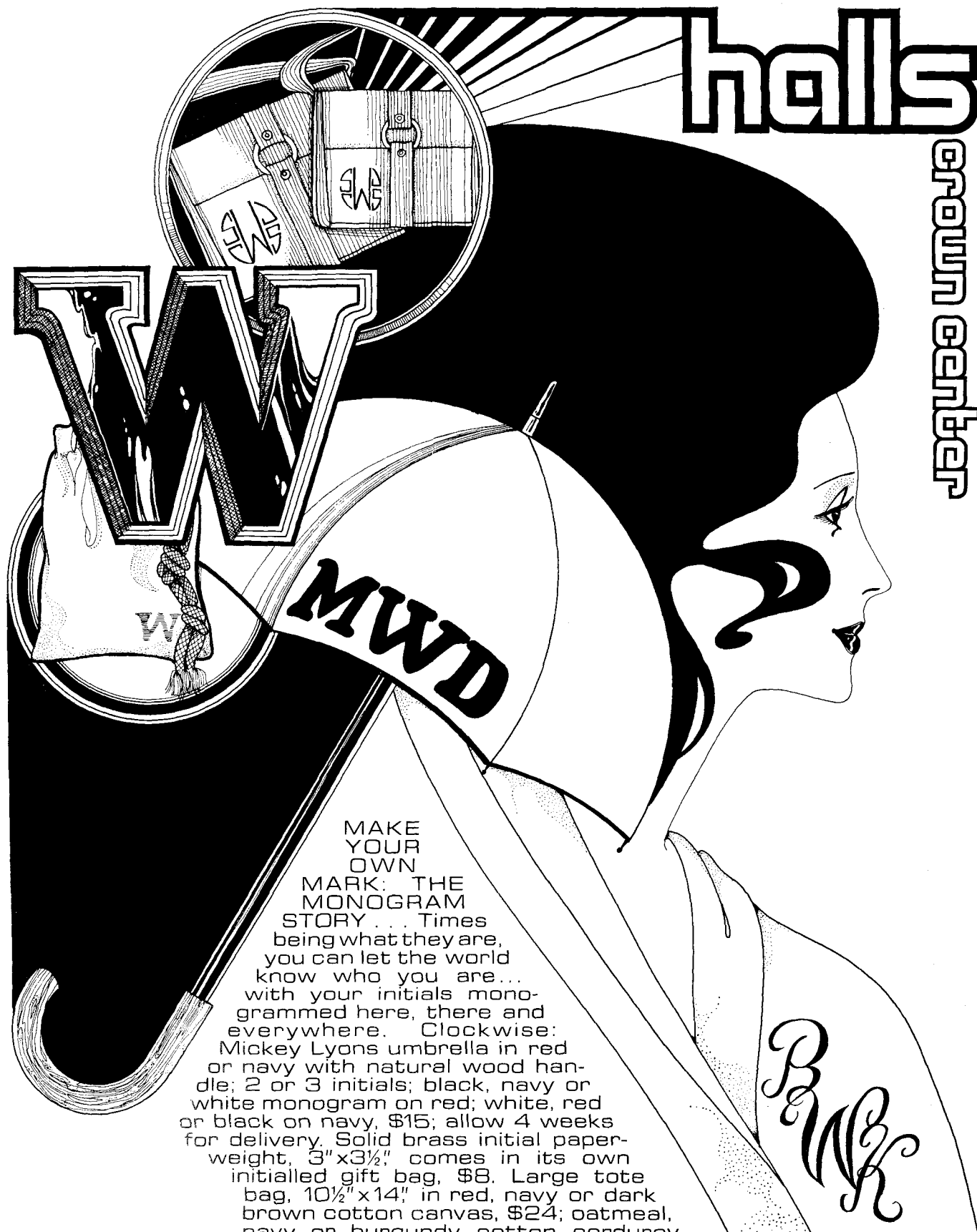
(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Ezio Flagello; conducted by Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8: "La Traviata," with Adriana Maliponte, Plácido Domingo, and Robert Merrill; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 2, at 7: "Les Troyens," with Shir-

halls

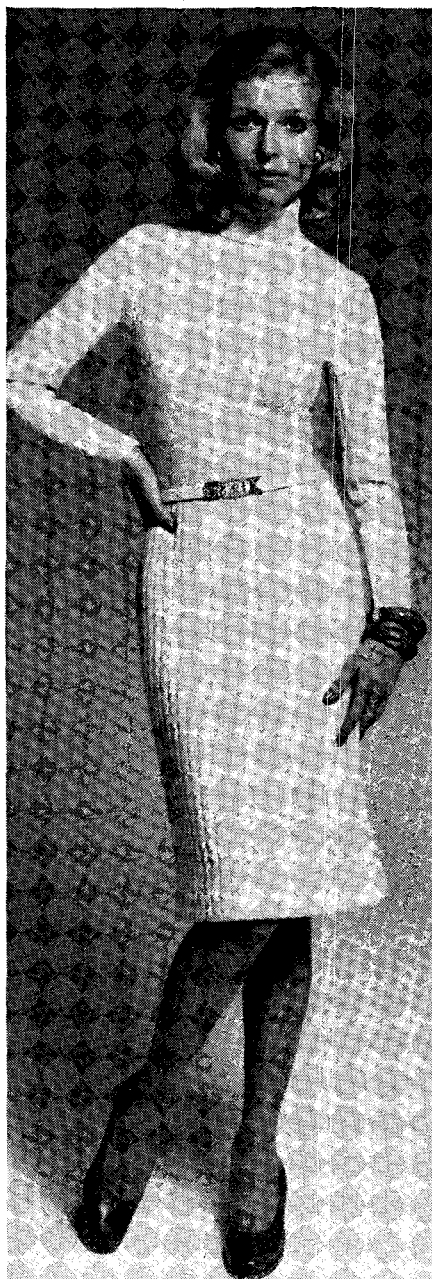
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navy or burgundy cotton corduroy,
\$28; small size totes, 9"x12", are \$1 less for each fabric; any
color thread for monogram; 3 initials; allow 3 weeks for delivery.
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wrap, \$26; long cotton and polyester terry velour wrap, \$30;
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Iey Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy, William Lewis, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; Rafael Kubelik....

¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Colette Boky, Joann Grillo, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Louis Quilico, Ezio Flagello, and Edmond Karlsrud; Serge Baudo.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Carmen," with Rosalind Elias, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Monday, Nov. 5, at 7: "Les Troyens," with Shirley Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy, William Lewis, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; Rafael Kubelik.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 8: "La Traviata," with Adriana Maliponte, Plácido Domingo, and Robert Merrill; Peter Maag.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Marina Krilovici, Nedda Casei, William Lewis, Robert Goodloe, and Andrea Velis; Serge Baudo.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Carmen," with Rosalind Elias, Colette Boky, William Lewis, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 9, at 7: "Les Troyens," with Shirley Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy, William Lewis, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; Rafael Kubelik.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2: A new production of Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Colette Boky, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; Gabor Otvös.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Franco Marini, David Clatworthy, Ronald Forsmo, and Irwin Densen; conducted by Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Michele Molese, John Darrenkamp, Richard T. Gill, and Thomas Jamerson; Charles Wendelken-Wilson.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Marisa Galvany, Jeanne Piland, Muriel Greenspon, Francisco Ortiz, and John Darrenkamp; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Herman Malamood, Vasile Martinou, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2: "The Barber of Seville," with Ruth Welting, Beverly Evans, Vittorio Terranova, Richard Stilwell, and Michael Li-Paz; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Cecilia Albanese, Diane Curry, Margaret Yauger, Reginald Byers, and Richard Fredricks; Charles Wendelken-Wilson.... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 4, at 1: "Faust," with Johanna Meier, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 4, at 7: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Patricia Craig, Harry Theyard, John Darrenkamp, and Samuel Ramey; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Ruth Welting, Muriel Greenspon, Diane Curry, Reginald Byers, and Richard Fredricks; Charles Wendelken-Wilson.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Judith Lynn, Gary Glaze, Richard T. Gill, and Jerold Siena; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8: "The Barber of Seville," with Cecilia Albanese, Beverly Evans, Vittorio Terranova, Richard Stilwell, and Michael Li-Paz; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Faust," with Carol Bayard, Beverly Evans, Hilda Harris, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Judith Lynn, Gary Glaze, Richard T. Gill, and Jerold Siena; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Helene Guilet, Deborah Kieffer, Raymond Gibbs, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 11.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

(At press time, picket lines were still around Avery Fisher Hall because of the labor negotiations involving the New York Philharmonic, and some concerts have been moved to other halls, so you would be wise to check the situation before making plans.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Pierre Boulez conducting on Thurs-

day, Nov. 1, and Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30 (both with Zino Francescatti, violin); Friday, Nov. 2, at 2, and Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 7:30 (both with Pierre Fournier, cello); and performances of Berlioz' dramatic legend "The Damnation of Faust" on Thursday, Nov. 8, and Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 7:30 (all with Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano; Werner Hollweg, tenor; Thomas Stewart, bass-baritone; Thomas Paul, bass; and the Westminster Choir).... ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Friday, Nov. 9, at 8:30 (with Agustin Anievas, piano).

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY—William Steinberg conducting, with Klara Barlow, soprano, and Robert Hale, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

NEW JERSEY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Henry Lewis directing an all-Beethoven program, with Berl Senofsky, violin; Malcolm Frager, piano; Catherine Malfitano, soprano; and the Masterwork Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

LENINGRAD PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting the third in a series of four concerts, this one an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Oleg Kagan, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Riccardo Muti conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Nov. 5, at 8:15.)

ENGLISH SINFONIA—Neville Dilkes conducting, with Nicanor Zabaleta, harp; John Solum, flute; and Jerry Kirkbride, clarinet. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano; and Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 11, at 5:30, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. All seats have been sold for the Nov. 10 concert, and only standing room is left.... ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8:30, with Zino Francescatti, violin, and Pierre Fournier, cello.)

LONDON BACH SOCIETY—Paul Steinitz directing a company of eighty musicians and singers in a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

RECITALS

JEANNE-MARIE DARRÉ—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

CLEVELAND QUARTET—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

JUDITH RASKIN—Soprano. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—A Brahms-Dvořák program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

PROSPECTIVE ENCOUNTERS WITH MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Pierre Boulez conducting the second in a series of four programs of contemporary chamber music, with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet. All the performances take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Nov. 2. There will be no performance if the Philharmonic's labor problems have not been resolved. For information about tickets, call TR 4-2424.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.... ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

COMPOSERS' FORUM—A program of works by Dary John Mizelle and Daria Semegen. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

ALEXANDER SLOBODYANIK—Piano. (Hunter College

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2:15.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Jaime Laredo and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Richard Goode, piano; Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord; and others. (Alice Tully Hall, Sunday, Nov. 4, at 5, and Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 7:30.)

FINE ARTS QUARTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Sunday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

ANI KAVAFIAN—Violin, with Ida Kavafian, also violin, and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

SVIATOSLAV RICHTER—Piano. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

NATHAN MILSTEIN—Violin, in a concert postponed from Oct. 10. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

CLAUDETTE SOREL—Piano, in an all-Rachmaninoff benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

ANDRIUS KUPREVICIUS—Piano. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 5.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, PETER SERKIN, AND RICHARD STOLTZMAN—Violin, piano, and clarinet. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

ERNESTO BITETTI—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 5:45: **EUBIE BLAKE**. . .

¶ Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 5:45: **GRETA KELLER**.

JAZZ: THE AMERICAN INVENTION—"Contemporary Rhythms," with Les McCann and his quartet. The last in a series of concert/lectures. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 598-2028.)

BLUES PROJECT REUNION—Roy Blumenfeld, Danny Kalb, Steve Katz, Al Kooper, and Andy Kulberg, plus Lynyrd Skynyrd at the early show. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8 and 11.)

DOOBIE BROTHERS—Carnegie Hall, Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8 and 11:30.

SUSAN REED—Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000, Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8.

LABELLE—Town Hall, Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30 and at midnight.

BIG BAND CAVALCADE—Bob Crosby, Freddy Martin, Margaret Whiting, Art Mooney, Buddy Morrow, Peanuts Hucko, and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, Nov. 4, at 3 and 8.)

JOE NEWMAN—With Clark Terry, Art Blakey, and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100, Sunday, Nov. 4, at 3.)

THREE DOG NIGHT—Avery Fisher Hall, Sunday, Nov. 4, at 4 and 8.

RED BACK BOOK—Gunther Schuller conducting the New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble in a program of music from Scott Joplin's book of ragtime classics. (Alice Tully Hall, Sunday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

CONTINUOUS PRAYER—Town Hall, Sunday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.

HOT TUNA AND THE JAMES MONTGOMERY BAND—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9-10, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

TOM RUSH, JESSE COLIN YOUNG, AND JANIS IAN—Carnegie Hall, Friday, Nov. 9, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Boston, Thursday, Nov. 8, at 7:30. . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8. . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, Nov. 2, at 7:35.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 3 (all games at 1:30): Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca. . .



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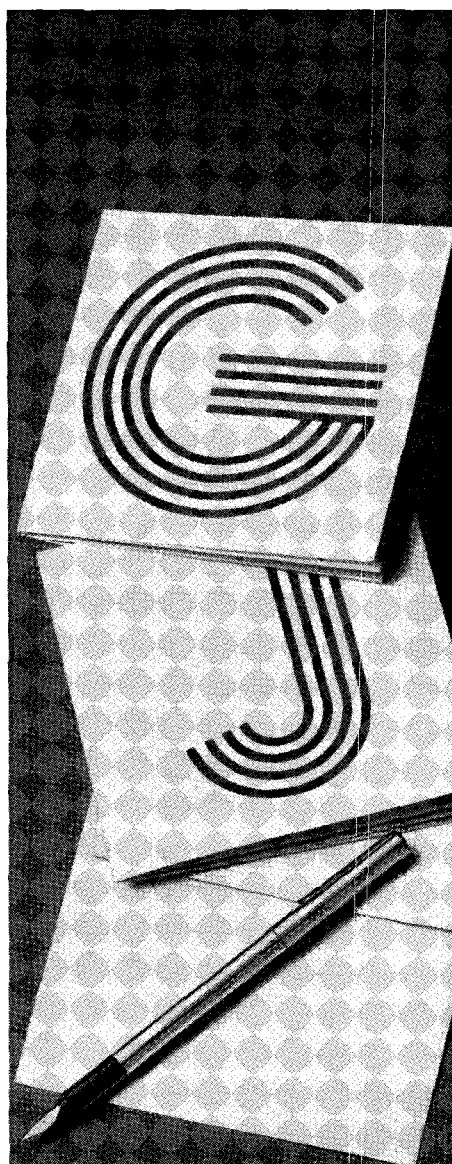


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Dartmouth vs. Yale, at Hanover. . .
¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia. . .
¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton. . .
SATURDAY, NOV. 10 (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst. . . ¶ Army vs. Miami, at West Point. . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field. . . ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca. . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge. . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Syracuse, at Worcester. . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown. . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Nov. 4: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . .
¶ Giants vs. Oakland Raiders, at Oakland.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 7:35. . . ¶ Golden Blades vs. Quebec Nordiques, Saturday, Nov. 10, at 1:30. . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Nov. 1, at 7:35. . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Nov. 3, at 7:35.

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Tuesday, Nov. 6. Competition daily at 2 and 7:30.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 29. The Great American, Wednesday, Oct. 31; the Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 3; and the Knickerbocker Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 10. . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 24. . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Dec. 31. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 10.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 22.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERETTAS—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 3-4, at 4. . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Nov. 10, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30, and Election Day at 2:30.) . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Behalf of the Laugh." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W., at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Invisible Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Election Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30, and on Election Day from 8 to 10.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

ELECTION DAY—Tuesday, Nov. 6; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

LECTURE—"Life, Love, and Letters," by Katherine Anne Porter. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Nov. 5, at 7:30.)

ANTONI GAUDI (1852-1926)—Photographs of the architect's designs, including furniture, streetlamps, fireplaces, partitions, porticos, and even an elevator, plus his interior environments. Through Nov. 30. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 60th St. Mondays through Saturday, 10 to 6.)

BUS TOURS—Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, the Culture Bus Loop is in operation from 10 in the morning until six in the evening. Buses make twenty-two stops, serving virtually every museum and cultural institution of note

in Manhattan, and ticket holders may get on or off at any point along the route. For information about tickets, and bus-stop locations, call 852-5000, Ext. 4960. . . ¶ **Sundays**, at 12, 1:30, 3, and 4:30, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (where riders may also board at 12:50, 2:20, and 3:50), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555.

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 10:15: Books, manuscripts, and maps; from a number of collectors. . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 2: The Idol's Eye, a 70.20 carat diamond, belonging to Harry Levinson. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 2.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—What can we say? Union-management negotiations were still in progress at our press time. All we *do* know is that if they have film showings, they will be from the Warner Brothers retrospective. . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Oct. 31 at 4 and 6: "Night Fighters" (1960), directed by Tay Garnett, with Robert Mitchum. . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 4 and 6: "Her Man" (1930), directed by Tay Garnett, with Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez. . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 5 and 7:30: "A Page of Madness" (1926), directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, a silent film with a music track. . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2, 4, and 6: "The Big House" (1930), directed by George Hill, with Chester Morris and Wallace Beery. . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 2, 4, and 6: "Pardon Us" (1931), directed by James Parrott, with Laurel & Hardy. . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 3 and 6: "Dynamite" (1929), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Kay Johnson and Charles Bickford. . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 4 and 6: "Alibi" (1929), directed by Roland West, with Chester Morris and Regis Toomey. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Oct. 31: "Howzer," directed by Ken Laurence. . . ¶ Starting Nov. 1: "Sunseed," directed by Frederick Cohn. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:45, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings); on Oct. 31 at 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—The Knicks at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Nov. 13 (Seattle), Nov. 15 (Buffalo), Nov. 17 (Milwaukee), Nov. 20 (Los Angeles), Nov. 24 (Golden State), Nov. 28 (Houston), Dec. 1 (Cleveland), Dec. 4 (Portland), and Dec. 8 (Atlanta). . . ¶ The Nets at the **NASSAU COLISEUM**, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Nov. 21 (Utah), Nov. 25 (Indiana), Nov. 28 (San Diego), Nov. 30 (Denver), Dec. 2 (Carolina), and Dec. 7 (Memphis).

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, NOV. 17**: Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence; Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field; Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover; and Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton. . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 24**: Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven. . . **SATURDAY, DEC. 1**: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, and Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—**SUNDAY, NOV. 11**: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven. . . **SUNDAY, NOV. 18**: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at the Yale Bowl, and Jets vs. Cincinnati Bengals, at Cincinnati. . . **SUNDAY, NOV. 25**: Jets vs. Atlanta Falcons, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia. . . **SUNDAY, DEC. 2**: Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington. . . **SUNDAY, DEC. 9**: Jets vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia. . . **MONDAY, DEC. 10**: Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Los Angeles.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Ranger games on Nov. 11, 14, 18, 21, 24, and 25, and Dec. 2, 5, and 9. Golden Blade games on Nov. 17, 18, 25, and 29, and Dec. 2 and 6. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Islander games on Nov. 20, 22, and 27, and Dec. 1, 4, and 6.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (799-4420): The season continues through April 20. . . . **CITY CENTER** (246-8989): National Chinese Opera Theatre, Nov. 20-25. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL**, Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues (if the labor negotiations are resolved) through May 18. . . . Brandenburg Ensemble, Nov. 11. . . . Boston Symphony, Nov. 14 and 16. . . . National Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 18. . . . Sviatoslav Richter, piano, Nov. 19. . . . Symphony of the New World, Nov. 25. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 26 and Dec. 10. . . . Leonid Kogan, violin, Nov. 28. . . . New York Choral Society, Nov. 30. . . . Evelyn Lear, soprano; Thomas Stewart, bass-baritone; and Malcolm Frager, piano; Dec. 2. . . . Little Orchestra Society, Dec. 5. . . . Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Dec. 9. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Brooklyn Philharmonia, Nov. 11 and 13. . . . Isaac Stern, violin, and His Friends, Nov. 11, 18, and 25. . . . Virtuosi di Roma, Nov. 12. . . . Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 14 and 17. . . . Boston Pops Orchestra, Nov. 15. . . . Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra, Nov. 18. . . . Contemporary Music Orchestra of Paris, Nov. 19. . . . Budapest Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 26 and Dec. 10. . . . Pittsburgh Symphony, Nov. 28. . . . Hermann Prey, baritone, Nov. 30. . . . Daniel Barenboim, piano, and Pinchas Zukerman, violin, Dec. 2. . . . Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 4. . . . Victoria de los Angeles, Dec. 5. . . . New Jersey Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 6. . . . Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 7-9. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Joseph Fuchs, violin, Nov. 12. . . . Clarion Concert, Nov. 13. . . . Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 16 and 18 and Dec. 2 and 4. . . . New York Pro Musica Antiqua, Nov. 10. . . . Marie-Françoise Bucquet, piano, Nov. 20. . . . Two concerts of music by Ned Rorem, Nov. 25-26. . . . Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Nov. 28. . . . Earl Wild, piano, Dec. 2. . . . Bach Aria Group, Dec. 5. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): French Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 11. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (535-5350): Theodore Lettvin, piano, Nov. 11. . . . Oleg Kagan, violin, Nov. 17. . . . Virtuosi di Roma, Nov. 25. . . . New York Chamber Soloists, Nov. 30. . . . Eugene Istomin, piano, Dec. 8. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Nov. 16-17 and Dec. 8. . . . Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, pianos, Nov. 18 and Dec. 9. . . . Ali Akbar Khan, sarod, Dec. 1.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 13-Feb. 17. . . . Inbal Dance Theatre of Israel, at the City Center, Nov. 13-18. . . . Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre, at the City Center, Nov. 27-Dec. 16. . . . National Ensemble of Pakistan, at Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Dec. 4-9.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Gigi," a new musical version of any number of film, stage, and literary predecessors, with Alfred Drake, Agnes Moorehead, Maria Kamilova, Daniel Massey, and Karin Wolfe. . . . An English comedy revue with music, "Good Evening," created by Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, who make up the entire cast. . . . The New Phoenix Repertory Company will present a limited engagement starting with Dürrenmatt's "The Visit," adapted by Maurice Valency, and Feydeau's "Chemin de Fer," adapted by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead. With Rachel Roberts, John McMartin, and John Glover. . . . Neil Simon's "The Good Doctor," a comedy with music adapted from or suggested by stories of Chekhov and starring Christopher Plummer. . . . A musical, "Rachael Lily Rosenbloom and Don't You Ever Forget It," with book, music, and lyrics by Paul Jabara. Ellen Greene will play Rachael. . . . Barbara McNair, Cab Calloway, and Hal Linden in a revival of "The Pajama Game," a musical with a book by George Abbott and Richard Bissell, based on the latter's novel "7½ Cents." The score and lyrics are by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross.

OTHER DATES—National Postage Stamp Show, at Madison Square Garden, Nov. 16-18. . . . Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 22.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 6: "Heavy Traffic."
From Nov. 7: "Playtime" and "Traffic."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Nov. 3: "The Ghost Goes West" and "The Canterville Ghost."
Nov. 4-6: "Too Hot to Handle" and "Riff-raff."
From Nov. 7: "Swing Time" and "The Gay Divorcee."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Nov. 3: "Live and Let Die" and "The Bride Wore Black."
Nov. 4-6: "The Godfather."
From Nov. 7: To be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Le Sex Shop" and "A New Leaf."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 6: "Sisters."
From Nov. 7: "Visions of Eight."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Massacre in Rome."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"A Touch of Class."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 8 (tentative): "The Inheritor."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Jonathan Livingston Seagull."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Long Goodbye."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Day for Night."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The All-American Boy."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Nov. 6: "The Grande Bouffe."
From Nov. 7: "Executive Action."

EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Italian Connection."

EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Heavy Traffic."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Oct. 31: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Iceman Cometh."
From Nov. 1: "Le Sex Shop."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Mean Streets."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Bang the Drum Slowly."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Through Nov. 7: "I. F. Stone's Weekly."
From Nov. 8: "A Night at the Opera" and "The Big Store."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Nov. 8 (tentative): "The Paper Chase."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
To be announced.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"American Graffiti."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Inheritor."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Way We Were."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 6: "Class of '44."
From Nov. 7: "The Last American Hero."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Triple Echo."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Tales That Witness Madness."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Billy Jack."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
To be announced.

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Charley Varrick."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"A Touch of Class."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Massacre in Rome."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Italian Connection."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Five on the Black Hand Side."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The Grande Bouffe."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Late Autumn" and "The End of Summer."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Last Tango in Paris."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 6: "A Touch of Class."
From Nov. 7: To be announced.

QUAD CINEMAS I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Nov. 6 at one or another of the theatres: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Get to Know Your Rabbit"/"It Happened in Hollywood" and "Is There Sex After Death?"/"The Great Dictator" and "Little Caesar"/"The Devil in Miss Jones" and "Heat."
From Nov. 7: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Oct. 31: "Kuronoko."
Nov. 1-3: "The Public Enemy" and "Angels with Dirty Faces."
Nov. 4-5: "White Heat" and "The Roaring Twenties."
Nov. 6: "My Night at Maud's" and "La Collectionneuse."
From Nov. 7: "Repulsion" and "Macbeth."

23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 6: "I Could Never..." and "César and Rosalie."
From Nov. 7: To be announced.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Oct. 31: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Iceman Cometh."
From Nov. 1 (tentative): "A Touch of Class" and "Traffic."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Nov. 7: "The Optimists."
From Nov. 8: "Robin Hood."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
To be announced.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Nov. 1: "Ben-Gurion Remembers."
From Nov. 2: "Don Quixote."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Triple Echo."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The New Land."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Nov. 1: "La Strada" and "Open City."
Nov. 2-4: "Duck Soup" and "The Cocoanuts."
Nov. 5-6: "Arsenic and Old Lace" and "The Big Sleep."
Nov. 7-8: "Ulysses" and "The Balcony."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Der Rosenkavalier."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Cops and Robbers."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
To be announced.

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Nov. 6: "Billy Jack."
From Nov. 7: "Last Tango in Paris" and "Take the Money and Run."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"A Touch of Class."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Oct. 31: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Iceman Cometh."
Nov. 1-7: "Gold Diggers of 1935" and "Go Into Your Dance."
From Nov. 8: "Pygmalion" and "Citizen Kane."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 6: "Tales That Witness Madness" and "The Possession of Joel Delaney."
From Nov. 7: "The Valachi Papers" and "Shamus."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Last Tango in Paris" and "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 6: "Sisters."
From Nov. 7: To be announced.

NOTE: A few specialist film houses—**THE THOUSAND EYES**, 425 W. 43rd. (541-5282): Postwar Westerns. Daily except Wednesdays starting at six, sometimes at two. ... **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent cinéastes. At 8, Fridays through Sundays. ... **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY—The only movie on record in which you can watch boxers working out in a gym while you hear a Gregorian chant. This movie was on the shelf for a few years and has been taken down by mistake. It stars Jon Voight, looking very puffy, and it was written and directed by Charles Eastman. (Baronet.)

THE AMERICAN FILM THEATRE—The first presentation in this by-subscription-only series will be Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," with Lee Marvin, Fredric March, Robert Ryan, Jeff Bridges, and Bradford Dillman, directed by John Frankenheimer. The film will be shown on Oct. 31 at 1 and 7, at the Ciné Malibu, Guild, and New Yorker. For information, call 480-8820.

AMERICAN GRAFFITI—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual

necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Beekman.)

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES (1938)—An entertaining picture lurks behind that uninviting title. Warners threw its assets together in this one: Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Ann Sheridan, George Bancroft, and the Dead End Kids, too. It's got priests and Death Row and jokes and romance. Michael Curtiz directed. (Elgin; Nov. 1-3.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE (1944)—Maybe the success of the play rubbed off on the movie, because it was inexplicably popular. Frank Capra directed this laborious farce in which Cary Grant gives one of his rare terrible performances—he runs around in a frenzied, dithering manner, doing enormous double takes. With Raymond Massey and Peter

Lorre, and, as the little old murderesses, Josephine Hull and Jean Adair. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 5-6.)

THE BALCONY (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 7-8.)

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Cinema II.)

BEN-GURION REMEMBERS—A documentary tracing the political career of David Ben-Gurion, directed by Simon Hesera. (Festival; through Nov. 1.)

THE BIG SLEEP (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is

"There have to be differences of opinion. Otherwise, who would wear the fancy waistcoat?"

William Whiteley, Esq.



all for ourselves. This is partly because we won't be forced into trading for whisky we don't want, but mainly because we just don't distill very much.

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Before you discover a taste for it, we should mention that not even we are self-indulgent enough to drink it daily. Weekdays we drink House of Lords, our 8-year-old. House of Lords is blended of the same pedigreed stock, and short of King's Ransom itself, we know of no better whisky. Mr. William would agree to that. He, after all, was the one who said it first.

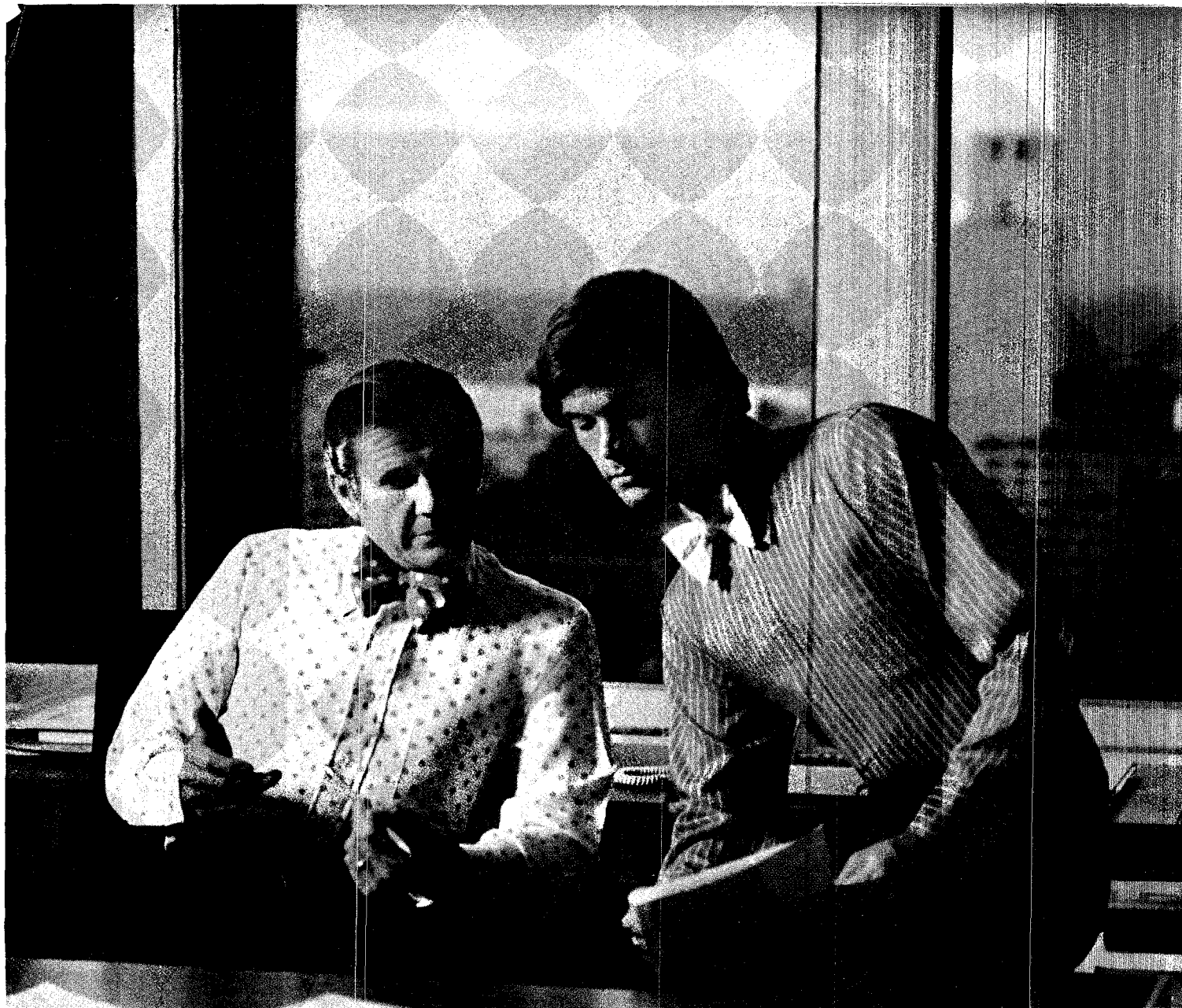
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No question who wore the fancy waistcoat here at William Whiteley & Company. It was Mr. William. No one knew better than he that there were differences of opinion on the subject of Scotch. He made it plain, for that reason, that the opinion which counted was his own. That's why we still make King's Ransom the way we've been making Scotch since 1825. Actually, the Whiteleys had been making whisky much longer, but 1825 was the year the government discovered the still and convinced Mr. William's grandfather he should pay taxes on his profits. He never forgave them for that.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes, Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot gets so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers of the screenplay had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashing. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 5-6.)

THE BIG STORE (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite take over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Nov. 8.)

BILLY JACK (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naive feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystic powers on behalf of the young. (Trans-Lux 85th St. ... ☐ Beacon; through Nov. 6.)

THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 3.)

THE CANTERVILLE GHOST (1944)—Charles Laughton could be atrociously coy and florid, and in this heavy whimsy taken from an Oscar Wilde story, he's monstrously campy. He plays the ghost of a man who was a coward; he's doomed to flutter about until his descendant, Robert Young, proves himself brave. Jules Dassin directed; with Margaret O'Brien. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 3.)

CÉSAR AND ROSALIE—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (23rd St. Cinema; through Nov. 6.)

CHARLEY VARRICK—With Walter Matthau and Joe Don Baker, directed by Don Siegel. (Loews Orpheum.)

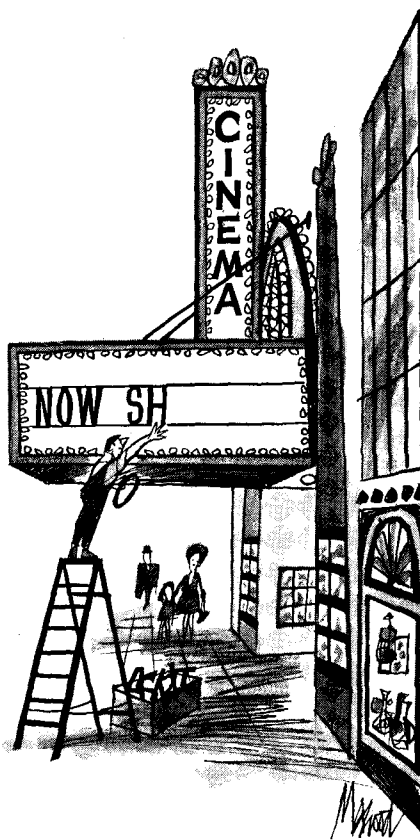
CITIZEN KANE (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comynore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 8.)

CLASS OF '44—A sequel to "Summer of '42," with Gary Grimes and Jerry Houser. Directed by Paul Bogart. (72nd Street East; through Nov. 6.)

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 6.)

THE COCOANUTS (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 2-4.)

LA COLLECTIONNEUSE (1967)—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales."



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This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (Elgin; Nov. 6.)

COPS AND ROBBERS—Directed by Aram Avakian from a screenplay by Donald E. Westlake, about two cops (Cliff Gorman, sparkling-toothed and gaunt, and Joe Bologna, who looks dolorous). The cops become robbers, and the senior partner of the Wall Street corporation they rob turns out to be as crafty as they are. So everyone is his opposite. The content is trite; it is the style that upholds the film—one of quixotic admiration for the droll resolve of Manhattan life as survived by maddlingly well-off suburbanites with a lot of kids, a life of boozed barbecues and floating in pools the size of chicken-runs, and loud statements full of false bonhomie and unsteady syntax. (Cinema Studio.)

DAY FOR NIGHT—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Amélie, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Fine Arts.)

DON QUIXOTE—The Petipa ballet to the music of Minkus, staged by and starring Rudolf Nureyev, with Robert Helpmann as the Don and with dancers of the Australian Ballet. It has the cushioned impact of all ballets filmed in studios, and its air of unreality may make you drowsy, but Nureyev, aided by the multiple takes that this process makes possible, disports himself with inhuman zest, and the bewitching Marilyn Rowe appears in two of the featured roles. (Festival; starting Nov. 2.)

DUCK SOUP (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 2-4.)

THE END OF SUMMER (1961)—This is one of Yasujiro Ozu's quiet studies of the drama in middle-class family life, and it centers on the character of an Osaka rice-wine manufacturer. In Japanese. (8th St. Playhouse.)

EXECUTIVE ACTION—With Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan, and Will Geer, directed by David Miller. (Coronet; starting Nov. 7.)

FIVE ON THE BLACK HAND SIDE—With Clarice Taylor and Leonard Jackson, directed by Oscar Williams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

THE GANG THAT COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT (1971)—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestable Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (Thalia.)

THE GAY DIVORCÉE (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce, but the dances are among the wittiest and the most lyrical expressions of American Romanticism on the screen. It may be accurate to say that no one who saw them do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance they perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite forgotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore; directed by Mark Sandrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 7.)

GET TO KNOW YOUR RABBIT—With Tom Smothers and John Astin, directed by Brian De Palma. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 6.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—A rich American (Eugene Pallette) buys a castle in Scotland and brings it home to Florida, complete with ghost (Robert Donat). This crude, painfully frolicsome satire on America was written by Robert E. Sherwood and directed by René Clair; intermittently, it's redeemed by Donat's elegance and his melancholy face and voice. With Elsa Lanchester and Jean Parker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 3.)

THE GODFATHER (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 4-6.)

GO INTO YOUR DANCE (1935)—Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have a number together ("About a Quarter to Nine"), and Jolson sings "She's a Latin from Manhattan." The movie isn't topnotch, but it does have Helen Morgan and Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly; the songwriters Al Dubin and Harry Warren also appear. Miss Keeler had been in many musicals before this one, but she retains her peculiarly appealing amateurishness. Archie Mayo directed. (New Yorker; Nov. 1-7.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible—in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't very skillful. (New Yorker; Nov. 1-7.)

THE GRANDE BOUFFE—Slang for the big blowout, the grand guzzle. A funny, grim parable about the well-off and Rubens-like of the world. Members of a hermetic houseparty, and ruined by having no sense of consequence, they set out joyfully to eat themselves to death. With Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, and Philippe Noiret. Directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. (Waverly... ☐ Coronet; through Nov. 6.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napoloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 6.)

HEAT (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 6.)

HEAVY TRAFFIC—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about lives in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The sound track of the drawn sections of the semi-realistic film is an innovation, with dialogue spoken, muttered, and yelled by unseen people who are audibly in motion and acting whatever their cartoon selves are doing. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (East 59th Street 11... Art; through Nov. 6.)

I COULD NEVER...—Chronicle of a Martha's Vineyard holiday spent by two doozily married couples who think of wife swapping but don't do it. Humorous rather than funny. Written by Dan Greenburg from his own novel "Chewsday: A Sex Novel." The rain pours, the fog swirls, the cold bites hard, the knife-edge of the dialogue slips off the bone. (23rd St. Cinema; through Nov. 6.)

I. F. STONE'S WEEKLY—A documentary on the journalist, directed by Jerry Bruck, Jr. (First Avenue Screening Room; through Nov. 7.)

THE INHERITOR—With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Denner, directed by Philippe Labro. In French. (68th St. Playhouse... East-side Cinema; through Nov. 8, tentative.)

IS THERE SEX AFTER DEATH? (1971)—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 6.)

THE ITALIAN CONNECTION—With Henry Silva and Woody Strode, directed by Fernando Di Leo. (East 59th Street 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL—Based on the Richard Bach novel, directed by Hall Bartlett. (Sutton.)

KURONEKO (1968)—Directed by Kaneto Shindo. In Japanese. (Elgin; Oct. 31.)

THE LAST AMERICAN HERO—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on backroads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't just about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (72nd Street East; starting Nov. 7.)

LAST TANGO IN PARIS—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (5th Ave. Cinema, and Thalia... Beacon; starting Nov. 7.)

LATE AUTUMN (1960)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (8th St. Playhouse.)

LITTLE CAESAR (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 6.)

LIVE AND LET DIE—The late Ian Fleming's James Bond is played rather dully by Roger Moore, but the stunts and the harmlessly inhuman jokes are stunning. The film is really just a rope of clever tricks strung together, helped by the presence of very few characters who are less than wooden, such as a funnily peevish Louisiana sheriff. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 3.)

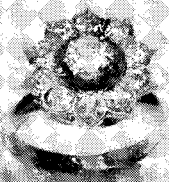
THE LONG GOODBYE—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. A movie about the city that made the movies and was made by them, it's probably the best American movie ever filmed that almost didn't open in New York. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lithier, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (Trans-Lux East.)

MACBETH (1971)—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The handsome, intelligent, and well-acted production succeeds as vivid melodrama but reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. (Elgin; starting Nov. 7.)

MASSACRE IN ROME—With Richard Burton and Marcello Mastroianni, directed by George Pan Cosmatos. (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East.)



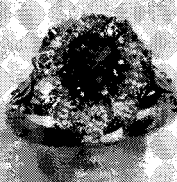
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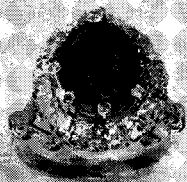
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MEAN STREETS—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a ripper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (Cinema I.)

MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 6.)

THE NEW LAND—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master-director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Troell has a ravening appetite; it almost seems as if he loves nature so much that he wants to plunder it all; the viewer is the beneficiary. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. In Swedish. (Little Carnegie.)

A NEW LEAF (1971)—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter Matthau?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Cinema Village.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Nov. 8.)

OPEN CITY (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Nov. 1.)

THE OPTIMISTS—With Peter Sellers, directed by Anthony Simmons. (Music Hall; through Nov. 7.)

THE PAPER CHASE—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (Columbia I; through Nov. 8, tentative.)

PLAYTIME—Jacques Tati's film of 1968, made in 70 mm, and only just released in the United States for the first time publicly, in a 35-mm. version. "Playtime" is this brilliantly funny and painstaking director's most innovative film. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule, and he says something acute and physically eloquent about movement. (Art; starting Nov. 7.)

THE POSSESSION OF JOEL DELANEY (1972)—A ridiculous picture about a smart young Manhattan matron (Shirley MacLaine) and the possession of her spoiled brother's spirit by a murderous Puerto Rican. Directed by Waris Hussein. (Symphony; through Nov. 6.)

THE PUBLIC ENEMY (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her kisser. A good picture, even if the theme music is "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Elgin; Nov. 1-3.)

PYGMALION (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film debut as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that fatuous snob Higgins. With

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 8.)

REPULSION (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Elgin; starting Nov. 7.)

RIFFRAFF (1935)—Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy as cocky working-class people in love, and Joseph Calleia as the wily Greek who runs the tuna fleet and the cannery. Anita Loos was on the script, and the wisecracks fly, but the direction (by J. Walter Ruben) is weak. M-G-M produced, and the corporate hand is clearly visible: the labor troubles are the result of an outside agitator who comes in with bombs. The film might be used as an index to Hollywood-movie social attitudes of the period. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 4-6.)

THE ROARING TWENTIES (1939)—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. Too mechanical a view of character; the whole thing is a little simple-minded. Raoul Walsh directed. (Elgin; Nov. 4-5.)

ROBIN HOOD—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Music Hall; starting Nov. 8.)

DER ROSENKAVAILIER (1963)—A Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Paramount.)

LE SEX SHOP—A French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. (Cinema Village; ... Guild; starting Nov. 1.)

SHAMUS—With Burt Reynolds and Dyan Cannon, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Symphony; starting Nov. 7.)

SISTERS—This low-budget horror movie about a psychotic ex-Siamese twin is a long way from being a brilliant thriller, but its limp technique and gratuitous dumbness don't seem to matter to the happily crazy-scared audience. With Margot Kidder, who knows how to turn on sexiness with a witch's precision, and Jennifer Salt, who gives a feeble performance. Brian De Palma, the director, can do flaked-out humor and high-pitched, demented knife-slashings, but he can't get two people talking in order to make a simple expository point without its sounding like the drabest Republic picture of 1938. (Gramercy, and Midtown; through Nov. 6.)

LA STRADA (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Nov. 1.)

SUMMER WISHES, WINTER DREAMS—With Joanne Woodward, Martin Balsam, and Sylvia Sydney, directed by Gilbert Cates. (Plaza.)

SWING TIME (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 7.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with genteel manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Beacon; starting Nov. 7.)

TALES THAT WITNESS MADNESS—With Kim Novak, directed by Freddie Francis. (Juliet 2... Guild; through Nov. 6.)

THE TALL BLOND MAN WITH ONE BLACK SHOE—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre

Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Paris.)

TOO HOT TO HANDLE (1938)—A Clark Gable-Myrna Loy comedy based on some very strange notions of heroism and ethics. Gable is a hotshot unscrupulous newsreel cameraman who fakes war stories and will do anything for a scoop. One of his dirty tricks wrecks Loy's reputation, and they carry on a love-hate affair that jumps around from China to the Amazon jungle. (At one point, she rescues him by disguising herself as a witch doctor.) Laurence Stallings and John Lee Mahin thought up this movie, and it must be meant to be a satire, but who can be sure of what? Jack Conway directed, for speed and wisecracks. With Walter Pidgeon, Walter Connolly, Leo Carrillo, Marjorie Main, and Al Shean. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 4-6.)

A TOUCH OF CLASS—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an ant-eater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's muddled throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. The girl here is prototypical Woman as seen by the Male Chauvinist Pig—brainy, too alert, de-manning—and the man in the film is women's lib prototypical Man: expecting working women to do their jobs without talking about them and to get on with the cooking. Mild, muddled fun; interesting thesis material. (34th St. East, Loews Ciné, and Loews 83rd St. ... Greenwich; through Nov. 6. ... Guild; starting Nov. 1, tentative.)

TRAFFIC—Mr. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new and rather precious film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (Art; starting Nov. 7. ... Guild; starting Nov. 1, tentative.)

TRIPLE ECHO—With Glenda Jackson and Oliver Reed, directed by Michael Apted. (Juliet 1, and Playboy.)

ULYSSES (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Rooves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 7-8.)

THE VALACHI PAPERS (1972)—With Charles Bronson and Lino Ventura, directed by Terence Young. (Symphony; starting Nov. 7.)

VISIONS OF EIGHT—The Munich Olympics as seen by Kon Ichikawa, Arthur Penn, Mai Zetterling, Miloš Forman, Claude Lelouch, Juri Ozerov, Michael Pfleger, John Schlesinger. There is a contradiction inherent in the Olympics, with their piety about internationalism and the fact of their furious nationalism. The film unwittingly drives it home by lacing together eight films that mostly serve to stress national clichés in the local outlook of the directors. (Gramercy; starting Nov. 7.)

THE WAY WE WERE—Barbra Streisand as a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right and Robert Redford as a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the black-listing troubles, but it's enjoyable the rest of the time. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (Loews Tower East.)

WHITE HEAT (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is reputed to be a masterpiece that was not sufficiently appreciated in its time; actually, its naïveté and obviousness were too glaring in 1949. Though it's fun to see tough-guy James Cagney sitting on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), the picture is so primitive it seems much older than it is. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Steve Cochran, and Fred Clark. (Elgin; Nov. 4-5.)

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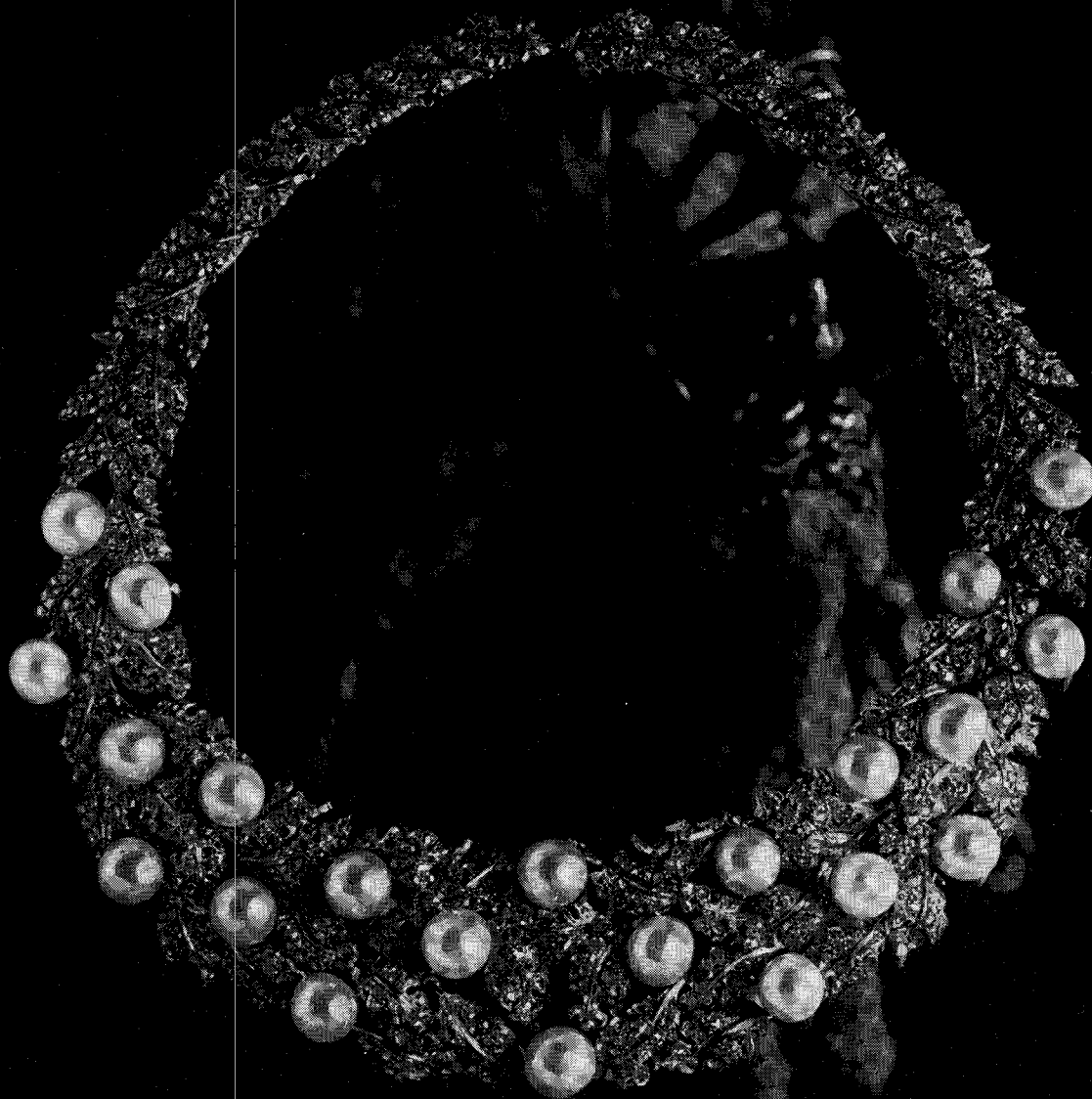
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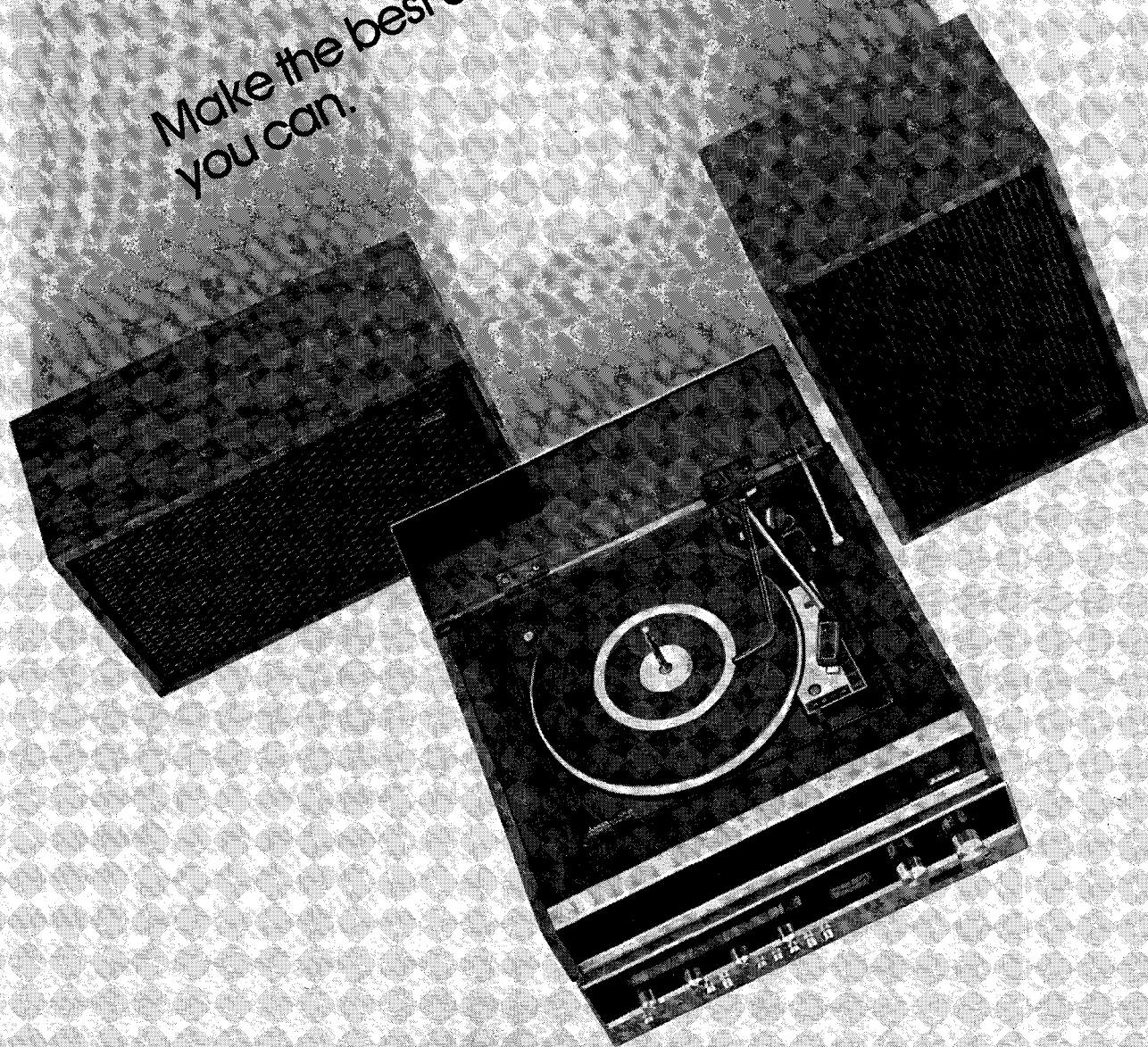
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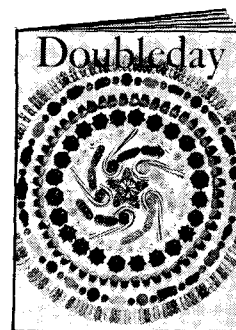


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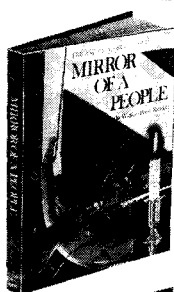
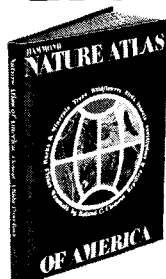
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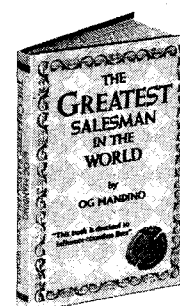
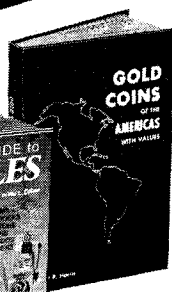
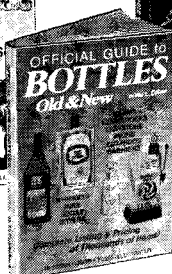
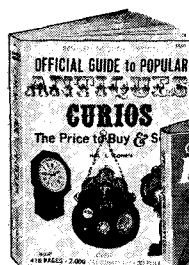
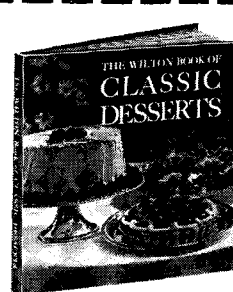
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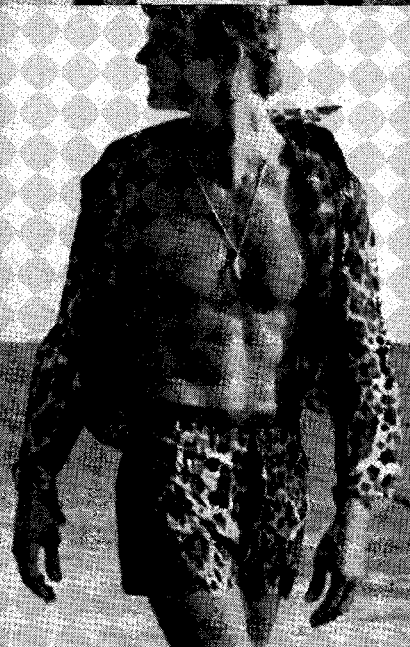
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LIKE many people in the country last week, we spent the hours of the worldwide American military alert next to our radio and television set. The President's televised news conference was, of course, one of the moments of greatest anxiety. The President wore a broad, fixed smile as he made his way to the podium. Once he was there, however, his countenance became solemn. He made a long opening statement on the Mid-East crisis and on the subject of a new special prosecutor. Then, replying to a question, he informed us that the nation had just been through "the most difficult crisis we've had since the Cuban confrontation of 1962." His use of the past tense was odd but welcome, since in his opening statement he had somehow forgotten to announce to the public that the hour of peril had passed or had not passed. As he spoke, the alert was still partly on. Then the President said that, the extreme gravity of the crisis notwithstanding, we had all just experienced a reassuring episode in the new politics of détente. He and Secretary Brezhnev had exchanged "firm" notes, and had understood each other perfectly, owing, in part, to their personal acquaintance. (We couldn't help recalling that the firm notes had been supplemented by the even firmer troop alerts, including, in this country's case, an alert of the Strategic Air Command.) During the questioning, the smile returned. But the words were angry. The President launched his bitterest attack on television and the press to date. He said that he had been subjected to the most "outrageous, vicious, distorted reporting" he had experienced "in twenty-seven years of public life." "When people are pounded night after night with that kind of frantic, hysterical reporting, it naturally shakes their confidence," he said. (The *News* headline the next morning was "SMILING NIXON TAKES ON MEDIA.") A reporter in a back row asked the question that was upper-

most in everyone's mind: Had the domestic crisis surrounding Watergate influenced his actions in the international crisis? The President acknowledged a connection between the two matters. "Even in this week, when many thought that the President was shell-shocked, unable to act [because of Watergate], the President acted decisively," he said. In other words, Watergate had damaged his prestige—had left many people thinking there was a shell-shocked President in the White House—and the confrontation with the Soviet Union had, in his view, repaired it. This is by no means the same as saying that he had taken dramatic action in the international crisis *in order* to recoup his losses in the domestic crisis; nevertheless, he indicated, this would possibly be the happy result. A week earlier, he had referred to the connection between the two crises from the other side; he had instructed Special Prosecutor Cox not to seek any further evidence from the White House by court action, in order to avoid a Constitutional crisis "at a time of serious world crisis." At that time, he had called for an easing of the domestic crisis in order to strengthen his hand abroad. And, just as he now called the alert a decisive action, he had said of his order to Cox, "It is necessary to take decisive actions that will avoid any possibility of a Constitutional crisis." A President with a penchant for decisive actions had taken two in one week—one in the foreign realm and one in the domestic realm. In the course of doing so, he had merged the two crises into one. Watergate, that uncontrollably spreading thing, had become entangled with the apocalypse. Now Donald Segretti and his obscene letters and stink bombs were mixed up with the armies clashing in the Middle East, and what Bebe Rebozo had done with Howard Hughes' hundred thousand dollars was mixed up with what the B-52s carrying the hydrogen bombs would do, and the survival of all of us rested on how

these matters mingled in the mind of our beleaguered, angry, smiling President.

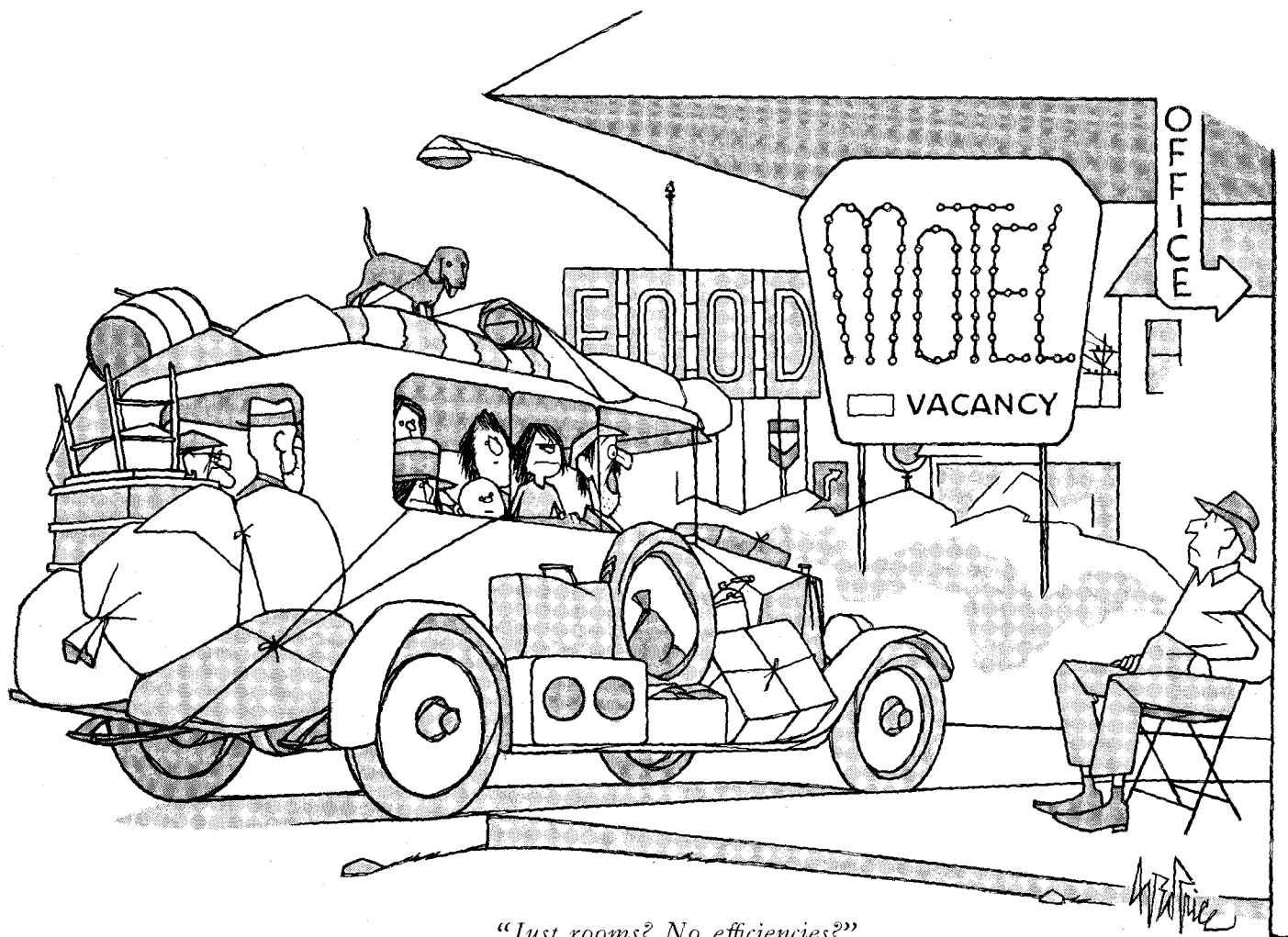
Beame's Position Paper

LAST Tuesday, we dropped by the Piccadilly Hotel to hear Abraham Beame present what he called a position paper on "The Arts and Cultural Affairs of New York City." Since Mr. Beame arrived three-quarters of an hour late, we had a chance to talk to several prominent citizens who were standing at the back of the hall, drinking coffee and wondering what was in store for them. Joel Schenker, a producer, told us that the group hoped to impress upon Mr. Beame the urgency of cleaning up Times Square. "Our thirty-three legitimate theatres are suffering the pangs of a dying man," he said. "The neighborhood is deteriorating—prostitution, porno films, muggings—and people are afraid to come out at night. We want to restore Times Square to the glory it once was. The theatre is an important part of the political process, because it is essential to the economic health of the city." Sol Hurok told us

he had come to the meeting because he wanted to see Mr. Beame elected. "He'll be a great help to the arts," said Mr. Hurok. "Wherever is a cocktail party with a musical event, Beame's there." Schuyler Chapin, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, said, "We hope to convince him of the need for providing occupancy expenses at Lincoln Center." David Merrick told us that he had joined the group because his office was right around the corner. "Lord knows if he's really agreeable to helping the theatre," said Mr. Merrick, "but we should be nice to him, since he's going to be elected."

At 5:45 P.M., an out-of-breath Mr. Beame—white-haired, trim, and self-assured—dashed up to the speaker's rostrum. "Your presence gives me a little confidence about what will hap-





"Just rooms? No efficiencies?"

pen on November 6th," he said, looking around the room with a very small smile. "Any new administration has got to restore a feeling of greatness to this city. We must preserve our economic base and we must maintain New York as the entertainment center of the world. The more people who come to watch our shows, the more jobs we will have, and the more prosperous we will be." Mr. Beame produced a two-page statement (part, he said, of a longer study) and ticked off the problems confronting the Times Square area—crime, rising costs, physical decay, a falling off of audiences. To remedy these ills, he said, he intended to appoint an Advisory Committee on Culture and Performing Arts. "This group will be responsible for the speedy improvement of the Broadway area, and for assistance in economic problems faced by the performing arts," he said. "Perhaps we can get some federal or state help."

Mr. Beame vanished through the door at the fast trot of an experienced politician, and we fell into conversation with Joe Silver, a cello-voiced actor, who told us that he was working with the Office of Midtown Planning and Development on a plan for a

Times Square plaza. "On the current map, it's a pie-shaped wedge that runs from Forty-fourth Street to Forty-seventh Street, with traffic diverted to Seventh Avenue, and Broadway turned into a pedestrian mall," he said. "If we can make Times Square a desirable area, perhaps more people will come out at night to see a play," he said. "After all, it's the legitimate theatre that makes this city unique. Without it, New York would just be two Toledos."

Modern

WE went to the exhibit entitled "1930's Expositions" with our friends John Cohoe and Paul Riedel. John Cohoe collects souvenirs from the 1939 New York World's Fair; Paul Riedel has a remarkable memory for unimportant facts. We met John and Paul outside the New York Cultural Center, where the exhibit was being held. John was carrying several hundred copies of a cover he had designed for the next issue of *The Studebaker Spotlight* ("Dedicated to All Studebakers"); Paul, who writes a column on cars for a magazine called *The Real World* ("The Quarterly of Special-Interest Consciousness"), was talking

about De Sotos. "There was no Firesweep in 1955," Paul said. "There was no Firesweep until '57. There was only Firedome and Fireflite."

"There's more to the story," said John.

"I'll say," said Paul.

We went into the New York Cultural Center and up to the third floor, where the "1930's Expositions" exhibit was going on. Facing us as we entered the exhibit was a big blowup of a photograph of the National Cash Register Building at the 1939 New York World's Fair. The National Cash Register Building was built in the shape of a cash register. In the space where the dollar amount registers in a normal cash register, there was a sign ("Attendance Today") and a figure ("71,265"). John Cohoe went right up to a souvenir radio from the R.C.A. Pavilion at the 1939 New York World's Fair. The radio was nearly a cube. It was brown, and bore cream-colored representations of the Trylon and Perisphere (symbols of the 1939 New York World's Fair) in relief. "This is my favorite," John said. John told us how it was he had begun to collect things from the New York Fair. "I was just getting this key made for my Stude-

baker," he said, "and the guy gave me my key, and it turned out to be made from an old '39 Fair souvenir key blank he must have had left over, and that got me started."

John took us around the exhibit. There were big blown-up pictures from five expositions: the 1933 Century of Progress Exposition, in Chicago; the 1935 California-Pacific International Exposition, in San Diego; the 1936 Texas Centennial Exposition, in Dallas; the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition, in San Francisco; and the 1939 New York World's Fair. More important, there were souvenirs of the expositions (now in the collection of a New Yorker, Lawrence G. Zimmerman) scattered around under the blown-up pictures. John Cohoe paid some attention to the pictures, but he spent most of his time looking at the objects. "There is something of a split among collectors," John said. "Some only collect souvenirs with the copyright mark—official souvenirs. Others collect anything using the Fair motifs. For instance," he said, pointing to a souvenir spoon with a representation of the Consumer Interests Building at the New York Fair, "this spoon is an official souvenir. This tray," he said, pointing to a blue-and-orange tray decorated with the Trylon and Perisphere, "isn't an official souvenir—only a related souvenir." John showed us other items he liked. He showed us a comb holder in orange and blue, with gold lines radiating from the center. "The point was, of course, to be modern," John said. "This is a modern, streamlined comb holder. It is a dynamic comb holder, not a static comb holder. This comb holder looks like the grille of an Indianapolis racer."

John showed us a can made by the American Can Company as a souvenir of the 1933 Chicago Fair. There was a dynamic, modern cityscape on the can, and a blimp over the cityscape. He showed us some orange-and-blue writing paper with a Trylon and Perisphere in one corner. He showed us a pin in the shape of Mr. Peanut. Mr. Peanut had his hand on the Trylon. He showed us a Rock-Ola pinball game using motifs from the Chicago Fair, and a Trylon and Perisphere ringtoss game. "That's my real favorite," John said.

Paul began to talk about De Sotos again. "In '56, they carried over Firedome and Firefly and added the Adventurer in midyear," he said. "A coupe and a convertible. The classic Adventurer was all white, with sabre-toothed wheel covers. Then, in '57, they added the Firesweep. Up until

then, Chrysler and De Soto had shared a body on a hundred-and-twenty-six-inch wheelbase. The Firesweep used a Plymouth body on a hundred-and-twenty-two-inch wheelbase but with total De Soto styling. Chrysler introduced the Forward Look symbol in 1956, but most people remember it starting in 1957. It was in '57 that they had that slogan 'Suddenly It's 1960!'"

The next day, we talked to Mr. Zimmerman, the owner of the collection of souvenirs. We asked him if he had any World's Fair souvenirs not displayed in the exhibit. "Oh, yes, a lot of things," he said. "Including a carpet sweeper by Bissell."

The Painter

THE ACA Galleries, at 25 East Seventy-third Street, invited us to a cocktail party to open the first exhibition of paintings by Zero Mostel, the comic genius of the theatre, movies, and cabaret. Mr. Mostel is now fifty-eight. He has been painting since boyhood. He has given dozens of his paintings to friends. Some Mostel paintings are in museums, including the National Portrait Gallery of the Smithsonian. We called up Mr. Mostel on his day off from performing in an out-of-town revival of "A Funny Thing Happened

on the Way to the Forum," and asked him how he had finally decided to have the exhibition.

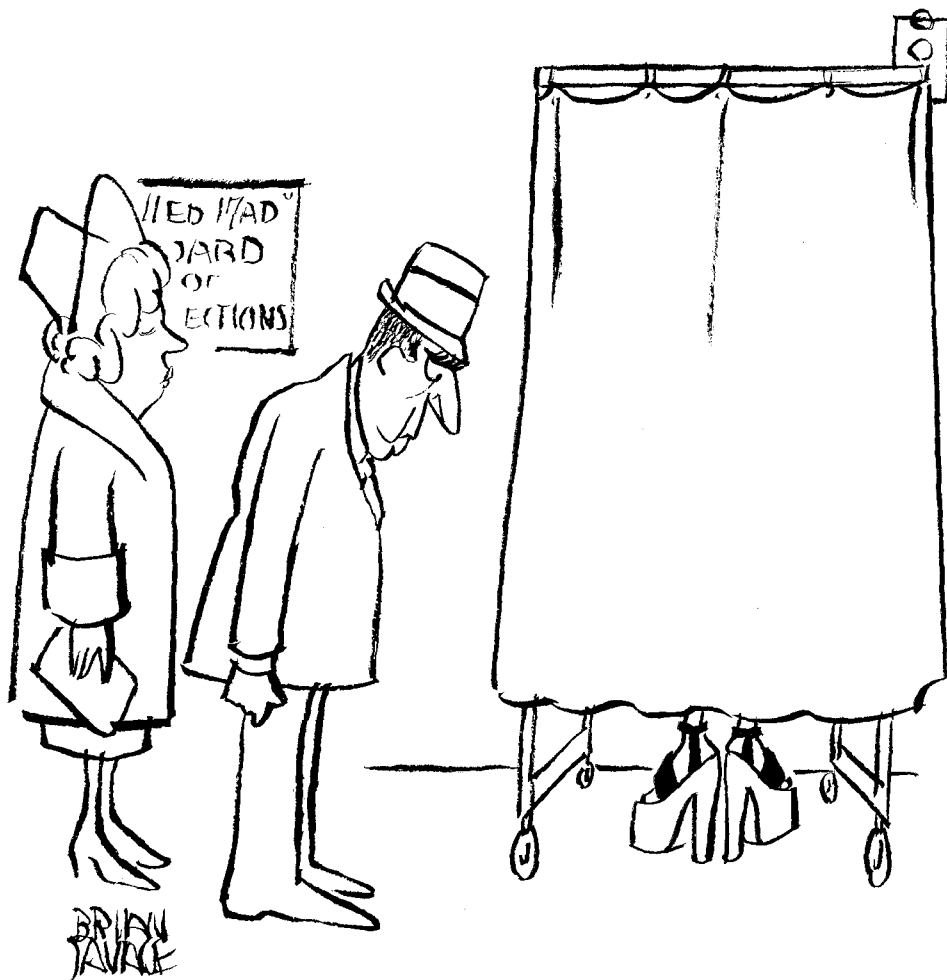
"Because I couldn't get into my studio anymore," he said. "The paintings were pushing me out."

"How about seeing you before the party starts?" we asked.

"Meet me at the ACA," he said. "I want to see how they hung them. Maybe I'll scream and yell about the way they did it. I used to hang paintings myself."

We got there before Mr. Mostel did, and were greeted by Sidney Bergen, the owner of the ACA. He is a stocky, friendly man, and he had on a neat dark suit with a fresh white carnation in his lapel.

"This guy is good," Mr. Bergen told us, looking around the first floor, which was devoted to Mostel oils and collages. He led us to the second floor of the gallery, where we found more oils and collages, as well as a long table that bartenders were setting up with the makings of drinks. There were about eighty Mostel paintings in all, with titles that included "Loser's Viewpoint," "Thanks a Lot," "Year of the Egg," "Self Portrait to Forget," "Capillary Attraction," "Pairing Time," "Homage to Homage," "Stuffed Shirt," "Easel Painting Resting,"



"Painting Leaving Easel," and "Painter with No Hands."

"Zero used to help my uncle, Herman Baron, who started the ACA in 1931," Mr. Bergen told us. "Zero used to hang paintings for him. I think Zero will like what we've done, don't you?"

"Very much," we said. "How did you get him to do this show?"

"There have always been rumors around about what a great painter he is," Mr. Bergen said. "I'd seen some of the paintings in people's houses. Then I went to see Zero in his studio. I almost exploded with excitement and joy. He has thousands of pastels, drawings, watercolors—everything. But we decided to limit the show to some of the oil paintings and collages of the past ten years—just his recent and most important work. Someday, maybe we'll show a retrospective of all his work. He's in a very unusual position. He's painted for so long, and yet he's never had a show. He never wanted one. He was afraid his work would be mixed up with his being an actor. He wants his paintings to stand on their own."

Mr. Bergen looked a little sad. "I've tried very hard to forget Zero Mostel the actor," he told us. "But it's very difficult, because it's such *fun* to be with him." Mr. Bergen seemed to bring himself to attention. "People will be overwhelmed by his ability as an artist," he said quickly. "His name won't interfere. Look. His paintings are *painterly*. Very intricate paintings. Zero has what every good artist needs—a good mind, technical skill, and a style that is completely his own. He has a magnificent sense of color. You have to look at these paintings carefully to see what is happening inside them."

We agreed.

"There are tremendous vibrations in the colors, and yet there's a kind of repose," Mr. Bergen said. "These are very *satisfying* paintings."

We agreed again.

Telephones in the recesses of the gallery were ringing continuously as we talked. "Television wants to come, the newspapers—everybody—but Zero says he doesn't want this one and he doesn't want that one, because they don't really care about *art*," Mr. Bergen said. "It makes it difficult for me, but I'm trying to respect his wishes."

Mr. Bergen went off to answer his telephones, and we looked at the exhibition. We enjoyed the collages, which had been made with painters' cloths, and one collage of a little cat, entitled "Ketzele," especially charmed us. We were looking at it when Mr.

Mostel arrived. Over the years, we might say at this point, Zero Mostel has always looked the same to us, and we were glad to see that it was still that way. He was wearing a navy-blue Basque beret, a light-blue denim suit, and a wide purple tie. He looked like a painter, and he was chewing Trident cinnamon-flavored gum.

"My first reaction is," Mr. Mostel began, and paused, looking around at his paintings. "Is maybe I'm a little crazy!" He gave a strictly Mostel laugh, combining a lot of elements—embarrassment, enjoyment, modesty, self-amusement, and awareness of the silliness of it all. "One thing about seeing them all together like this—with this light on them, they look different," he continued. "I want to take them all away and change them. In the studio, I keep taking care of them like children. Sidney!" he called to Mr. Bergen, who emerged from an inner room and was enfolded by Mr. Mostel in a big hug. "Sidney! Give me a brush! I'll fix them all up!" Mr. Mostel gave his laugh again.

"How are you, Zero?" Mr. Bergen asked.

"I'm tired!" Mr. Mostel said. "I did four shows in 'Forum' over the weekend, and I got home at three this morning."

"Zero, I have A.B.C. on the phone," Mr. Bergen began. "They want to bring in a camera crew and—"

"No!" said Mr. Mostel. "I don't want them. This is an *art* show. Besides, the color on television is terrible."

Mr. Bergen looked very sad and went back to his telephones.

Mr. Mostel gave a big sigh and sat down on a small chair in a corner of the gallery.

"Why did I have to do this?" he asked. "I don't want the paintings here. I want them back. They ask me how to price them. How should I know? I never sold anything in my life. The way they equate painting with money drives me crazy. And that's another thing.

With the naming. Titles! So I gave them titles. Then with the signing! The whole thing with the signatures. Is signing a part of *painting*? I had to go around signing 'Mostel' eighty times. As though I were being punished for having done something wrong." All this was delivered in tones of self-amusement and appreciative laughter.

"When do you get to do the painting?" we asked.

"All the time," Mr. Mostel said. "This past summer on Monhegan Island, in Maine. I stayed there for three months. I have a beautiful big

studio there as well as here, and I start painting the day I get there. In three months, I did seventy-eight paintings. I like to paint in long stretches. One day, I did six paintings." He peered at a large oil painting entitled "What Is It?" "I did so many paintings over on that one. It's on a gesso panel. I can't throw that out. It cost me fifty bucks. I like to keep working on my paintings. I've been working on a painting about 'Fiddler on the Roof' since 1964. People say to me, 'Why can't you leave it alone?' As though *they're* doing it. I can't leave it alone. If I could get all these back, I'd change them."

Mr. Bergen reappeared, an unlit cigarette in his mouth. He lit it with a match.

"I've seen gallery owners with *gold* lighters," Mr. Mostel said to him, and gave him a laugh.

"The television crews—" Mr. Bergen began.

"No!" said Mr. Mostel. He got up and looked at the painting entitled "Capillary Attraction." "It was pairing time," Mr. Mostel said, in as fine a brogue as we've ever heard. "Capillary attraction is a natural phenomenon. Lotty Clarke, flaxenhaired, I saw her at her night toilette through ill-closed curtains, with poor papa's opera-glasses."

We looked at him.

"Bloom says that in 'Ulysses,'" Mr. Mostel told us. "I did a lot of drawings of myself when I played Bloom. I suppose my acting has a kind of kinship to the painting. Everything in the painting is based on something human."

The guests started to arrive for the party, and Mr. Mostel sat down again in his corner. A lot of stage and movie people came to the party, and a lot of painters, as well as people whom Mr. Mostel didn't seem to know but who seemed to have fun being there with Zero Mostel the actor.

"Good luck!" one guest called out to Mr. Mostel.

"Less luck and more sales!" Mr. Mostel called back.

"The titles are wonderful," someone else said to Mr. Mostel.

"I'll sell you the titles for much less," Mr. Mostel said.

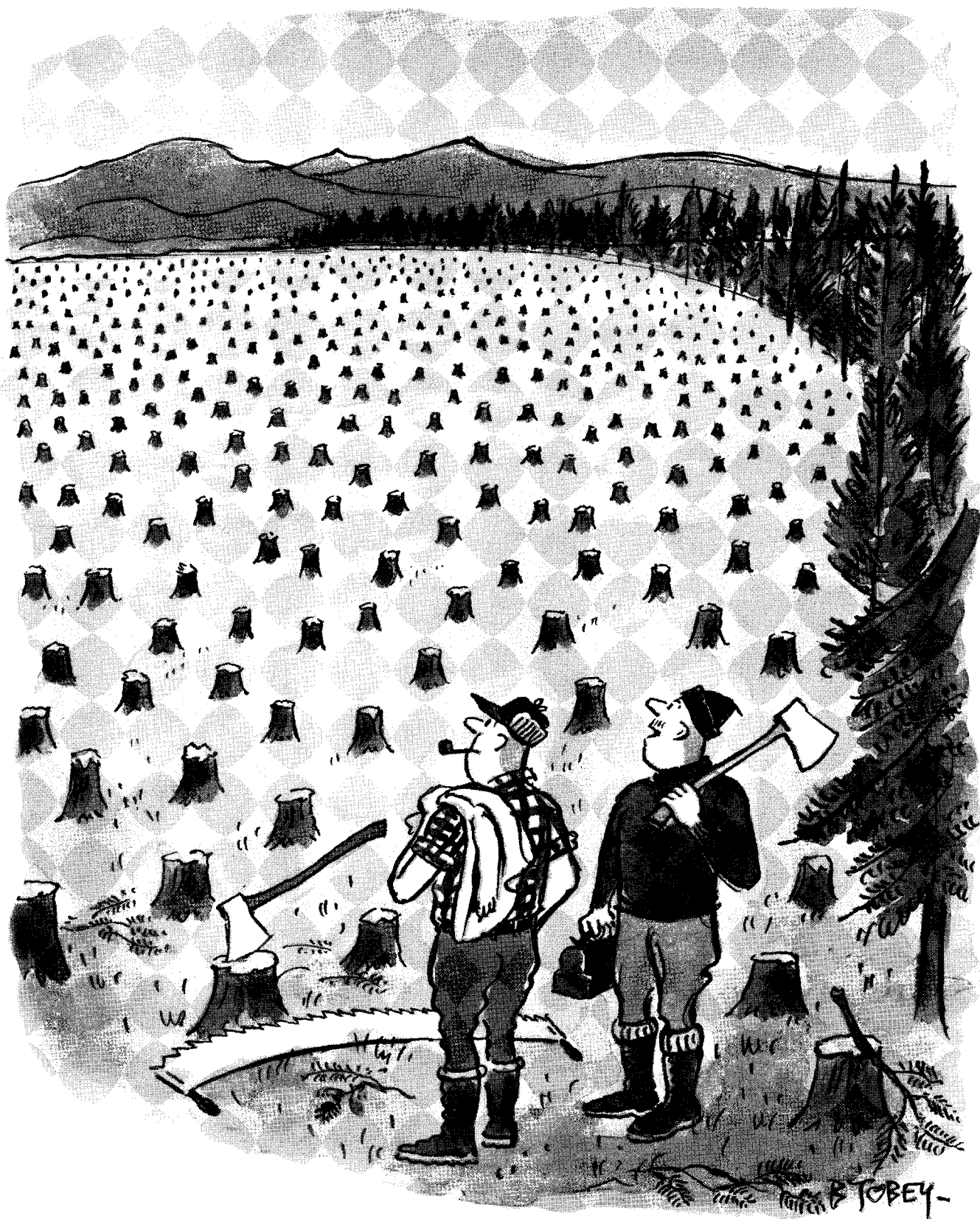
"The paintings are very energetic," a third guest said to Mr. Mostel.

"They do a lot of exercise," Mr. Mostel told him.

"Hey!" Mr. Mostel called out to Mr. Bergen at one point. "The paintings are crooked. People are *leaning* on them!"

Mr. Bergen didn't seem to hear him. He was beaming at Joe Levine, the movie producer, and looking very happy.





"Well, so much for Christmas, '73."

"Which style was first?" a guest asked Mr. Mostel. "The oils or the collages?"

"These are made from the paint cloths," Mr. Mostel said. "You can't make *these* unless you make *those*. So they are both done at the same time."

"How many paintings have you done

in your lifetime?" somebody asked.

"About ten thousand," said Mr. Mostel. "And now some idiot will say something against them, and I'll be stuck with the whole ten thousand!" He gave that Mostel laugh again.

"Those paintings are you," said one of the painters.

"What do you mean, me?" asked Mr. Mostel.

"Figure it out for yourself," said the painter, and Mr. Mostel gave one of his bigger laughs.

"Quite a collection," said a man.

"With a little luck, I'll keep it," said Mr. Mostel.

SELECTIONS FROM THE ALLEN NOTEBOOKS

Following are excerpts from the hitherto secret private journal of Woody Allen, which will be published posthumously or after his death, whichever comes first.

GETTING through the night is becoming harder and harder. Last evening, I had the uneasy feeling that some men were trying to break into my room to shampoo me. But why? I kept imagining I saw shadowy forms, and at 3 A.M. the underwear I had draped over a chair resembled the Kaiser on roller skates. When I finally did fall asleep, I had that same hideous nightmare in which a woodchuck is trying to claim my prize at a raffle. Despair.

I believe my consumption has grown worse. Also my asthma. The wheezing comes and goes, and I get dizzy more and more frequently. I have taken to violent choking and fainting. My room is damp and I have perpetual chills and palpitations of the heart. I noticed, too, that I am out of napkins. Will it never stop?

Idea for a story: A man awakens to find his parrot has been made Secretary of Agriculture. He is consumed with jealousy and shoots himself, but unfor-

tunately the gun is the type with a little flag that pops out, with the word "Bang" on it. The flag pokes his eye out, and he lives—a chastened human being who, for the first time, enjoys the simple pleasures of life, like farming or sitting on an air hose.

Thought: Why does man kill? He kills for food. And not only food: frequently there must be a beverage.

Should I marry W.? Not if she won't tell me the other letters in her name. And what about her career? How can I ask a woman of her beauty to give up the Roller Derby? Decisions . . .

Once again I tried committing suicide—this time by wetting my nose and inserting it into the light socket. Unfortunately, there was a short in the wiring, and I merely caromed off the icebox. Still obsessed by thoughts of death, I brood constantly. I keep wondering if there is an afterlife, and if there is will they be able to break a twenty?

I ran into my brother today at a funeral. We had not seen one another for fifteen years, but as usual

he produced a pig bladder from his pocket and began hitting me on the head with it. Time has helped me understand him better. I finally realize his remark that I am "some loathsome vermin fit only for extermination" was said more out of compassion than anger. Let's face it: he was always much brighter than me—wittier, more cultured, better educated. Why he is still working at McDonald's is a mystery.

Idea for story: Some beavers take over Carnegie Hall and perform "Wozzeck." (Strong theme. What will be the structure?)

GOOD Lord, why am I so guilty? Is it because I hated my father? Probably it was the veal-parmigian incident. Well, what *was* it doing in his wallet? If I had listened to him, I would be blocking hats for a living. I can hear him now: "To block hats—that is everything." I remember his reaction when I told him I wanted to write. "The only writing you'll do is in collaboration with an owl." I still have no idea what he meant. What a sad man! When my first play, "A Cyst for Gus," was produced at the Lyceum, he attended opening night in tails and a gas mask.

Today I saw a red-and-yellow sunset and thought, How insignificant I am! Of course, I thought that yesterday, too, and it rained. I was overcome with self-loathing and contemplated suicide again—this time by inhaling next to an insurance salesman.

Short story: A man awakens in the morning and finds himself transformed into his own arch supports. (This idea can work on many levels. Psychologically, it is the quintessence of Kruger, Freud's disciple who discovered sexuality in bacon.)

How wrong Emily Dickinson was! Hope is not "the thing with feathers." The thing with feathers has turned out to be my nephew. I must take him to a specialist in Zurich.

I have decided to break off my engagement with W. She doesn't understand my writing, and said last night that my "Critique of Metaphysical Reality" reminded her of "Airport." We quarrelled, and she brought up the subject of children



"See here, Remson. There's only room for one sourpuss around this office."



"I've been wondering, Delphine. Do the poor still get poorer?"

again, but I convinced her they would be too young.

Do I believe in God? I did until Mother's accident. She fell on some meat loaf, and it penetrated her spleen. She lay in a coma for months, unable to do anything but sing "Granada" to an imaginary herring. Why was this woman in the prime of life so afflicted—because in her youth she dared to defy convention and got married with a brown paper bag on her head? And how can I believe in God when just last week I got my tongue caught in the roller of an electric typewriter? I am plagued by doubts. What if everything is an illusion and nothing exists? In that case, I definitely overpaid for my carpet. If only God would give me some clear sign! Like making a

large deposit in my name at a Swiss bank.

HAD coffee with Melnick today. He talked to me about his idea of having all government officials dress like hens.

Play idea: A character based on my father, but without quite so prominent a big toe. He is sent to the Sorbonne to study the harmonica. In the end, he dies, never realizing his one dream—to sit up to his waist in gravy. (I see a brilliant second-act curtain, where two midgets come upon a severed head in a shipment of volleyballs.)

While taking my noon walk today, I had more morbid thoughts. What is it about death that bothers me so much? Probably the hours. Melnick

says the soul is immortal and lives on after the body drops away, but if my soul exists without my body I am convinced all my clothes will be too loose-fitting. Oh, well . . .

Did not have to break off with W. after all, for, as luck would have it, she ran off to Finland with a professional circus geek. All for the best, I suppose, although I had another of those attacks where I start coughing out of my ears.

Last night, I burned all my plays and poetry. Ironically, as I was burning my masterpiece, "Dark Penguin," the room caught fire, and I am now the object of a lawsuit by some men named Pinchuck and Schlosser. Kierkegaard was right.

—WOODY ALLEN

DAUGHTER, LAST GLIMPSES OF

JUST before she went away to live with the red-bearded harpsichord-maker, our daughter asked us how to jitterbug. She had found these old Glenn Miller records in the closet. Eileen and I were embarrassed to tell her we didn't know how; though the jitterbug had been of our era, it was an era of the survival of the fittest, and for every Jack and Jill triumphantly twirling on the gymnasium floor to the local version of the Big Band sound there was a clutch of Eileens and Geoffreys slumping enviously against the padded wall, or huddling in the bleachers, wondering how it was done, wondering if anyone who knew how would ever invite them to dance. How much kinder, we urged upon our daughter, of your own generation to invent dances that require no skill, that indeed cannot be done wrong, and that therefore do not create hurtful distinctions between the ins and the outs, the deft and the gauche, the beautiful and the un-

Our daughter looked at us with wide eyes. Her face is mostly frontal, like a cat's. As she turned eighteen her eyes

were exchanging that staring look of childhood for something softer and more inward, with a margin of distrust to it, to cushion amazement. But how, she seemed now to be asking, amazed, could two people unable even to jitterbug manage to get together and have *me*? She had been our first child. In our simplicity we had called her Joy.

There was dancing, in those last glimpses. My daughter had been taking ballet at school and would do backbends and cartwheels on the lawn, or slow, rolling splits and stretches in the front hall. For her birthday I had bought her an exercise bar, to use in her room, but she preferred the front hall, where the mailman sometimes showered letters in upon her. Her body, in black tights and leotard, was developing muscles and length; the front hall was too small, really, for these extensive exercises, which included resting her head—golden hair, platinum nape—between her knees, and then snapping it up, so that her eyes in her sudden round face looked surprised at something discovered in mine. On her

body the black cloth paled wherever it stretched around a bulge.

Though we failed to teach her to jitterbug (the motions she improvised to go with "In the Mood" and "I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo" owed more to the African Dance Troupe than to the crisp, tart forties), she taught her younger brother how to hold a girl and sway to James Taylor and Carole King. They did this in the study, where years ago the record-player had been mistakenly installed. Looking up from trying to read, I would see his face on her shoulder, chin high because she was taller, the angel face of my second son half lost in his sister's hair and engulfed by bliss, his eyelashes extensions of the sparkle of his slitted eyes as he and she swayed like seaweeds in the waves of amplified music—their feet, as far as I could see, doing no steps at all.

"Isn't Joy nice to Ethan?" I asked Eileen later, somewhat rhetorically.

"She's nice to all of us these days," she replied.

It was true. She set the dinner table for her mother and did the dishes. She read her little sister bedtime stories. I would see them, the two girls, framed

by the doorway into Katharine's room, sitting on the bed beneath the tacked-up pictures of horses and dogs, Joy's face solemn as a Sunday-school teacher's, Kate's rapt as an acolyte's, the two profiles bent toward each other, symmetrical, for all the six years between them, but that the younger girl's forehead had an apprehensive outward curve whereas Joy's brow was—is—flat and determined and square. Katharine at twelve was going through a troubled time. Joy would be talking to her about grades, or diets, or their grandmother. My mother was dying, that same spring, of cancer. The last time she came to the house (she knew it was the last time but disdained to admit it, as she disdained to admit she was dying; she had been a lifelong understater; her last words,



"It serves him right. He won't make house calls, but he'll never pass up a cocktail party."

to the attending nurse and me, were "Well, much obliged") Joy hugged her at parting. A shy sideways hug, for the old lady had grown frail as sticks, her walk a precarious shuffle. "Hope you soon feel better," Joy said, hesitating and almost blushing over the "feel better," knowing it was impossible. How big she looked!—broad-shouldered, freckled, at the height of health—beside the stoic wraith from whom she was descended. And it was as if, in one of those thrilling swift crossovers the good jitterbuggers could do, they had switched positions from the distant moment when my toddling daughter had fallen against a hot wood stove in Maine and her grandmother, so calm the cigarette never left her mouth, applied ice and butter and soothing words to the scorched arm that must have felt, to the astonished, shrieking child, seized by death itself.

At the funeral, surprising me, Joy and Katharine not only prayed, they got up on their knees on the kneeling stool, in stiff Episcopalian style. And, their faces covered by their hands, they looked like twins, in dresses Joy had made from the same dark, small-flowered cloth.

HER sewing worried me. "All she ever does is hang around the house and sit in her room and sew. She acts like some little spinster. Why doesn't she ever go out with boys? It isn't as if she's ugly. Is she?"

"Are you asking seriously?" my wife asked.

"I am. I can't tell. She's my daughter."

"You're shocking. She's gorgeous. Boys her own age just don't turn her on."

"The reason you're so complacent about it," I told Eileen, "is she does all your housework for you."



"Approximately one-third of our income goes for defense."

"She enjoys doing it. She's learning something."

"Yeah, how to be Cinderella."

"If that's your analogy, relax."

Left to rust in her room, the sewing machine is no trouble; but the rooster is. My daughter insisted, with all the determination in her solid brow (as a baby she used to beat it against the bars of the crib until we would lift her out), on getting chickens. Chickens? In our little yard? She said they would take up no room. They would turn our garbage into fresh eggs. They would in themselves constitute a natural cycle. Compared to an automobile, they consumed almost nothing. They would be aesthetic and amusing. Chickens.

Our bargain went that she would build the pen and little chicken house

with me; but something about the hammering and sawing and the size of the nails and the roughness of my construction pained her, for she wandered away, and I built it alone. Mark, our older son, came out I thought to help, but he only intended to complain.

"God, Dad, it's homely."

"I'm making it the best I can."

"It's not you, it's the *idea*. Why should she have chickens? You won't even let me have a .22. Think of the noise pollution. Think of the feathers, Dad."

"I agree, I agree. Could you hold this two-by-four steady while I nail it down?"

"And another thing, I *hate* the way she drives the car. She's going to kill

somebody, Dad, and you're going to have to pay for it."

Joy had consented to apply for her driver's license just that winter, after holding out, for ecology's sake, since the age of sixteen. It was true, when she drove the Ford the machine became loose-jointed and precarious in flight, like a flamingo. Beside her in the passenger's seat, I felt she was brushing things—mailboxes, hydrants—from the side of the road. Whereas when Mark, freshly sixteen and instantly equipped with a learner's permit, drives, the automobile crouches low to the ground and noses rapidly along the highway like a tracking beagle, with nervous, sniffing jerks. "Not to mention the fact," he continued, "she's gotten Ethan all stirred up about sex."

"We learn by living," I told him, and drove a nail to end the conversation. When the chicken house was done, Joy came out of hiding and admired it—the little sliding door, the roost hinged to swing upward so the poultry-keeper (ahem) could sweep and change the straw. In fact she did, at first, do a conscientious job, sweeping, scattering grain, gathering eggs in the morning dew like some thick-waisted lass out of Hardy. I remember how, as I sat down to breakfast, she would push open the back door with her shoulder, her eyes starry above the wonder of the eggs still warm in her hands. It was my paternal duty to eat one. The yolks were unpleasantly orange, thanks to the richness of our garbage. And my daughter danced around my eating, celebrating this miraculous completion, this cycle, this food for the breadwinner, this chicken and egg. She doted on those dowdy birds. She painted ivy on their house, watched them like a scientist, discovered that "pecking order" wasn't merely a phrase, papered the walls of her room with scratchy drawings of chickens, even did poems; one line went, as I remember, *peck scrawk scabble peck*. For all her mothering, the chickens gradually ceased to lay.

The idea of a rooster was hatched without consultation with me.

One Thursday after work I got out of the car and there he was, a little red-brown bird with absurdly long tail feathers and a dictatorial way of cocking his head. He was smaller than the hens, but already they followed him liquidly, bubbling in their throats and jostling for precedence, as he surveyed the pen and coop I had built, evidently for him. He had been brought in a psychedelic Volkswagen bus by a small bearded man with pink eyes and a

BEST FRIEND

Ah, great grime, frolicsome filth, I don't even whistle,
still you come bounding back, loyal, slaving
joyfully against me, knocking me down with black paws.
Only yesterday it filled my gut with pleasure
to watch you turn my clear shower-water all mucky-gray;
now again your spell returns, your scum grows back;
you'll gather your sludge in glory again, and celebrate my drain.
Come on in, dirty my floors. Back in packed-earth days
the way was poor, but wood and linoleum
saved me with their lovely, mortal cleanliness;
how richly black the pail suds turn under the drubbing mop.

But my house, my yard, my place is very small
against the places I must go. Beyond
these garden precincts rear blacker jungles
I didn't plant, won't harvest, whose beasts howl
warnings at me, who daily treads among them.
Oh, why can't they all be like you, my tacky pet?
Stroking you, I'm grateful not all that's bad is evil.

—DOUGLAS MOREA

mussed, unhappy air. Joy, Eileen, and Katharine were sitting with him at the kitchen table in the evening light. Strange thing, both Joy and Eileen had cigarettes in their hands. Eileen had quit when my mother's cancer was diagnosed, and as far as I knew Joy had never started. The rooster-bringer had heard of our need from a boyfriend of Joy's ecology instructor at school. Before I arrived, and though he mumbled, they had drawn a surprising mass of information from him: he was nearly thirty, his wife had left him a while ago, the "bunch of people" he was living with on this farm was breaking up, they were giving everything away—roosters, sheep, the Rototiller. Also, he had a cold, and couldn't find a satisfactory kind of industrial glue for his harpsichords. Soon after I arrived, he left.

"God, Dad, he was bogus," Mark said.

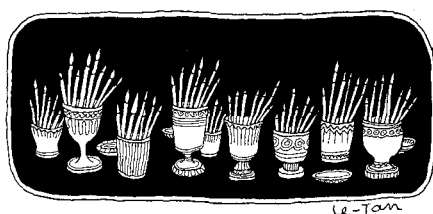
"I agree."

"I thought he was *cute*," Joy called from the other room. This was new; she never eavesdropped. What other people said or did, her stance had been these past years, did not touch her. She had lived in a world of her own making, with a serenity that floated dishes onto the table without a click.

Now, with a crash, her dependence on others, and ours on her, was de-

clared. She begged or stole the Ford so often we had to buy a second car: just as the gas shortage overtakes the world. Eileen is back to doing the dishes and smoking a pack a day. Katharine says that if Joy could have chickens she doesn't see why she can't have some sheep in the back yard. They would keep the grass short for me. Their wool would be worth money. They would look pretty. Mark has offered to shoot the chickens with his new .22. Ethan, his first partner fled, now goes to dances at the junior high, one of my neckties knotted loose, his hair combed without our nagging; he is so dolled up and beautiful we all have to laugh at him before he goes. As to Joy's departure, it was hurried and at the time not very real to the rest of us. I retain no glimpses. What coat was she wearing? What suitcase did she take? Did she slam the door? She may have said "Much obliged," but I didn't hear it.

The house seems bigger. The record-player, after its spell of Ralph Kirkpatrick, is back to Carole King, or silent. The front hall is clear to traffic. We come and go. Sometimes days pass before one of us remembers to bring in the eggs. Irregularly fed, the flock pecked a gap beneath the chicken wire, and gets into the neighbor's lettuce. During one such outing, another neighbor's Labrador carried off the white hen with a toe missing—the lowest in the pecking order, cannily. How did the dog know? He carried her in his mouth, white as fresh laundry in the dusk, up into the pines; the children heard her squawk and throbble until night fell.





"Ask him to repeat again, 'Hand over your purse, Gorgeous.'"

If all is not well with his world, the rooster never admits it. Every morning, he gets up on those Ruberoid self-sealing Slate Green asphalt shingles I hammered down to make a roof for him, a midair hop and skip from my bedroom window, and he crows. Lying awake, I can hear him practicing his crow in the small hours, inside his

house: a rather gentle, even wheezy, half-unfurling of the magic scroll inside his chest. Maybe he is dreaming of the dawn, maybe the street light fools him. But there is no mistaking the real thing: as the windowpanes brighten from purple to mauve to white he flaps up on his roof with a slap like a newspaper hitting the porch and gives a

crow as if to hoist with his own pure lungs that sleepy fat sun to the zenith of the sky. He never moderates his joy, though I am gradually growing deafer to it. That must be a difference between soulless creatures and human beings: creatures find every dawn as remarkable as all the ones previous.

—JOHN UPDIKE

* * P R O F I L E S * * UNA ANCIANA

THE man I will call Domingo García is eighty-three years old. Once, he was measured as exactly six feet tall, but that was half a century ago. He is sure that he has lost an inch or two. Sometimes, when his wife, Dolores, grows impatient with his slouch and tells him to straighten up, he goes her suggestion one better and tilts himself backward. "Now are you happy?" he seems to be asking her, and she smiles indulgently. His wife is also eighty-three. She always defers to her husband. She will not speak until he has had his say. As the two of them approach a closed door, she makes a quick motion toward it, opens it, and stands holding it, and sometimes, if he is distracted by a conversation and is slow to move through, one of her hands reaches for his elbow while the other points. "Go now," is the unstated message, "so that I can follow."

They were born within a mile and within two months of one another, in Cordova, New Mexico, in the north-central part of the state. They are old Americans by virtue not only of age but of ancestry. For many generations, their ancestors have lived in territory that is now part of the United States. Before the Declaration of Independence was written, there were people not far away from Cordova named García and living, as they do, off the land. Domingo and Dolores García are not, however, model citizens of their country. They have never voted, and no doubt the men who framed the Declaration of Independence would not be happy to see the boredom or indifference that these New Mexicans demonstrate when the subject of politics comes up. They don't even make an effort to keep abreast of the news, though they do have a television set



Silverman

in their small adobe house. When Walter Cronkite or John Chancellor appears, neither of the Garcías listens very hard. For that matter, no programs engage their undivided attention, and at first one is inclined to think them partly deaf. But the explanation is taste, not the effects of age. Mrs. García does like to watch some afternoon serials, but without the sound. She takes an interest in how the people dress and what the furniture in the homes looks like. The actors and actresses are company of sorts when Mr. García is outside tending their crops or looking after their horses and cows. Language is not a problem; both Garcías prefer to speak Spanish, but they can make themselves understood quite well in English. They have had to, as Mrs. García explains in English and with no effort to conceal her long-standing sense of resignation:

"You bend with the wind. And Anglo people are a strong wind. They want their own way; they can be like a tornado, out to pass over everyone as they go somewhere. I don't mean to talk out of turn. There are Anglos who don't fit my words. But we are outsiders in a land that is ours. We are part of an Anglo country, and that will not change. I had to teach the facts of life to my four sons, and, doing so, I learned my own lesson well."

She stops and looks at their pictures, on top of the television set. That is one function of the set, which was given to her and her husband by their oldest son. Like his father, he is named Domingo, but, unlike his father, he attended—though he did not finish—high school, in Española, on good days a ride of twenty minutes or so by car. Now he lives in Los Alamos.

"I am a mother.

You will forgive me if I am proud; sometimes I know I have been boastful, and I tell the confessor my sin. Domingo was a smart child. He walked quickly. He talked very well from the start. He did good work in school. We would take a walk, and he would point something out to me; often I had never noticed it before. Before he'd entered school, he told me he wanted to become a priest. I asked him why. He said because he'd like to know all the secrets of God. It was my fault, of course. He would ask me questions—those endless whys all children ask, I later learned, after I had my second and third and fourth sons—and I would be puzzled, and not know what to answer. So I would say the same thing my mother used to say to us: 'That is one of God's secrets.' She died when she was ninety, and well before that my little Domingo had asked her when she would die. He had

spoken out of turn, and I lowered my head in shame—as I was taught to do when I was a girl, as I brought up my children to do, as, thank God, my grandchildren now do. But my mother smiled, and said, “That is one of God’s secrets.” After that, I think, I started to copy her words with my boy Domingo—though memory becomes moldy after a while and falls into pieces.

“I am taking you through side streets. I am sorry. Maybe we never know our own confusion; maybe it takes another to help us see what we have come to. I wanted to tell you about Domingo’s teachers. They were Anglos. Today, some of our own people teach in the schools, but not many. Domingo was called brilliant by his teachers. They called me in. They said he was the only child in his class who was bright and who belonged, really belonged, in school. They made me listen to their trials. I was young then, and obedient. I listened. Maybe now I would ask them please to excuse me, but I have to go home—the bread I have to make, you know, before supper. But my husband says no, even this very year we would still stay and nod our heads. Can you dare turn away from your child’s teachers, just to satisfy your own anger? Our Spanish-speaking young people, our college students, say yes; but they live far away, under different conditions, not these here.

“The teachers never mentioned college to me. They weren’t *that* hopeful about Domingo. I don’t think they even thought about a person like us going to college. He just might be worthy of high school, I was told. They had never before said that about one of our children, I was told. He is an exceptional boy, I was told. How did it come about, I was asked. Well, of course, I smiled and said I didn’t know. They asked about Domingo’s father: Was he smarter than the others? I said no, none of us are ‘smart’—just trying to get by from day to day, and it’s a struggle. That was a bad time—1930 and the years right after it. Weeks would go by and we would see no money.

(We still see little.) And I had already lost four little children; the last two were born in good health, but they died of pneumonia, one at age two, one at age three. You can put yourself in my shoes, I hope. Then, if you will just carry yourself back in time and imagine how hard it was for us, and how little we knew, you will see that I had no way of answering those teachers. On the way home, I asked myself, *Is young Domingo ‘smart’? Is his father ‘smart’?* I was afraid to ask his father that evening. He was so tired, so fearful we’d lose even the land under us. He said he’d die and kill us, the child and me, before we went to a city and became lost. When I heard him speaking like that, I forgot the teachers and their questions. I served him my bread, and he felt better. Reassured—that is the word.”

She stops and serves bread. She pours coffee. It is best black, she says in a matter-of-fact way; the visitor will not be judged for his weak stomach or poor taste. She again apologizes for her failure to tell a brief, pointed, coherent story. Perhaps she should be asked a question or two right now, she says. Her mother was “sunny,” was “very sunny,” until the end, but

she worries about “clouds” over her own thinking. The two Domingos in her life scoff at the idea, though. After the coffee, she wants to go on. She likens herself to a weathered old tree within sight outside the house. It is autumn, and the tree is bare. She likens the coffee to a God-given miracle: suddenly one feels as if spring had come, one is budding and ready to go through another round of things. But she is definitely short of breath, coffee or no coffee, and needs no one to point it out. “Tomorrow, then.”

IN the morning, Dolores García is usually far stronger, and quicker to speak out, than later in the day. “Every day is like a lifetime,” she says, and immediately disavows ownership of the thought. Her husband has said that for years, and, to be honest, she has upon occasion taken issue with him. Some days start out bad, and only in the afternoon does she feel in reasonably good spirits. But she does get up at five every morning, and most often she is at her best when the first light appears. Her visitor arrives at around nine o’clock. By then, he is convinced, she has done enough to feel a little tired and somewhat nostalgic. “Each day for me



“You’re very cute, as am I.”



is a gift. My mother taught us to take nothing for granted. We would complain, or beg, as children do before they fall asleep, and she would remind us that if we were *really* lucky we would have a gift presented to us in the morning: a whole new day to spend and try to do something with. I suppose we should ask for more than that, but it's too late for me to do so. I prefer to sit here on my chair with my eyes on the mountains. I prefer to think about how the animals are doing; many of them have put themselves to sleep until spring. God has given them senses, and they use them. Things are not so clear for us. So many pushes and pulls, so many voices—I know what Babel means. I go in town shopping, and there is so much argument—everyone has an opinion on something. The only time some people lower their heads these days is on Sunday morning, for an hour, and even then they are turning around and paying attention to others. What is she wearing? How is he doing with his business? Do we any longer care what the Lord wants us to know and do?

"I am sorry. I am like a sheep who disobeys and has to be given a prod. I don't lose my thoughts when they're crossing my mind; it's when they have to come out as words that I find trouble. We should be careful with our thoughts, as we are with our water. When I'm up and making breakfast, I watch for changes in the light. Long before the sun appears, it has forewarned us. Nearer and nearer it comes, but not so gradually that you don't notice. It's like one electric light going on after another. First there is dark. Then the dark lifts ever so little. Still, it might be a full moon and midnight. Then the night is cut up. It becomes a

sliver of what it was, and Domingo will sometimes stop for a minute and say, 'Dolores, she is gone, but do not worry. She will be back.' He has memories like mine: his mother lived to be eighty-seven, and all her life she spoke like mine. 'Domingo, be glad,' she would tell him. Why should he be glad? His mother knew: 'God has chosen you for a trial here, so acquit yourself well every day, and never mind about yesterday or tomorrow.' We both forget her words, though. As the sun comes out of hiding and there is no longer any question that the dark will go away, we thank dear God for his generosity, but we think back sometimes. We can't seem to help ourselves. We hold on and try to keep in mind the chores that await us, but we are tempted, and soon we will be slipping. There is a pole in our fire station. Once the men are on it, there is no stopping. We land with a crash, like them, on those sad moments. We feel sorry for ourselves. We wish life had treated us more kindly. I wonder what would happen to us if we didn't have a job to do. We might never come back to this year of 1973. We would be the captives of bad memories. But no worry—we are part of this world here. The sun gets stronger and burns our consciences; the animals make themselves known; on a rainy day the noise of the water coming down the side of the house calls to me—why am I not moving, too?"

She actually does move rather quickly—so quickly that she seems almost ashamed when someone takes notice of her quickness, even if silently. When in her seat, she folds her arms, then unfolds them and puts her hands on her lap, her left hand over her right hand. Intermittently, she breaks her

position to reach for her coffee cup and her bread. "Domingo and I have been having this same breakfast for over fifty years. We are soon to be married fifty-five years, God willing. We were married a month after the Great War ended—it was a week before Christmas, 1918. The priest said he hoped our children would always have enough food and never fight in a war. I haven't had a great variety of food to give my family, but they have not minded. I used to serve the children eggs in the morning, but Domingo and I have stayed with hot bread and coffee. My fingers would die if they didn't have the dough to work over. I will never give up my old oven for a new one. It has been here forty years and is an old friend. I would stop baking bread if she gave out. My sons once offered to buy me an electric range—they called it—and I broke down. It was a terrible thing to do. The boys felt bad. My husband said I should be more considerate. I meant no harm, though. I didn't deliberately say to myself, Dolores García, you have been hurt, so now go and cry. The tears came, and I was helpless before them. Later, my husband said they all agreed I was in the right: the stove has been so good to us, and there is nothing wrong—the bread is as tasty as ever, I believe. It is a sickness, you know—being always dissatisfied with what you have, and eager for a change."

She stops there and looks lovingly around the room. She says she is attached to every piece of furniture. Her husband made it all: a round table, eight chairs, with four more in their bedroom, the beds there, the bureau there. She begins to tell how good Domingo is at carving wood. "That is what I would like to say about Do-



know how to, and we must never feel empty and worthless because of a Santa Claus, or because a salesman has beckoned us and we have said, 'No, I haven't the money.'

"Later, I wondered whether I'd done the right thing. I told my husband that Santa Claus is different. Children love him, and why not try very hard to take them to see him? He thought for a while. When he thinks, he takes up his pipe and uses it more than he usually does. With each puff, I say to myself, There goes one of his thoughts—and I wonder when he'll share them with me. Soon he does, though. It never fails; he puts his pipe down, and then I know I'm to get ready and pay attention. I sit down, and soon I hear. He always starts with 'My wife, let me tell you what I think.' Soon I know what he thinks, because he's not one to hide behind pretty phrases. As for Santa Claus, Domingo told me what he thought of him: very little. I will never forget his words. He said that Santa Claus has been captured by the storekeepers. He said that they have him locked up, and he will never be free until we stop turning Christmas into a carnival, a time when people become drunk on their greed and take to the stores in order to indulge themselves. Of course, the priest lectures us in the same way. And I know we all can be greedy. I eat too much of my bread—more than I need. I shouldn't. Sometimes I punish myself: the oven is empty for a day or two—once, for a week, after a holiday. That time, Domingo couldn't stand it any longer. 'I am starving,' he told me—even though I made him cereal and eggs instead. But bread for him is life, and I never stopped so long again. I had made a mistake. A nun said to me, 'Punishment for a sin can be a sin.' If you are proud of yourself for doing penance, you are defeated before you start."

She stops to open the window and summon her husband. Maybe *he* should say exactly what he told his boys a long time ago about Santa Claus. But no, it is hopeless—he will not come in until he has finished his work. He is like a clock—so many minutes to do one thing, then another. The cows know the difference between him and anyone else. He is quick. They get fast relief. When one of her sons tries to help, or she does, or a grandchild, it is no good. The animals are restless, make a lot of noise, and Domingo pleads: Leave him his few jobs; then, when he goes, sell the animals. As for Santa Claus, forgotten for a moment, the gist

mingo: he plants, builds, and harvests; he tries to keep us alive and comfortable with his hands. We sit on what he has made, eat what he has grown, sleep on what he has put together. We have never had a spring on our bed, but, I have to admit, we bought our mattress. Buying—that is the sickness. I have gone to the city and watched people. They are hungry, but nothing satisfies their hunger. They come to stores like flies to flypaper: they are caught. I often wonder who is better off. The fly dies. The people have to pay to get out of the store, but soon they are back again, the same look in their eyes. I don't ask people to live on farms and make chairs and tables, but when I see them buying things they don't need, or even want—except to make a purchase, to get something—then I say there is a sickness. I talked to the priest about this. He said yes, he knows. But then he shrugged. I knew what he was thinking: the Devil is everywhere, and not until Judgment Day will we be free of him. I watch my son Domingo and his son Domingo. They both have plans: next year, we buy this; the year after, that. Such plans are sad to hear. I try to tell them, but they do not listen. Those are the moments when I feel old—the only time I do. I turn to the priest. He says I am sinning—my pride makes me think I can disagree with the way the whole country works. I reply, 'No, Father, just what I hear my own son and grandson saying.' Hasn't a mother got the right to tell her own flesh and blood that they are becoming slaves—that is it, slaves of habits and desires that have nothing to do with living a good life?"

She sighs, and stops talking. She breaks her bread up into small pieces

and eats them one by one. She stirs her coffee with a stick her husband made expressly for the purpose; it is about six inches long, smoothed out and painted green. He jokes with her: one day she will decide to add milk to her coffee, because her stomach will demand it, and she will comply; then she will really need that stick. But she has never used milk. Eventually, she puts the stick down and resumes talking. "I am not a priest. I read the Bible, go to church, make my confession, and know I will soon need to come back to tell more. But a good life is a life that is obedient to God's rules, and a life that is your own, not someone else's. God, and God alone, owns us; it is not right that others own us. There are many kinds of slavery. My children would come home from school and tell me that they were glad they were not colored, because colored people once were slaves. 'Watch out,' I'd say. Their father would agree—you can become a slave without even knowing it. You can be white and have money but not own your soul. I remember years ago I took the children to town; they were young and they wanted to see Santa Claus. He would come once, and only once—and it turned out we had missed him. Next year, I told the boys. They pouted. They besought me. They wanted me to take them somewhere, anywhere, as long as they could catch sight of Santa Claus. I held my ground. They would not stop. I said 'No is no.' They said 'Please.' Finally, I had to go after them. I talked as if I were giving a sermon in church. Maybe I ought not to have spent so much of their time and mine, but I had to tell them, once and for all, that we have our land, and we feed ourselves and live the best lives we

of Domingo's speech is given by his wife: "My children, a saint is in chains, locked up somewhere, while all these stores have their impostors. Will you contribute to a saint's suffering? Santa Claus was meant to bring good news: the Lord's birthday is in the morning, so let us all celebrate by showing each other how much love we feel. Instead, we say, I want, I want, I want. We say, More, more, more. We say, Get this, then the next thing, and then the next. We lose our heads. We lose our souls. And somewhere that saint must be in hiding—maybe in jail, for all we know. If not, he is suffering. I tell you this not to make you feel bad. It is no one's fault. We are all to blame. Only, let us stop. If we stop, others will not, I know. But that will be their sorrow, not ours to share with them."

She is not ready to guarantee every word as his. He is a man of few words, and she readily admits that she tends to carry on. Then, as if to confess what is not a sin, and so is not meant for a priest, yet bothers her, she goes further and admits to talking out loud when no one is around. She is sure her husband doesn't do so, and she envies him his quiet self-assurance, his somewhat impassive temperament. "He is silent not because he has nothing to say. He is silent because he understands the world, and because he knows enough to say to himself, What will words and more words do to make the world any better? I have wished for years that I could be like him, but God makes each of us different. When our son Domingo went to school, they began teaching him English. We had learned English ourselves, enough to speak. But we didn't speak it—only Spanish. When Domingo started learning English, we decided to speak it more and more at home. The same with the other boys. Often, I would rehearse my English by myself. I would learn words and expressions from the priest and from the mayor of the town. He was a cousin, and was always doing business with Anglos. I learned to talk to myself in English—to my husband in Spanish but to myself in English. Once, my husband overheard me, and he thought I was delirious. He asked if I had a fever. I said no, none at all. He said I sounded as if I did. I said I was learning to speak English. He said he could speak English, but not to himself. Then he laughed, and said, 'Dolores, you have spoken Spanish to yourself, too. I have heard you.' Since then, I have been more careful, and I don't believe my husband knows that I still have the habit. I don't talk to teach

LET IT BLOW

Let it blow, said the union of amalgamated winds,
And let it drip, said the cloud trust.
Where is there an end to it,
The self-interest?
—Whither my feet takest me I find lobbying,
Invented by Joseph Lobby,
Who wrote a nonpartisan editorial in behalf of his own candidacy
for alderman in a tiny New England slum housing development
in 1802.

Now each purple mountain majesty requires a private sunrise.
We pass individually unto grace, cutting each other on the thruway,
Singing the brotherhood of one.

Let it blow;
Let the assorted selves drop leaflets against litter,
Picket the morning.

Who will volunteer to park in a bus stop?
Foul the word supply?

—The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed
Nor other rights of the righteous
So that the pharmaceutical firms may suck forever
On the inner heart of our headache.

How can a nation of smart cookies be so dumb?
Did Jefferson do it? Hamilton? Thoreau maybe?

—I look into the kindly eyes of my anarchist soul mate,
She (he) dreaming of a Greek isle with her (his) American Express card,
She (he) wanting 400 hp and a water bed
(and a mountain, a guru, and an independent income).

Not an institution in this country is not betrayed by its souls
in residence.

Who is left to pull the weeds from the Xerox machine?
Where will we find the manpower to carry this week's privateering to
the town dump?

—Let it blow,
And let the associations for the preservation of freedoms publish the
unexpurgated results
At a profit.

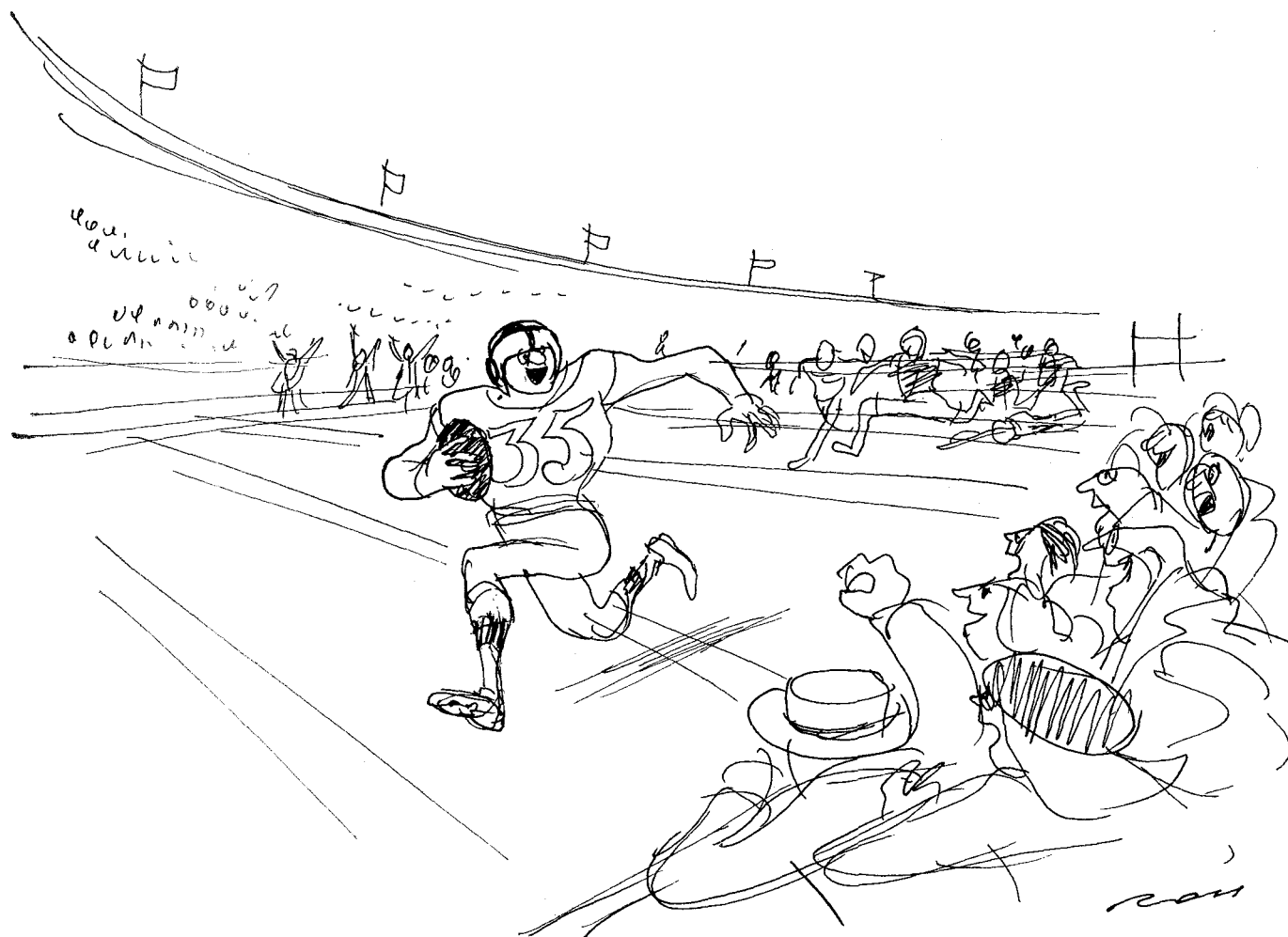
—REED WHITTEMORE

myself English, though. I talk because my mind fills up with words and then they spill out. Sometimes I talk with someone I imagine nearby. Sometimes I talk to myself. Sometimes it is in Spanish, sometimes in English."

After all the talk of talk, she has nothing more to say. She has to clean

the house. She has to start a soup. She always has soup. As one pot begins to empty, she starts another going. It contains bones and vegetables. Soup—that is all it is called. Then she has to sew. There are clothes to mend, clothes to make. Her eyes aren't what they used to be, but with glasses she can see well enough. And, finally, the radio. She prefers the radio to television. She listens to music. She listens to the weather forecast and either nods or scoffs. Her sons hear the forecasts and actually believe what they hear. She knows better. She decides early in the morning what the weather will be like, and only wants to know how good those weathermen are, with their instruments and their re-





"Hey, fans! I've got a separated shoulder and a broken rib, but nothing can stop me! Right?"

ports from God knows what cities far off. She feels sorry for them: they have a lot to learn. She hopes that one day they will go outside and look at the sky rather than take their readings. It is one more bit of foolishness we have to live with now. "Years ago, there were not these weather reports all the time. We would go out and size up the morning. We could tell. We felt the moisture before it turned to rain. If we had any questions, we prayed, and then more often than not we found an answer. I don't believe it was God's, either. The priest long ago warned us not to ask Him for favors, and not to expect His answers for the small favors we want. He is up there; we are down here. Once we are born, it is up to us. We pray to show our faith. If we have faith, we can do what is necessary. Not everything was good in the old days: we used to ask God's help all the time and be disappointed. My mother would pray that her bread might come out good. I would pray for rain. I think we have stopped that, Domingo and I."

Now it is time to rest. Several times

each day, she and her husband do so. It is up to her to call him, and she does it in such a way that he knows why. In a matter-of-fact way, she speaks his name, and slowly he comes in. It is ten o'clock when they rest first. They lie down for five or ten minutes only, but that does miracles for them. They get up refreshed not only in body but in mind and, evidently, soul. "I pray. I thank God for the time He has given me here, and ask Him to take me when He is ready, and I tell Him I will have no regrets. I think of all I have seen in this long life—the people, the changes. Even up here, in this small village, the world makes its presence felt. I remember when the skies had no planes in them, houses no wires sticking up trying to catch television programs. I never wanted a refrigerator. I never needed one. But I have one. It is mostly empty. I have one weakness—ice cream. I make it, just as I make butter. I used to make small amounts, and Domingo and I would finish what was there. Now I can make and store up butter and ice cream and give presents of them to my sons and their children. No

wonder they bought us the refrigerator! As I lie on our bed and stare at the ceiling, I think how wonderful it is—eighty-three, and still able to make ice cream. We need a long rest afterward, but between the two of us we can do a good job. The man at the store has offered to sell any extra ice cream we have; he says he can get a good price. I laugh. I tell him he's going to turn me into a thief. It would be dishonest to sell food you make in your home for profit at a store. That's the way I feel. My husband gets angry: "What do you mean, 'dishonest'?" he will say. I answer back: My idea of what is dishonest is not his. So we cannot go on about this. It is in my heart where the feeling is, not in my head. "Oh, you are a woman!" he answers, and he starts laughing. Later, he will tell me that he was picking weeds, or taking care of our flowers, and he thought to himself, She is right, because to make food is part of our life as a family, and to start selling—that is to say that we have nothing that is *ours*. It is what he always comes back to: Better to have less money and feel we

own ourselves than more and feel at the mercy of so many strangers."

THE two Garcías show a burst of energy after they get up. As they have rested, said their prayers, reminisced, they have also given thought to what they will do next, and so when they are ready they set out decisively. They know that they have limited time, know that soon they will have to interrupt their working rhythm for lunch and another rest afterward. "I am a new person several times a day," she points out, then adds, right away, "But I can suddenly get quite tired." She

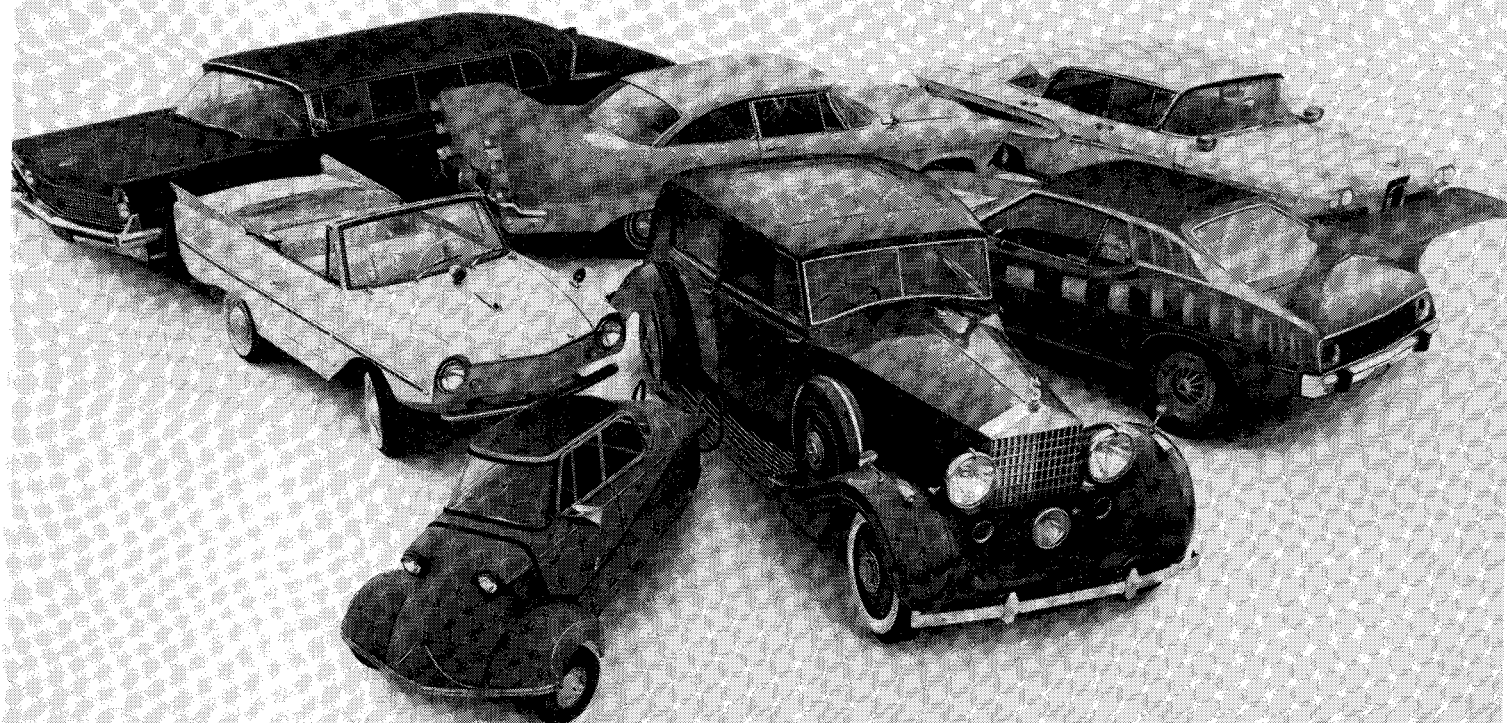
feels "weakness" and "a loss of breath" come on—her way of describing the effects of a cardiovascular difficulty common to people in their eighties. Yet she sees no doctor—hasn't seen one in decades. "There are no doctors near here. I would have to go to Española. I would if there was a need. I have pains all over. It is arthritis, I know. One can't expect joints to hold up forever. I do not believe in aspirin. I do not believe in medicines. I have to pant like our dog when I move too fast for too long. I have to stop and catch up. It is the lungs and the heart, I know. My son wants me to go get a checkup.

My ankles swell at the end of the day, but the next morning they are down again. The body has its seasons. I am in the last one; winter is never without pain and breakdowns. I don't want to spend my last years waiting on myself and worrying about myself. I have already lived over twice as long as our Saviour. How greedy ought one to be for life? God has His purposes. I wake up and feel those aches and I notice how wrinkled my skin is, and I wonder what I'm doing still alive. I believe it is wrong to ask a question like that. One lives; one dies. To ask questions with no good answers to them is to waste time that belongs to others. I am here to care for my husband, to care for this house, to be here when my sons and my grandchildren come. The young have to see what is ahead. They have to know that there is youth and middle age and old age. My grandson Domingo asked me a while ago what it is like to be one hundred. He is ten. I told him to be one hundred is to live ten of his lifetimes. He seemed puzzled, so I knew I had been thoughtless. I put my arms around him. I put my hand beside his and we compared skins. I said it is good to be young and it is good to be old. He didn't need any more explanations. He said that when you're young you have a lot of years before you but when you're old you have your children and your grandchildren and you love them and you're proud of them. I put my arms around him again and hugged him tight, and in a second he was out there with his father and his grandfather looking at the cows."

She doesn't spend much time with the cows, but the chickens are hers to feed and look after. She cleans up their fenced-in enclosure, and delights in their eggs. She and her husband have one hard-boiled egg each for lunch every day. She gives her sons eggs regularly; a nephew and a niece also get some. She feeds the chickens leftovers and, in addition, some of her fresh bread. She is convinced that they lay better eggs because of her bread. One day, for the sake of a visitor, she borrowed a store-bought egg and compared it with one of hers: each was dropped in hot water for poaching, and hers did indeed stay much more nearly intact and prove to be tastier. "Animals today are turned into machines," she remarked after the experiment. She shook her head. She tried not to be gloomy, but she was worried. "No one my age has the right to demand that the world stand still. So much was wrong in the past that is better now. I



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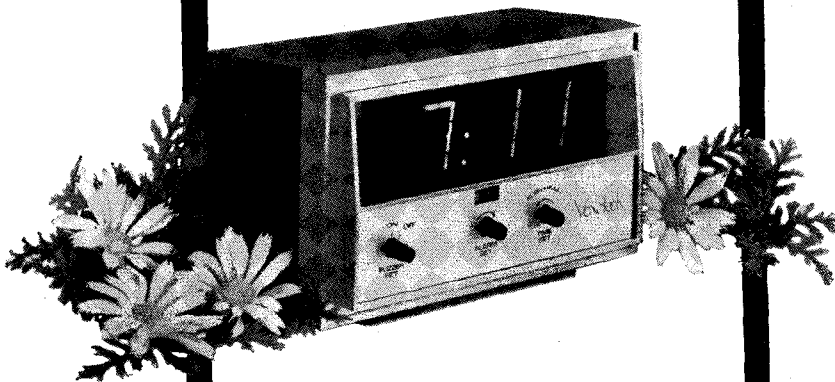
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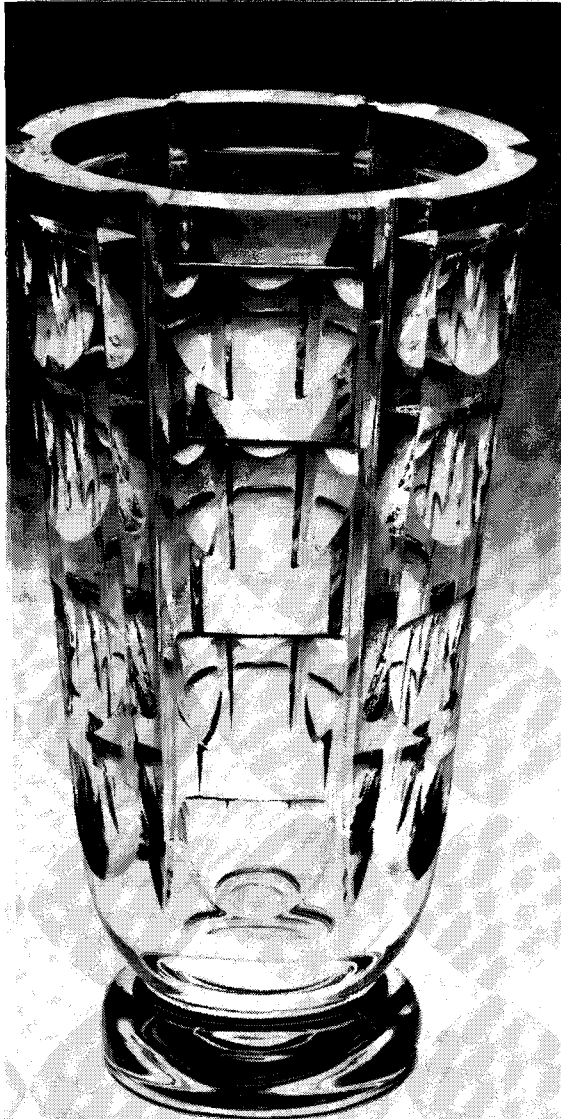
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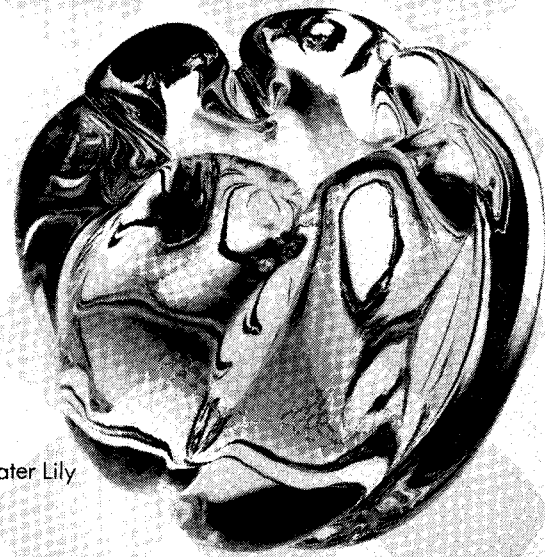
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didn't want this refrigerator, but it is good to have, now that I'm used to it. My grandchildren have had narrow misses with death, but doctors have saved them. I still mourn the children I lost. Even if I'd been rich back then, I might have lost them. Now there are medicines to kill the bad germs. But to see chickens or cows being kept in one place and stuffed with food that isn't really food—chemicals, Domingo says they are fed—so they will grow fat all of a sudden and have their eggs or become fit for slaughter: that is unnatural. I ask myself, Did God form the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air so that they should be treated this way by man? I asked the priest once, and he scratched his head and said he would have to think about it. The next time I saw him, I looked at him hard and he remembered my question. 'Mrs. García, you don't make it easy for me,' he said. I smiled, and said I didn't want to cause any trouble but I couldn't help thinking about some of these things. He answered, 'I don't know what to say.' Then I decided I'd best not trouble him any more. He once told me that a priest knows only what Christ promised us; how He will bring about His promises—that's not for man to know. I thought afterward I ought to confess to him my boldness—the sin of pride. Who am I to decide they have no right to run those chicken farms? But, God forgive me, I still believe it is wrong. I still believe animals ought not to be turned into machines."

She arranges the eggs she brings in very carefully; she takes them out of her basket and puts them in a bowl. Some are brown, some white. She likes to fix them up like flowers, have them give a freckled appearance from afar. As she uses some, she rearranges those left. She handles them not only with care but with affection. Sometimes, as she talks and does her work with the eggs, she will hold a warm one in her hand. "I feel comforted by a fresh egg. It is sad to feel it get colder, but that is life. My granddaughter loves to help me collect eggs. The other day, she asked me if the eggs inside a woman are the same kind as those that come out of a chicken. I was taken aback. I told her I didn't think so. Then I wondered what else to say. My husband said later there isn't anything more to say. I felt I'd failed the little girl, though. I had changed the subject on her before she knew what had happened. A few minutes later, I could tell that her mind was back with the eggs and she wanted to ask me more questions. But



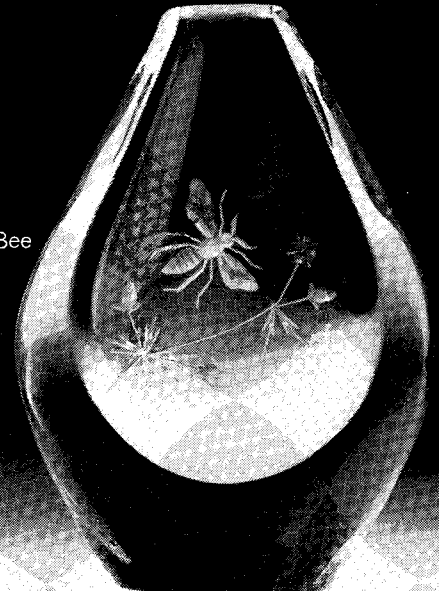
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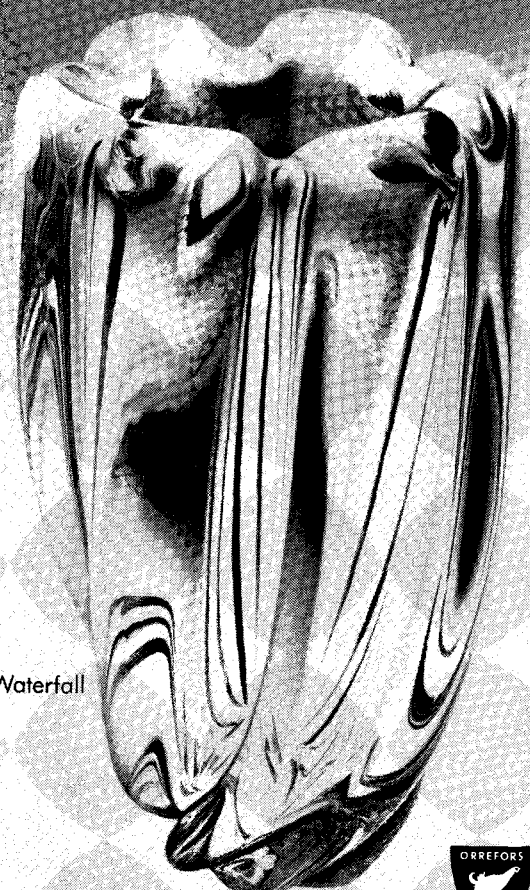
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I wouldn't let her. I didn't tell her no—at least, not directly. I just kept up my line of chatter. The poor girl, she was overcome by her grandmother's words—and by her own shyness. This time, I didn't go to the priest later and ask him what I should have said. I have never talked to him about such matters. When one is young, they are too personal, and, besides, what is there to ask, and what is there to say? Also, a priest is entitled to respect: he is not living a worldly life, and there is much he doesn't know. I think our new priest is like a youth, even if he is fifty; I mean, he has never tasted of life. That is what a priest is about, of course; his passions go up toward the altar, and then to Heaven. So I sat and thought about how to talk with my granddaughter the next time. I hope I can do her some justice. Time will tell. One never knows what to say except when the moment is at hand."

She stops abruptly, as if this were one conversation she didn't want to pursue. Anyway, she has been dusting and sweeping the floor as she talked, and now she is finished. Next come the plants, a dozen or so of them; they need to be watered, and moved in or out of the sun. She hovers over them for a minute, doing nothing, simply looking. She dusts them, too. She prunes one. "I've been waiting for a week or so to do this. I thought to myself, That plant won't like it, losing so much. I dread cutting my toenails and fingernails. I am shaky with scissors. But I go after the plants with a surer touch. They are so helpless, yet they are so good to look at. They seem to live forever. Parts die, but new parts grow. I have had them so long—I don't remember the number of years. I know each one's needs, and I try to take care of them at the same time each day. Maybe it is unnecessary nonsense, the amount of attention I give. I know that is what Domingo would say. Only once did he put his belief into words, and then I reminded him that he has his habits, too. No one can keep him from starting in one corner of his garden and working his way to the other, and with such care. I asked him years ago why not change around every once in a while and begin on the farthest side, and go faster. 'I couldn't do it,' he said, and I told him I understood. Habits are not crutches; habits are roads we have paved for ourselves. When we are old, and if we have done a good job, the roads last and make the remaining time useful: we get where we want to go, and without the delays we used to have when we were

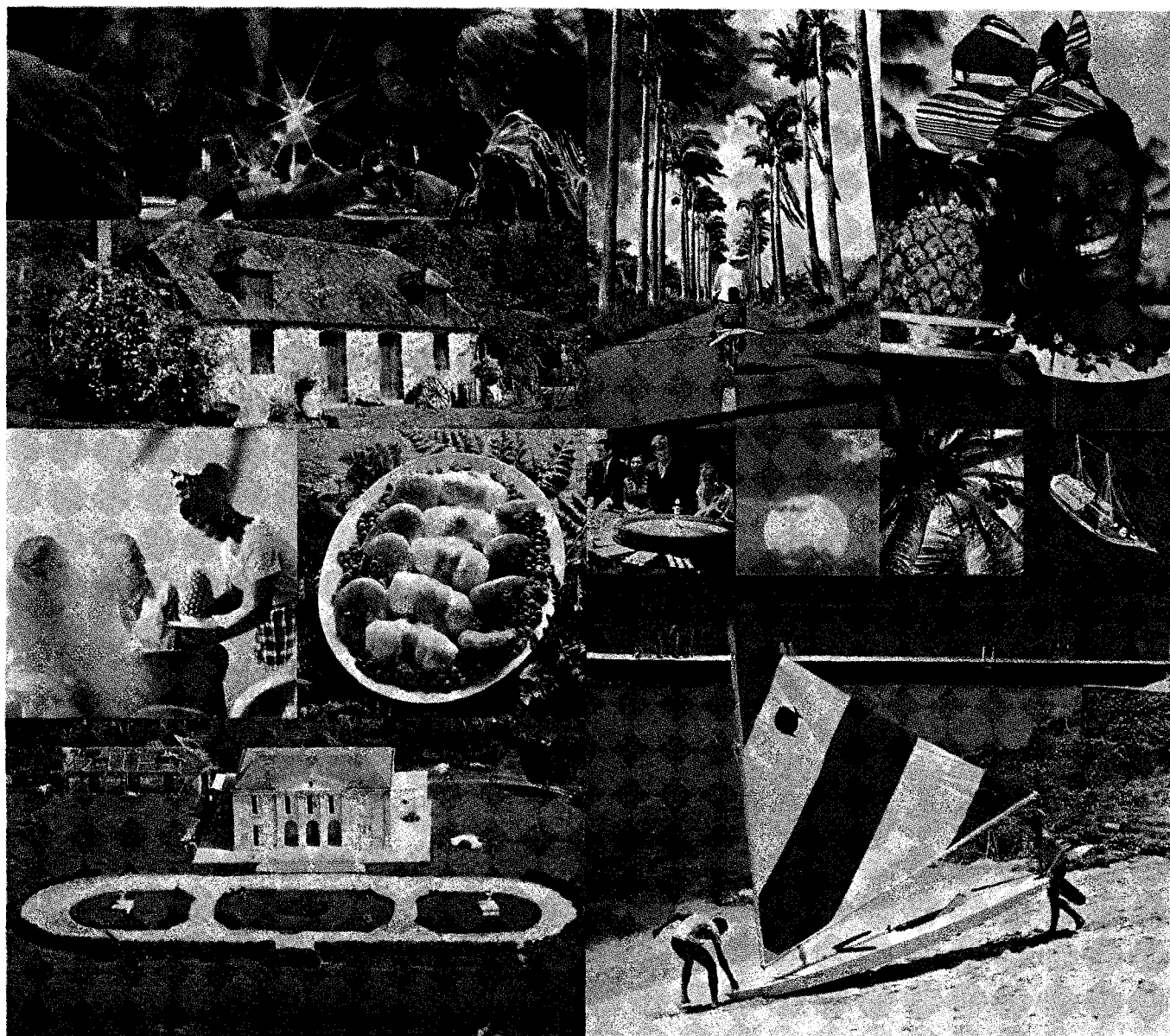


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young. How many plants died on me when I was first learning! How often I forgot to water them, or watered them too much because I wanted to do right! Or I would expose them to the sun and forget that, like us, they need the shade, too. I was treating them as if they needed a dose of this, a trial of that. But they have been removed from God's forests, from nature, and they need consideration. When we were young, my husband also used to forget chores; he'd be busy doing one thing and he'd overlook another. But slowly we built up our habits, and now I guess we are protected from another kind of forgetfulness. The head tires easily when you are our age, and without the habits of the years you can find yourself at a loss to answer the question: What next?"

She turns to lunch. She stirs the soup. She warms up the bread. She reaches for the eggs. She sets a simple, careful table, a large spoon and a knife for her, her husband, and their guest. Each gets a napkin from a set given her half a century ago by her mother and used on Sundays, holidays, special occasions. She is apologetic. "I fear we often look at these napkins but don't use them. No wonder they survive so well! They remind us to behave ourselves, because it is no ordinary day, and so we eat more carefully and don't have to use them. They are usually in the same condition when I put them away as when I took them out. My grandmother made them, gave them to my mother, and now I have them. My three daughters died as infants; I will give the napkins to my eldest son's wife. I tried to do so when they were married, but she said no. I insisted, and only got more refusals. If she had been my daughter, she would have accepted. But I was not hurt. It takes time to move over from one family and be part of another. She would accept the napkins now, but they would become frightened if I suddenly offered them. 'Is she sick? Does she know something we don't know? How have we neglected her, that she offers us what she loves to put on her own table?' So I will have them until the end, when all possessions obtain new masters."

She has to go outside. It is cold and windy but sunny. There is some fresh milk there in a pail—from cows that, she hastens to add, present no danger of sickness to a visitor who up until that moment has taken for granted the word "Pasteurized" that appears on every milk bottle or carton. And she has herself and her husband as proof—

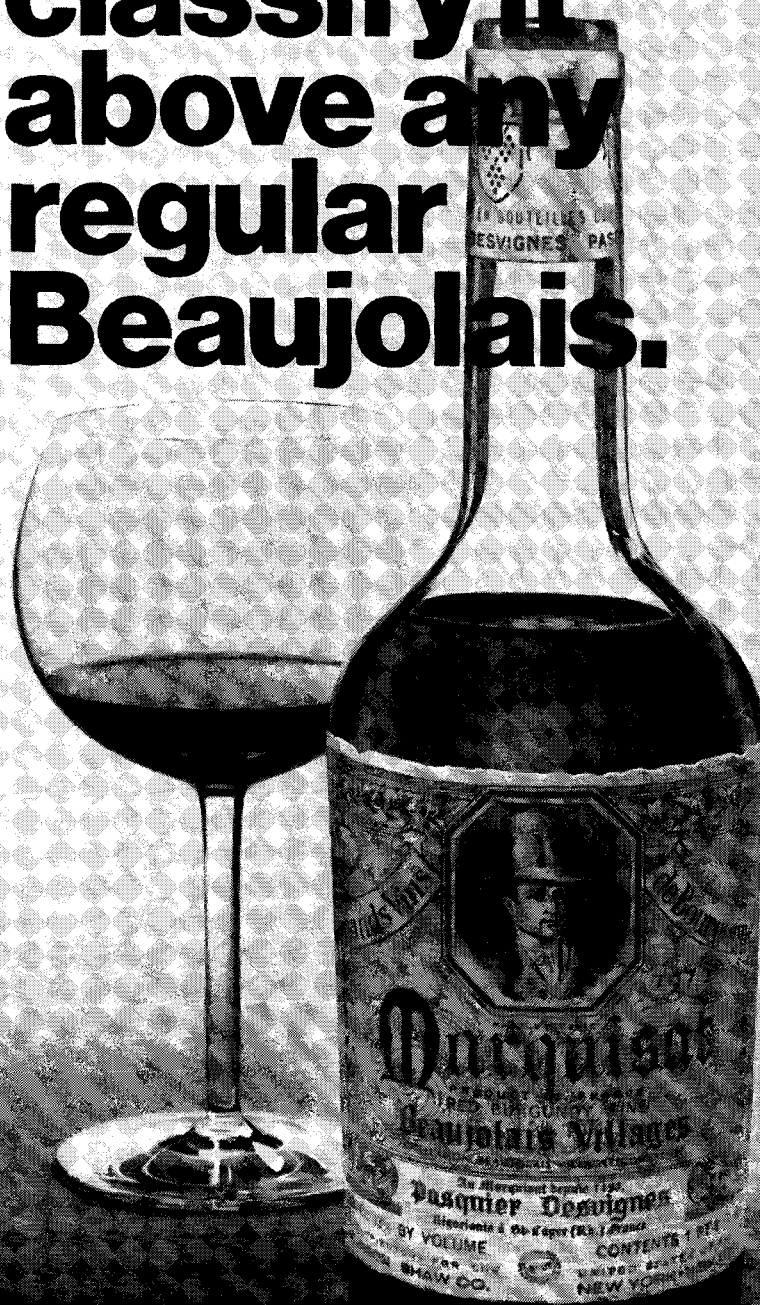
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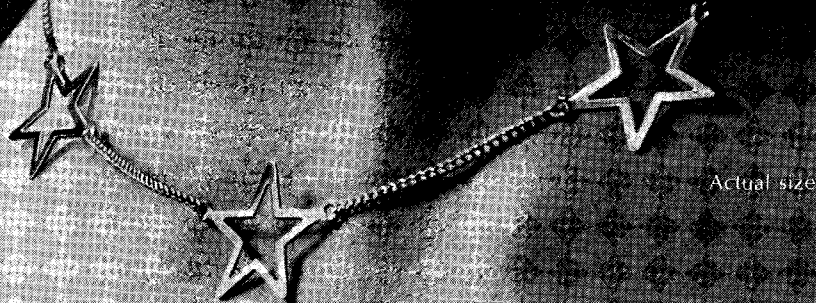
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TELLER

a touch of reassurance that she obviously enjoys being able to offer. "My sons' wives sometimes hesitate, too. I can see on their faces what they think. They deny it, but I know: Is it safe to drink milk right from the cow? They are from the city, and they have no way of understanding that many cows are quite healthy and their owners know when they are sick. Anyway, Domingo and I survived without store milk, and we are not young, and not so sick we can't work or eat—or drink milk."

She wraps herself in a sweater she has made and, upon opening the door, quickly turns back for a moment: "Oh, the wind." But she persists, and is gone. When she is back, she resumes where she has left off. "The wind can be a friend or an enemy. A severe wind reminds us of our failures—something we forgot to fasten down. A gentle wind is company. I have to admit I can spend a long time listening to the wind go through trees, watching it sweep across the grass. Domingo will come in and say, 'Oh, Dolores, come out and watch the wind go through the grass.' I hurry out. I often wonder if the ground feels it—like hair being combed and brushed. I walk with our dog, and he gets scents from far off, carried by the wind. I tell him not to be tricked. Better to let things quiet down, then take another scent. He is over ten and should not run long distances. He doesn't know his own limits. But who does, exactly? It takes a lifetime to get used to your body, and by the time you do then it is almost time to say goodbye and go elsewhere. I often wonder whether the wind carries our souls skyward. It is another of my foolish ideas, and I put it to the priest long ago—not this one but the one who came before him. He was annoyed with me. 'Mrs. García,' he said, 'you have an active imagination.' I apologized. He reminded me that God's ways are not ours. I wanted to tell him that the wind comes mysteriously from above and might be one of many good, strong arms our Lord has. But I knew that to keep quiet was best. He was a very stern priest, and outspoken. He would not have hesitated to talk to me severely and warn me publicly that I would pay for that kind of talk in Hell. Once, he cuffed my husband because Domingo told him he'd heard that much of our weekly collection was being sent to Africa or Asia, to places far off, and meanwhile so many people hereabouts were without work and were going hungry.

"It was in the bad years—in the

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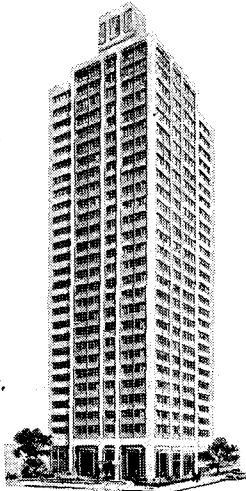
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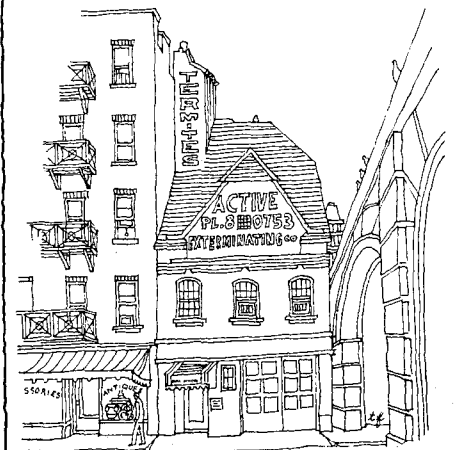
nineteen-thirties. We were poor, but at least we had our land. Others had nothing. And the priest was fat. He was waited on, and he dined on the best; we were told that by the woman who cooked for him. Mind you, she did not serve him. He had to have someone special to do that. And he paid them a pittance. They had children they were supporting—and, alas, husbands, too. In a good mood, he would promise them an eternity in Heaven. On bad days, he would threaten them with Purgatory and no escape—so, of course, they would leave his kitchen in tears, clutching their rosary beads all the way home. My husband heard of this and was enraged. He said terrible things. I pleaded with him to stop. We were so poor, and the bank threatened to take away our small farm. Some people had thought of marching on the bank. The bank officials heard of the plan and never made a move against us. By then, I had lost four children. I will not repeat what Domingo said about the priest, or the Church. The worse his language the harder I prayed. I knelt by my bed and prayed one evening after he had carried on a full hour, it seemed; it must really have been a few minutes, I now know, but I thought he would never stop. Then a heavy wind came, later that evening, and I was sure God was approaching us to exact his punishment. And why not, after Domingo's outburst? Domingo was tidying up outside. He had calmed down. I had heard him say a Hail Mary, but I pretended to be lost in my own work. He didn't want me to know that he had taken back the words he had spoken; he is proud. I decided to pray for him, but I was sure something bad would happen. Nothing did, though; the wind came, then left. A week afterward, I told Domingo of my fears. He laughed, and said we are too intelligent, both of us, even without education, to be superstitious. I agreed. But a month later he came in one



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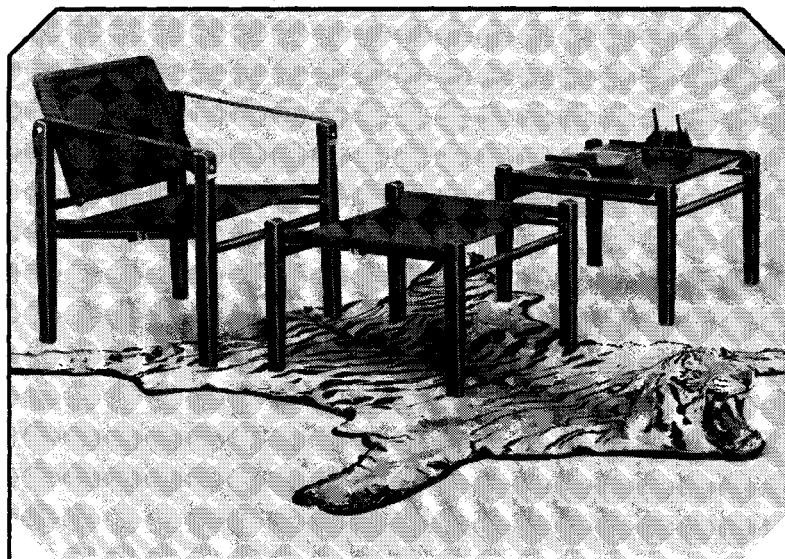
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day for lunch and he told me he had to confess something to me. I said, 'Not to me, to the priest.' No, he had very little to tell that priest—only the briefest of admissions once a month. I said nothing. He said that he'd been afraid, too, that evening after he lost his temper. When the wind came, and he was outside, and the horses started whinnying and the dog ran back and forth, he did not know what to do or why the animals were upset, so he had got down on his knees and asked God's forgiveness. He'd even asked Him to take us both, with the house—through a tornado, perhaps. But soon it became very still, and I think both of us must have been holding our breath, without knowing we were doing so together—like so much else we do. I fear that when he goes I will, or when I go he will. But I have no right to such thoughts; it is not up to me or to Domingo but to our Lord and Saviour. We are sinners, though, and we can't help being selfish. There will be no future for either of us alone. I only hope we are not tested by being separated for too long by death."

WHEN her husband comes in, without being called, she says that it is now noon. They go by the sun. They have a clock in their bedroom, but they rarely use it. They forget to wind it, except when their son Domingo is coming and they want to show him that they like his present. "Domingo gave us the clock, and I treasure it," she says. "I look at it and think of him. We have only two sons. It is nice to be reminded of them. I don't mean to sound as if I pitied myself. Our son Domingo works at Los Alamos. He says it is maintenance he does; he looks after all those scientists. They leave their laboratories in a mess, and someone has to pick up after them or everything would stop one day. He gets a good wage, and jobs are few around here, so he is lucky to be there. He could have stayed with us, worked on the land. But all we have is our animals and the crops—no money. I put up many jars for the winter, but jars of food are not enough to attract young people, and I see their view. There are a hundred like Domingo who would like his job. Before they brought in the laboratories at Los Alamos, there was nothing anywhere near here. Domingo would be in Albuquerque, I believe, if it hadn't been for Los Alamos. My younger son is down there. I've never even been to Santa Fe. He drives up here on weekends. His life is different, in the city. I don't ask him much;



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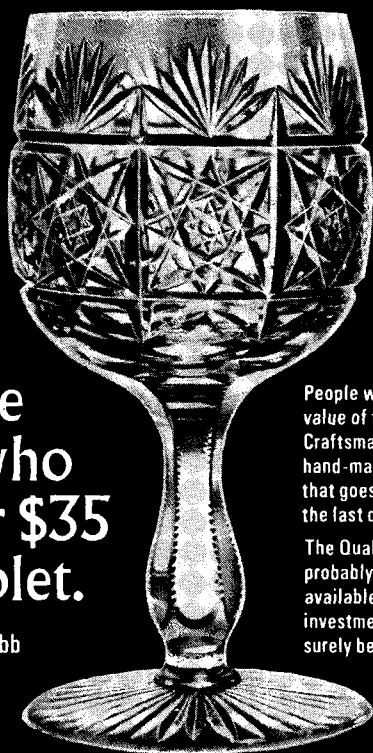
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I wouldn't understand. His wife longs to come back here. He does, too. But how can they? No work. Domingo was interviewed several times for his job. He took a test, I believe. He did well. The teachers who predicted good for him—they were right. It's too bad he didn't finish high school; the war came—the one against Japan and Hitler.

"Then came the next war. My second son, Francisco, went to Korea. He was there for many months. I remember well the Saturday morning that I got news of him. I remember the day he came home. I was sitting in this very chair. I had to mend some of my husband's clothes. I was almost through, and my mind, as it does, was already preparing for the next step in the day—a visit outside to pick some tomatoes. Suddenly, the door opened, with no warning. Who could it be? The front door, hardly ever used, rather than the side one, right here. My boy Domingo—he lived with us then, and worked as a handyman in the school where they had always thought so well of him. He had his suit on. 'Domingo,' I said, 'why the suit?' He did not answer. For a second, I wondered how he had slipped in and put it on without my knowing. We will do anything not to see what is right before us. I believe I might have wondered and wondered about such petty questions, but after Domingo came his father, also with a suit on. I got up and shouted, 'It is not Sunday!' I said it over and over again. 'It is not, it is not!' Then I started crying. They never told me. I never asked. I just knew. My husband asked me if I wanted to change my dress. I said no. I am a plain woman, and my son was a plain man—no pretenses. He did not die in his Sunday clothes. They turned around, and I followed them. We walked down that road, two miles. I saw nothing. I heard nothing. I was alone, even though they were with me, one on each side. Once, I must have looked near collapse. I felt their hands and was surprised to see them standing there. Then I dropped my beads. I picked them up, but I didn't say the Rosary. I just kept holding on to the beads. They had brought the body to the basement of the school building, a United States flag around it. Later, after the funeral, they wanted to give me that flag. I said no, it could stay at the school. Let children see what war means. That is something they should learn—as much as how to read and write and count."

She has gone beyond her sense of what is correct for her to say. Who

YOU DON'T NEED A CELLAR TO BUILD A WINE CELLAR.

Unfortunately, we Americans became interested in wine about the same time we did away with basements.

And many people have simply written off the possibility of having their own wine cellars, not knowing that there are many places in the average home well suited to storing wine. Having a wine cellar is essential to the true connoisseur of wine, and the more of these there are around, the better for Inglenook, so let us proceed.



Things have changed since Poe's day.

WHY WINE NEEDS A SPECIAL HOME.

Wine is a living thing. Like plants, wine needs special care and the proper environment in order to survive. Wine will die if exposed to direct sunlight, heat, or freezing temperatures.

It doesn't even like temperature fluctuations. Nor does it like vibration. If handled too roughly, wine can even be bruised.

With these requirements in mind, let's look at several locations around the house that could serve as your wine cellar.

A PLACE IN THE SHADE.

If you do happen to have a basement, this is the best place in the house to store wine. Failing this, check out the garage. A concrete floor will keep the wine at the most even temperature throughout the year, unless you happen to live in Hibbing, Minnesota, in which case you'd better look around inside. A closet beneath the stairs, a cupboard in an unheated hallway, an unused closet on the cool side of the house; these are all excellent locations for an indoor wine cellar.

Be sure no sunlight can hit your cellar and that it is away from heating pipes, radiators, or flues. Also make sure that major appliances which set up vibrations, such as refrigerators and washing machines are nowhere near your wine cellar.

The ideal temperature for a wine cellar is 56° Fahrenheit.

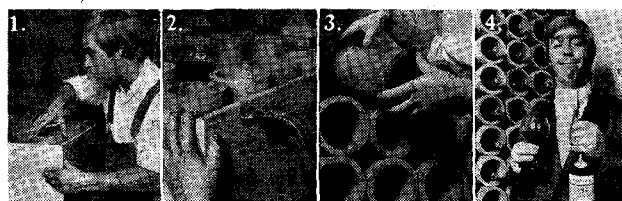
Check out your location with a thermometer and should the temperature vary more than 10°, insulate your cellar in some manner.

We suggest a material known as expanded polystyrene. A one inch

thickness of this material is as effective against changes in temperature as is 4 feet of concrete.

YOU CAN'T SLEEP STANDING UP. NEITHER CAN WINE.

Wine should be stored lying down so that the wine comes into contact with the cork. This keeps the cork from drying out and letting in air, which ruins the wine. You will need some sort of rack or bin to hold the bottles so that when you remove one, the rest won't be disturbed. The simplest is the case that the wine came in. Another type of wine rack can be made with cardboard mailing tubes, large fruit juice cans, or ceramic drain tiles.



To build a ceramic drain tile wine rack: 1. Cut 1" x 12" boards to desired height and width. Allow extra 1/2" on sides for tile variance. 2. Nail boards together. (To avoid bulging and insure safety, reinforce case by attaching boards to back of case and wall.) 3. Set box upright. Stack tiles. 4. Ta-dah!

Store sparkling wines on the lowest racks of your cellar, which is usually the coolest area, white wines next, and the red wines on the top.

AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR.

If you've made up your mind to make a wine cellar of your own, you should also commit yourself to buying wines that are worth aging. Approximately 90% of the world's wines do not improve with age. This is due to the fact that they have been stabilized and pasteurized and heat treated to the point that any further aging would not normally improve them one iota.

The remaining 10% includes those wines which should improve with age, Inglenook being one of them.

We could give you a lot of reasons why Inglenook is worth putting away in your wine cellar, but we'll confine our argument to just one example:

In 1971 an Inglenook Pinot Noir, vintage 1893, was tasted at the Premier National Auction of Rare and American Wines. The organizer of the event, Alexander McNally, termed this wine's aging ability as "extraordinary," and he assessed its overall quality and condition as being "every bit as great as the 1899 Chateau Lafite."

What more can we say?



Inglenook

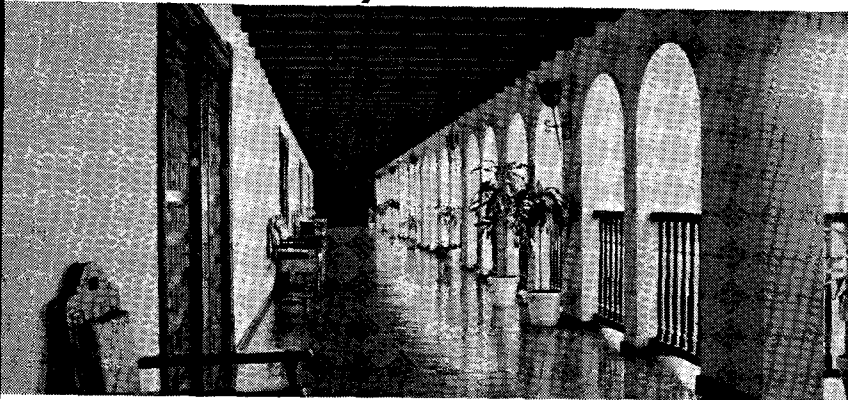


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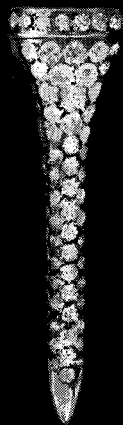


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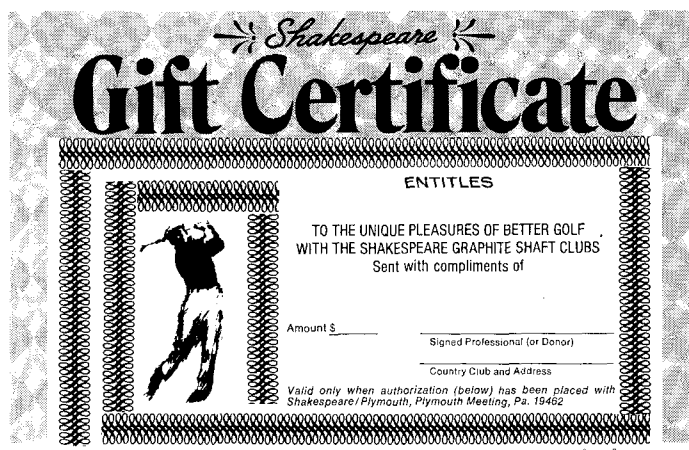
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is she to talk about wars? They come about through events she has no knowledge of. She has a place in God's scheme of things, and best to stay in it. But something makes her restless, however she tries to put aside her doubts and misgivings. She stands up, walks toward her plants and examines them, one by one. They are all right. She goes back to her chair. Then she is up offering coffee, serving a delicious chocolate marble cake she has made—with the help of a packaged mix, a concession to her daughter-in-law's urging. Once again seated, she interrupts a conversation about "the new road"—the road in front of her house, which now, for the first time, is paved—to put into words what she can't stop thinking about. "There was another time. Two years ago, before that road was fixed up to be so strong it can ignore the weather, I had walked down to talk with my neighbor. She had suffered badly from pneumonia but was on the mend. As I came toward the house, I saw them again. You know, this time I thought my mind had left me. I wiped my eyes, but they wouldn't go away. I called to them, but they didn't answer, so I was sure they weren't there. It was late afternoon, a time when shadows begin to appear and one can be fooled anyway. So I wiped my eyes again, and when they remained I looked around, hoping to see them in back of me, too. Then I would know: my eyes, my head—something for a doctor to heal, or a warning from God that it won't be long. Well, soon they were upon me; it was only when I *felt* them that I believed they were there and I was there. I remember thinking that perhaps I'd fallen asleep at my neighbor's, or maybe I'd taken a nap at my own house and now was waking up. In a second, one can have such thoughts. In another second, one can know everything without hearing a word. It was my third son. I said, 'How did it happen?' My husband couldn't talk. I held on to him and wanted him to tell me, but he was speechless. My son Domingo tried to tell me, but he couldn't finish his story. He had used the word 'car,' and that was enough for me. Later, they tried to give me the details, and I begged them to stop. Those suits on a day in the middle of the week! There have been days since when I have wanted to burn those suits or tear them to shreds. There have been days when I have lost all faith. I dared not go to confession—I could not let a priest hear what was in my mind. I cringed before God, knowing He hears everything, even



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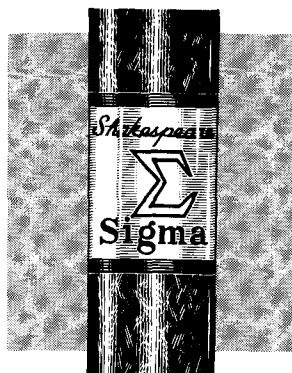
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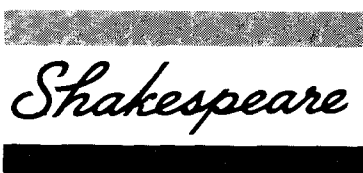


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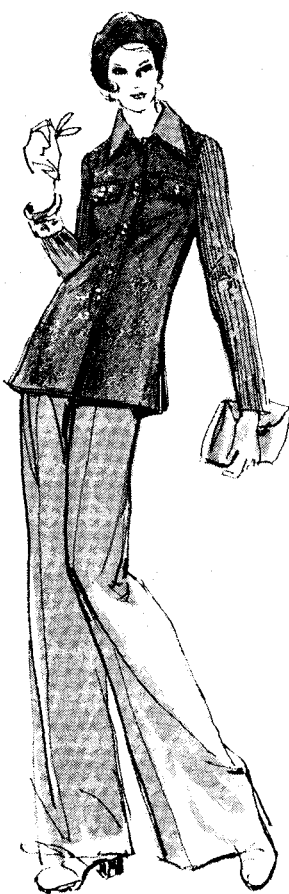
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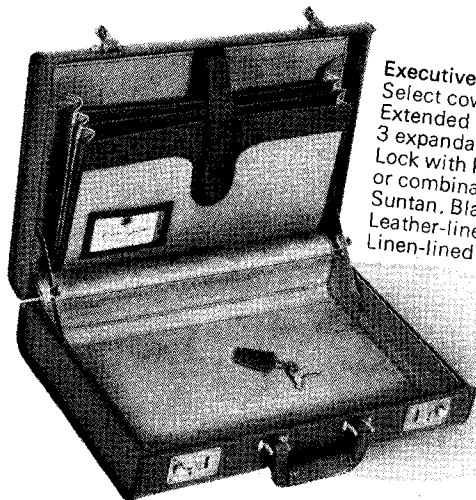
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what is not spoken but crosses the mind—a rabbit of an idea, suddenly upon you, quickly chased away, but back again in an unsuspecting moment, when all is quiet."

With that, she stops talking and looks out of the window. What ought a visitor to do—sit still and wait or find an excuse to leave immediately? Suddenly, she makes the question rhetorical. She is talking again, a bit more softly and slowly and reflectively, but with no apparent distress. And she seems to want to talk. "The mountains, our mountains—I look at them when I need an anchor. They are here. They never leave us. Birds come, stay awhile, leave. The moon is here, then gone. Even the sun hides from us for days on end. Leaves don't last, or flowers. We have had a number of dogs, and I remember them in my prayers. But those mountains are *here*. They are nearer God than we are. Sometimes I imagine Him up there, on top of one or another mountain, standing over us, getting an idea how we're doing. It is wrong to think like that, I know. But a poor old woman like me can be allowed her foolishness. Who is without a foolish hope? Who doesn't make up dreams to fit his wishes? Sometimes I walk up toward the mountains. I can't go as far now as before. I don't tell my husband I'm going; he would worry that I'd lose my breath completely and no one would be around. But I go slowly, and, as I say, I have to be content with approaching those hills.

"The other day, I walked toward them, and there was a meeting on the side of the road. I stopped and listened. I never went any farther. They were our young, and some people from the city. Chicanos—they spoke of Chicanos. We are Chicanos—nothing else will do, they said. I came home and told my husband. Yes, he said, we are Chicanos. We are so many things, he said. Mexican-American, Mexicano, they'd call my boys at school, those Anglo teachers. I would say nothing. They thought then it was their right to call us what they pleased. Spanish—we are Spanish. Many of us may have some Indian blood, too. But I will tell you: I am a woman and a mother, and Domingo is a man and a father, and both of us belong to this country and no other, and we owe allegiance to the State of New Mexico. Should we give ourselves one name or another, or should we get each day's job done? I can't believe Christ wants us to be Anglo against Chicano, or Chicano against Anglo. But the world is full of

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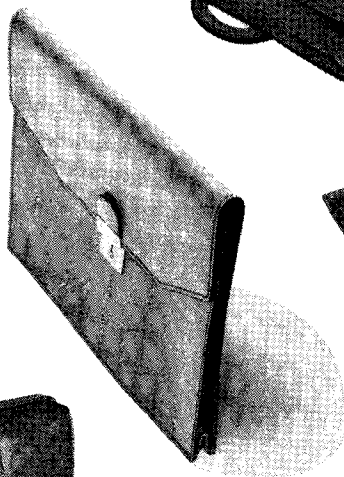
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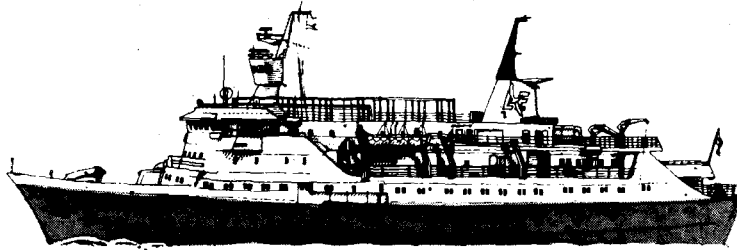


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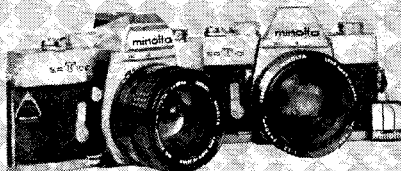
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bitterness, and when will there be an end to it, *when*, I wondered while I walked home. It is a bad thing to say, but I was glad to come upon that meeting; it took my mind off myself and my memories. I saw that others want to know why there is so much injustice in the world. For a few days after my son was killed in the accident, I wondered again whether God cared. I know He is there, watching over us, but I would wake up in the night and my forehead would be wet and I would be shaking. I had dreamed that God had fallen asleep and so we all were going to suffer: the Devil would win his fight. I thought of those days, now gone, while I listened to the young people shouting 'Chicano!' They mentioned all the bad, nothing good. Domingo says that is how it goes when people have been hurt, and I nodded, because I remembered how I once felt."

ONE morning, in the midst of a conversation, she scolds herself for talking too much. She falls silent. She glances up at a picture of Christ at the Last Supper. Her face loses its tension. She slumps a bit, but not under the weight of pain, or even age. She feels relaxed. There are a few dishes to wash. There is a curtain that needs mending. There is not only bread to make but pies. Her grandchildren love her pies, and she loves seeing the pies eaten. "Children eat so fast," she says with a sigh of envy. She begins talking again. She resumes her activity. She says she has to pick at her food now. "When one is over eighty, the body needs less," she observes—but immediately afterward she looks a little shy, a little apprehensive. "I have no business talking like a doctor. Once, the priest told me I talk like him. I told him, 'I have raised children; it is necessary at times to give them sermons and hear their confessions.' He smiled. If I had another life, I would learn to be a nurse. In my day, few of our people could aim so high—not a woman like me, anyway. It is different today. My sons say their children will finish high school, and my Domingo in Los Alamos says *his* Domingo does so well in school he may go on to a college. I laugh with my husband—a Domingo García in a college? Maybe the boy will be a doctor. Who knows? He likes to take care of his dog. He has a gentle side to him. He is popular with the girls, so I don't think he's headed for the priesthood. He tells me he'd like to be a scientist, like the men his father looks after in the laboratories. I worry that he would make those bombs,

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IN DES MOINES WAS JUST
EXTRA-TOUCHED BY
JOE SMITH
IN SYRACUSE.

SHE SAID "YES!"

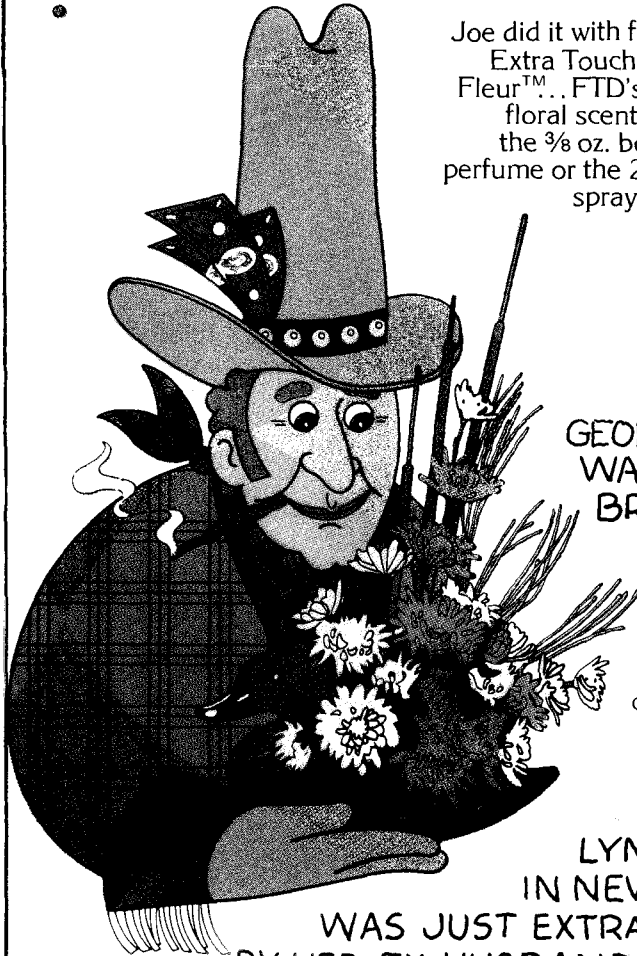
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WAS JUST EXTRA-TOUCHED BY HIS
BROTHER-IN-LAW IN DETROIT.

GEORGE SENT THE MONEY!

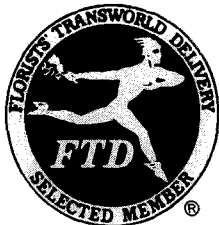
George's brother-in-law did it with flowers
with the Extra Touch of the Sportsman's
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Three martinis made with the three leading white liquors. The martini in the middle is made with white rum from Puerto Rico. Are you surprised it's so crystal clear?

made famous by our Caribbean neighbors in Jamaica.

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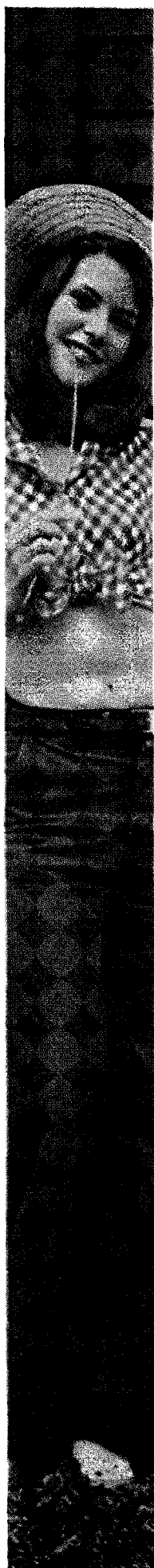
The real test: Compare all three martinis yourself.

Next time you're in your liquor store, buy a bottle of Puerto Rican white rum (there are many brands to choose from) and try it in your martinis. Use the same amount of vermouth you always do.

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though. I wouldn't want that on his conscience. My son told me they do other things there in the laboratories, not just make bombs. I said, 'Thank God!'

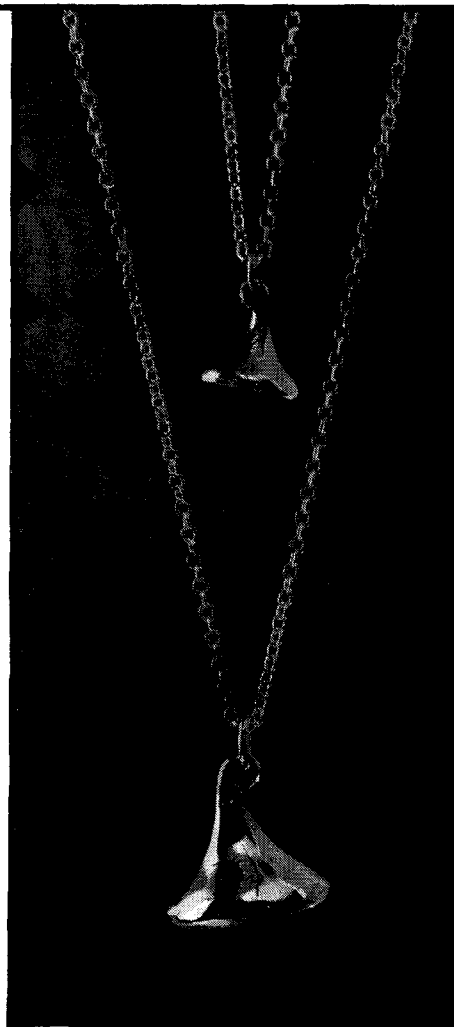
"Of course, all that is for the future. I don't know if I will be around to see my grandchildren have children of their own. One cannot take anything for granted. The priest laughed at Domingo and me last Sunday, and said, 'You two will outlast me. You will be coming here when you are both over one hundred.' I said, 'Thank you, Father, but that is a long way off, to be a hundred, and much can happen.' 'Have faith,' he said, and he is right. One must."

She pauses for a few seconds, as if to think about her own admonition. Then she is back on her train of thought. "Sometimes, after church, Domingo and I walk through the cemetery. It is a lovely place, small and familiar. We pay our respects to our parents, to our aunts and uncles, to our children. A family is a river; some of it has passed on and more is to come, and nothing is still, because we all move along, day by day, toward our destination. We both feel joy in our hearts when we kneel on the grass before the stones and say a prayer. At the edge of the cemetery, near the gate, is a statue of the Virgin Mary, larger than all the other stones. She is kneeling, and on her shoulder is the Cross. She is carrying it—the burden of her Son's death. She is sad, but she has not given up. We know that she has never lost faith. It is a lesson to keep in mind. We always leave a little sad at the sight of our Lord's mother under such a heavy obligation. But my husband never fails to hold my arm, and each Sunday his words are the same: 'Dolores, the Virgin will be an example to us this week.' It is as if each Sunday he were taking his vows—and me, too, because I say back to him, 'Yes, Domingo, she will be an example to us.' Now, mind you, an hour later one of us, or both of us, will have stumbled. I become cranky. Domingo has a temper. I hush him and he explodes. He is inconsiderate and I sulk. That is the way with two people who have lived together so long: the good and the bad are always there, and they have become part of one life, lived together."

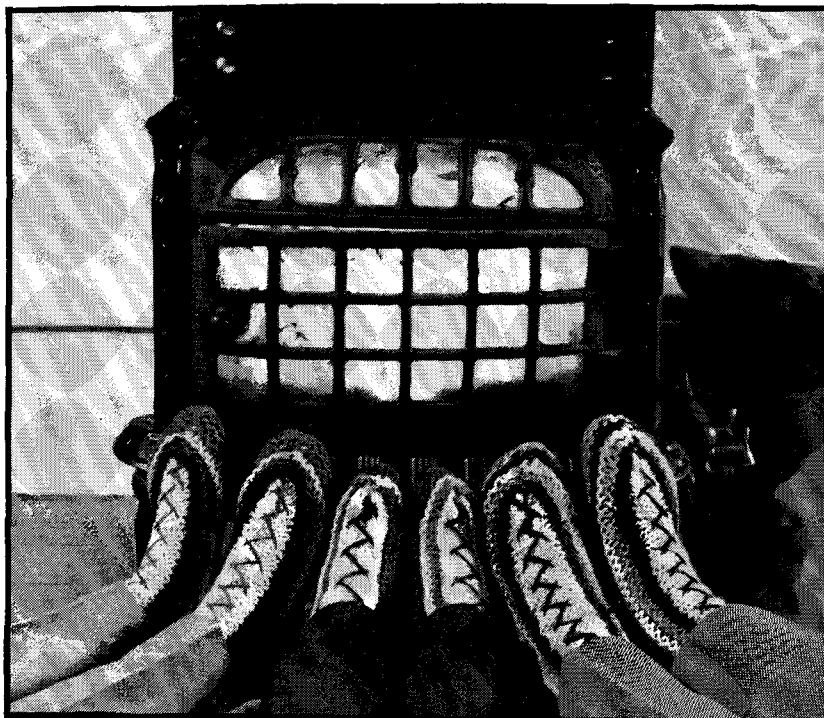
She hears his footsteps coming and quickens her activity a bit. She will not be rushed, but he needs his coffee, and she needs hers. Often, she doesn't so much need coffee as need to drink it because he is drinking it. An outsider



Counselor



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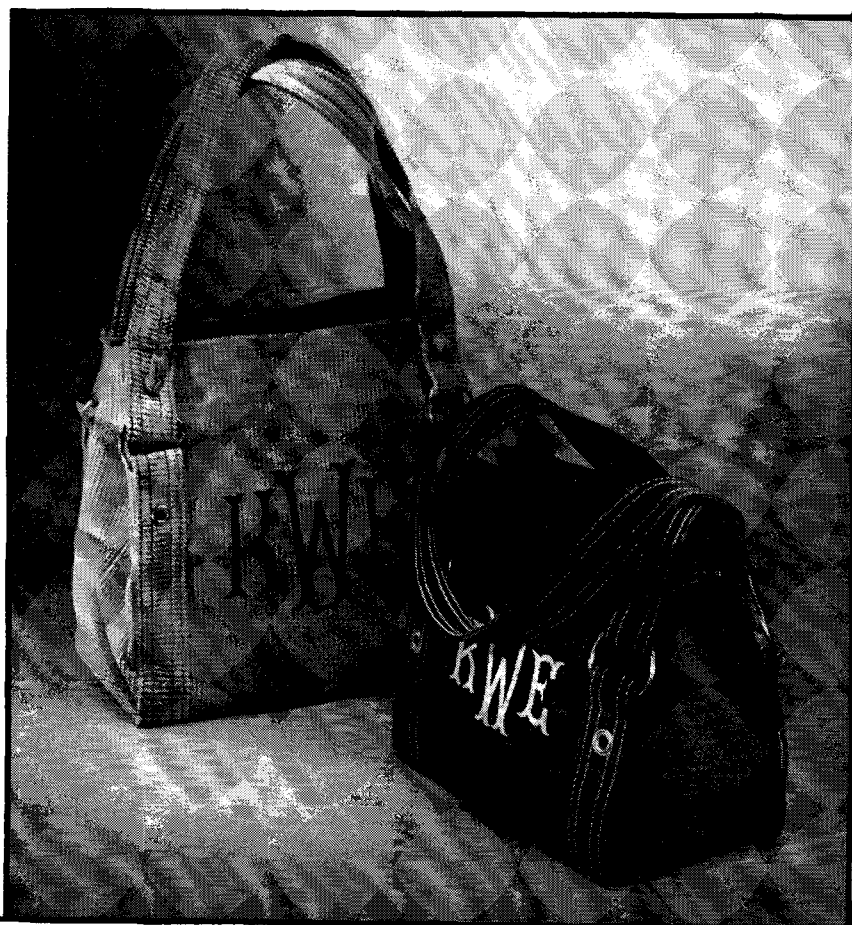


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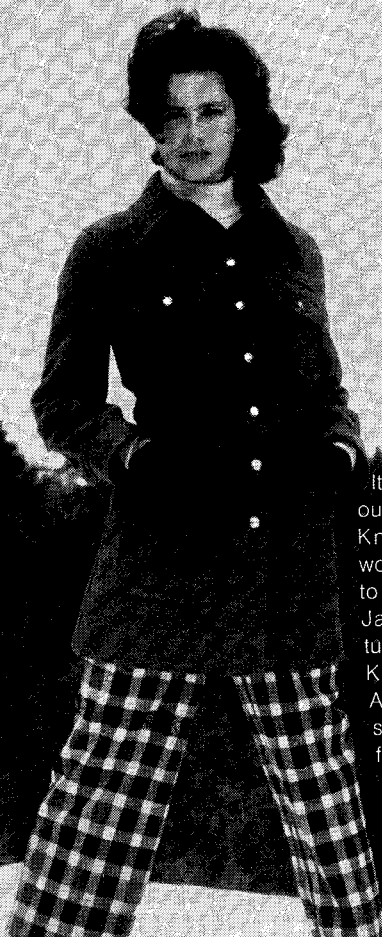
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PURE VIRGIN WOOL

may observe how they take coffee: he lifts his up, she follows; he puts his down, and soon hers is also on the table. Always they get through at the same time. This particular morning, Domingo is more expansive and concerned than usual—a foal has just been born. “Well, enough. I must go check on the mother and her infant,” he says. Near the door, he turns around to say goodbye. “These days, one never knows when the end will come,” he says. “I know our time is soon up. But when I look at that mother horse and her child in the barn, or at my children and their children, I feel lucky to have been permitted for a while to be part of all this life here on earth.” His hand is on the door, and he seems a little embarrassed that he has spoken so. But he has to go on. “I am talking like my wife now. After all these years, she sometimes falls into my silences and I carry on as she does. She is not just an old woman, you know. She wears old age like a bunch of fresh-cut flowers. She is old, advanced in years, *vieja*, but in Spanish we have another word for her—a word that tells you that she has grown with all those years. I think that is something one ought to hope for and pray for and work for all during life: to grow, to become not only older but a bigger person. She is old, all right, *vieja*, but I will dare say this in front of her: she is *una anciana*. With that, I declare my respect and have to hurry back to the barn.”

—ROBERT COLES

Charles Yancich of Sherborn, who is a member of the Boston Sympathy Orchestra, suggested to the committee...
—Dover-Sherborn (Mass.) Suburban Press.

The woodwinds are especially compassionate.

Mr. Wilson says the apparent solution harks back to the days of thatch and shingles. Joints would be shielded by an external layer which would shed rain but permit wind-driven air through. An inner lawyer would provide a sealed surface.

—Michael Blagg in the Ottawa Citizen.

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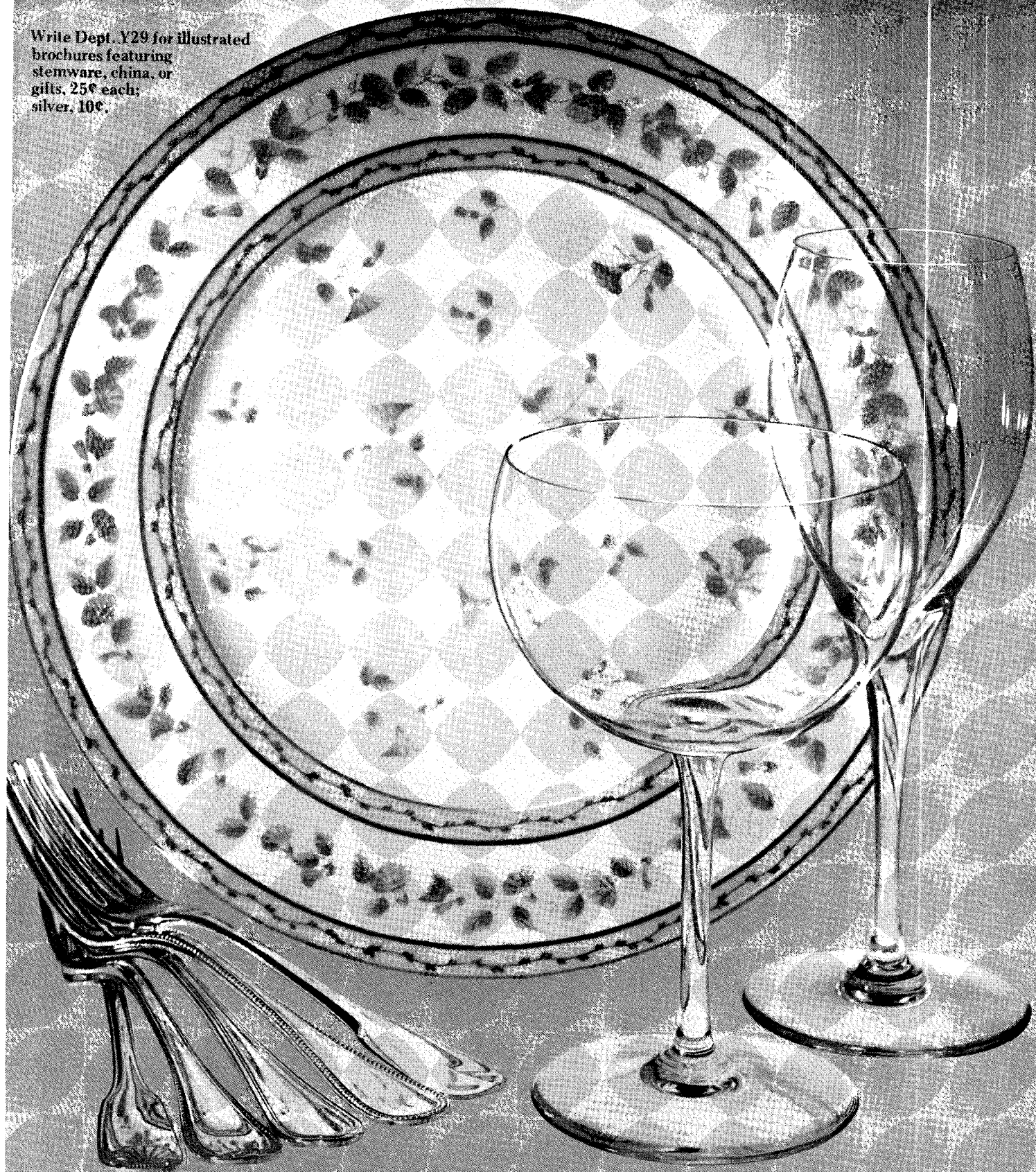
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LOOKING BACK

THE vogue for the nineteen-thirties, which have begun to replace the twenties as the period that it is fashionable to feel nostalgia for, suffered a momentary setback on Broadway last week, in the form of a couple of plays that purported to draw much of their significance from the special qualities of that decade. The plays being valueless, our recollection of the thirties will not be seriously compromised by them; a greater worry is how the plays may affect our feelings when the time comes for us to look back upon the seventies. What if, propped in a bath chair in my hundredth year, I were to be asked about the nature of life in New York in '73 and were then to be heard moaning, with every evidence of extreme unease, the words "Children of the Wind" and "Veronica's Room"? To spare myself such an embarrassing fate, I intend to expunge the least vestige of these dreadful works from my mind as quickly as possible, and I am willing to say this on behalf of the two authors—that their almost total lack of talent and skill has caused their respective plays to offer so little that is memorable that the occupant of an ephemeral could contain it all.

"Children of the Wind," which lasted for six performances at the Belasco, was the story of an alcoholic actor who, long down on his luck, at last gets his big chance on Broadway. His brave little wife is at his side, as are his brave little baseball-playing son, a brave little hardboiled boarding-house keeper, and a brave little canine acrobat named Marvo the Wonder Dog. I deduced from the program notes that the author, Jerry Devine, is a man of sufficient years for his view

of Broadway in the thirties to be based on personal observation, but the play could perfectly well have been got up out of a dozen B movies of the period by a diligent teen-ager. James Callahan played the sad central figure as affectingly as his hollow lines and the old-fashioned direction, by Shepard Traube, permitted. It was symptomatic of the whole sorry enterprise that even Marvo the Wonder Dog proved a far from winning creature. Although presumably enjoying the run of the boarding house, he was always kept on a leash, and I got the impression that this precaution was necessary because, once unleashed, Marvo might have lived up to his billing and hastened offstage to bite his agent's leg.

"Veronica's Room," at the Music Box, is identified in the program as "a new thriller" by Ira Levin, but nothing of the sort—it's a tired old non-thriller, from which Mr. Levin has rashly failed to brush the dust of ages.

A spooky mansion, a snickering pair of caretakers, a witless, quick-to-start-screaming girl called Veronica, a boy-friend who may really be a sinister, carnally inclined psychiatrist, and a calculated jumbling of time between 1973 and 1935—oh, how irritating it is to be handed these flyblown goods and then to be told (as if Mr. Levin fancied himself a Pirandello) that we in the audience may make whatever we like of them! The only tolerable things in "Veronica's Room" are the set by Douglas W. Schmidt, the lighting by John Gleason, and the costumes by Nancy Potts. Actors are notoriously poor judges of plays; on this occasion the four who have put their eagerness to perform above their discrimination are Eileen Heckart, Arthur Kennedy, Regina Baff, and Kipp Osborne. The director is Ellis Rabb, who some years ago brought us the first "Hamlet" with a topless Ophelia. There are no such stunning cultural breakthroughs in the present production. —BRENDAN GILL

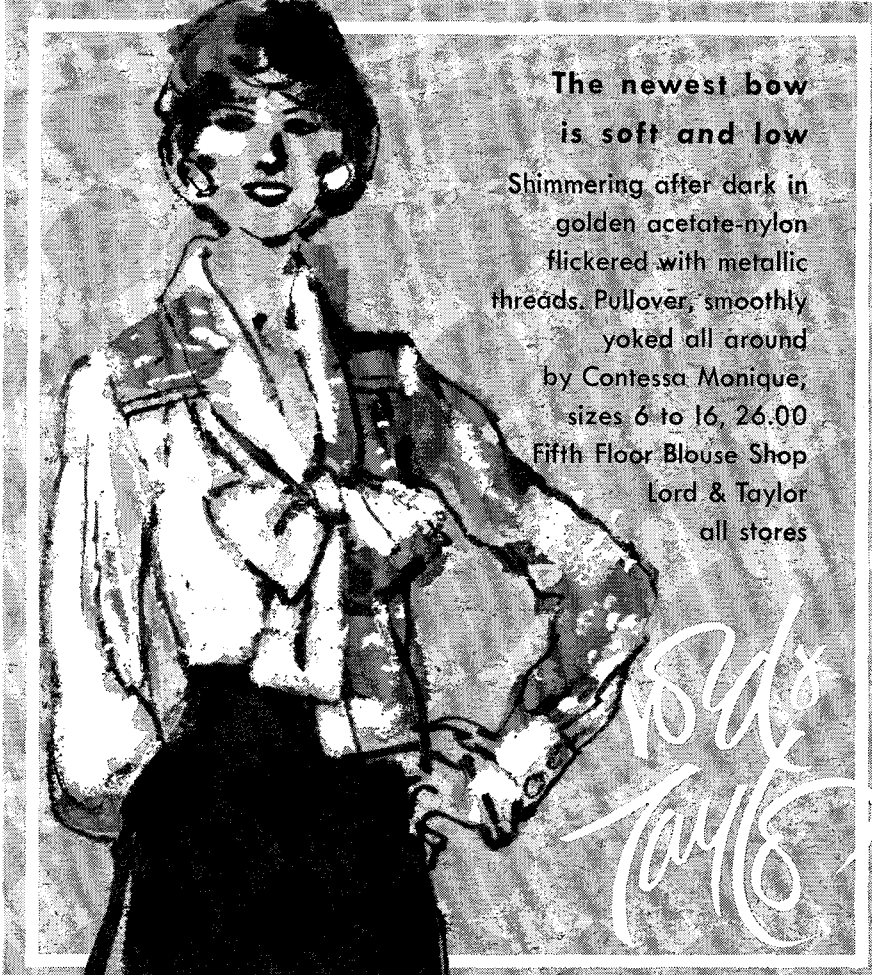
OFF BROADWAY

A Marvellous Party

ED BULLINS' "House Party," which is now playing for the fortunate subscribers to the American Place, has all the style, feeling, and wit of his



"I'll bet it would drive them up the wall if they knew we were out here looking but not buying."



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"The Fabulous Miss Marie." Even more free-form in performance than that play—for there is no plot—it is described as "A Soulful Happening." There are nine actors in it, each appearing in an assortment of roles, and an orchestra, stationed on a high platform at stage left, plays throughout the proceedings. Soft blues or bright jazz or old-fashioned jazz fixes the mood for each small incident as it occurs, and there is as much song as there is dialogue or speech; Pat Patrick, who composed and arranged the beautiful music, and who plays saxophone in the orchestra, can be considered Mr. Bullins' collaborator. Beneath the platform is a glittery bar surrounded by bar stools, and in front of that is a couch covered with leopard skin. "Time and Place: Black America, in the Nostalgic Past and Now," says the program, but the atmosphere is very much of this city—very much of Harlem—and, over and over again, very much of that glittery bar, too, as the action moves away from it and then returns. A character will walk to the front of the stage to speak directly to the audience about himself or to sing, and afterward everyone will regather at the bar to dance or drink.

At the start of the evening, before the houselights are out, a man walks up and down the aisle greeting and chatting with the members of the audience as the actors gather on the stage. He is himself an actor, named Jimmy Pelham, and he reappears from time to time as m.c. and in other guises. Rosanna Carter, the Fabulous Miss Marie herself, is assigned at least four roles, my favorites among them being a woman who worked as a maid for Josephine Baker every time the dancer came to town ("Gert," she'd say. "Will you help me out, dear?") and a Harlem mother (in a navy-and-white polka-dot dress and a hat) who has sent her little son South for the summer to visit cousins. Earle Hyman

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is completely believable as a Harlem politician as smooth and corrupt as they come and as a black drama critic, censorious and indignant, who spouts the usual clichés about defaming the race—clichés that may well be actual quotes from some of Mr. Bullins' more inflammatory notices. As for the lovely Mary Alice, she must, at various times, break the bitter news to her man that she is going to have an abortion, and try to describe to the audience what it is like to be a woman poet. Gary Bolling first plays a dope-seller defending his trade and later a worker, carrying a broom, who tells us what a bad kid he was, in and out of jail and reform schools, until his mother got him a job; now he is a foreman and a family man, and his spirit is all but snuffed out. The parts assigned to wiry, fiery Verona Barnes are: Seduced and Abandoned, Fun Lovin', Wile Chile, and Fried Brains. The other actors are Andre Mtumi, Basil Wallace, and Starletta DePaur, and by the time the troupe is through, every aspect of black life—bleak and joyous, sexual, social, and private—appears to have been covered in one way or another. Mr. Bullins' writing has never been stronger; his irony, his understanding, his ability to catch a whole life in a single speech or song lyric, and his mocking, parodic humor have never been more apparent. Roscoe Orman, the director, and his associate director, Julia Miles, are responsible for the clarity and ease with which this Happening happens. Kert Lundell's fine setting is enclosed in a Visual Environment—the walls of the theatre are decorated with blown-up photographs and posters and such—by Romare Bearden. The entire production was conceived by Robert MacBeth, once co-director with Mr. Bullins of the now disbanded New Lafayette company in Harlem.

—EDITH OLIVER

Another tune talks more specifically about the isolation all of us, even stars, can go through. Tentatively titled "All We Need Is Satisfaction," the lyrics move in subtly changing couplets. The most moving:

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II—THAT DUST HAS ATE US UP

IN the summer of 1971, a young doctor named William M. Johnson, who had just joined the Division of Field Studies and Clinical Investigations of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health, discovered data in the files of his predecessors which showed that grossly excessive and dangerous asbestos-dust levels had existed for years in an amosite-asbestos-insulation plant in Tyler, Texas, owned by the Pittsburgh Corning Corporation. Realizing that men working at the plant were in danger of developing asbestosis—scarring of the lungs resulting from the inhalation of asbestos fibres—as well as lung cancer, mesothelioma, and other malignant asbestos-induced tumors, Dr. Johnson and the newly appointed director of his division, Dr. Joseph K. Wagoner, took the unprecedented step of sending the information to Anthony Mazzocchi, the director of the Legislative Department of the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers International Union, which represented the sixty-three workers at the factory. At Mazzocchi's request, Dr. Johnson and several of his associates from the division conducted a survey of the Tyler plant in October of 1971 which showed that dust levels there were far in excess of the federal standard (twelve asbestos fibres per cubic centimetre of air); that asbestosis was already afflicting seven of the workers there; and that since 1954, when the factory opened, a total of eight hundred and ninety-five men had been employed there in conditions that posed grave danger to their health. In the meantime, Mazzocchi and other trade-union leaders, supported by Dr. Irving J. Selikoff, who is the director of the Mount Sinai School of Medicine's Environmental Sciences Laboratory and a pioneer in the field of modern asbestos epidemiology, had been urging Secretary of Labor James D. Hodgson to declare an emergency standard for occupational exposure to asbestos of two fibres per cubic centimetre of air. However, in spite of the fact that Dr. Selikoff and Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, who is vice-president for epidemiology and statistics of the American Cancer Society, had provided incontrovertible evidence that one out of five asbestos-insulation workers was dying of lung cancer, and that almost half of these men were dying of some form of as-

bestos disease, Secretary Hodgson, apparently searching for some middle ground that he hoped would satisfy both industry and labor, declared a temporary emergency standard of five fibres per cubic centimetre in December of 1971. Another indication that the government was seeking a compromise between the well-being of workers and the interests of industry came when the Department of Labor's Occupational Safety and Health Administration, which has the responsibility for enforcing the provisions of the Occupational Safety and Health Act of 1970, inspected the Tyler plant late in November of 1971, as a result of Dr. Johnson's report that a critical occupational-health situation existed there. Although major deficiencies in the factory's ventilation system constituted serious violations of the Act—those likely to result in disability or death—the Administration chose to consider them as nonserious, and fined Pittsburgh Corning just two hundred and ten dollars.

There has since been considerable speculation in government circles, among trade unions, and within the independent medical and scientific community about the lenient attitude adopted by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration toward Pittsburgh Corning after the November survey. Apologists for the Administration claim that because the Secretary of Labor announced the emergency standard for asbestos after the survey was conducted harsher penalties might have been interpreted as unfair harassment of the company. Some people say that, with the Administration in the process of redefining safety and health standards for workers, the regional inspectors in Dallas had received no clear guidelines from Washington about over-all policy and, fearful of exceeding their authority, were simply trying to muddle through an administrative vacuum. Other observers feel that the Administration was reluctant to invoke the letter of the law in the case of the Occupational Safety and Health Act,



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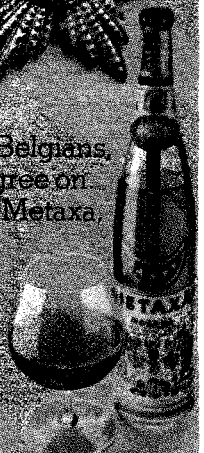
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because to have done so would have opened a Pandora's box of health violations in other industries, which the Administration was ill-equipped to handle, since it had only forty industrial hygienists to enforce standards in some four million workplaces. And still others, including Mazzocchi, believe that the Administration's people were highly embarrassed by the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health report on the Tyler plant, which pointed up the Department of Labor's failure to enforce the standards of the Walsh-Healey Act at the factory after a department inspection on February 13, 1969. Indeed, Mazzocchi believed that the Administration's people were hoping that if they slapped Pittsburgh Corning lightly on the wrist with some nonserious violations the whole affair would blow over.

Whether the truth lies in any one of these theories or, as seems more likely, in a combination of them, it became apparent in December of 1971 that the Tyler affair was not going to blow over. That it did not, as so many other occupational-health scandals had, was largely the result of the efforts of Mazzocchi, who was determined to make it a *cause célèbre*. For several years, he and his associates in the union's Legislative Department, aided by Dr. Glenn Paulson, a young scientist working under Professor René Dubos, at the Rockefeller University, had been holding conferences for factory workers around the country to point out the hazards existing in the industrial environment and to give the workers guidance in how to deal with them. It was a considerable undertaking, for the hundred and eighty thousand members of the union were being exposed to thousands of potentially toxic substances. Indeed, in certain factories men were working with more than five thousand different chemicals, yet federal standards existed for fewer than four hundred and fifty of them. Since Mazzocchi found that the lack of government standards was accompanied by lax government enforcement of existing health regulations and an attitude of almost total callousness on the part of industry, he became convinced that industrial workers were victims of a conspiracy designed to suppress knowledge of occupational health hazards and to delay the passage and enforcement of laws to cope with them. A blunt-spoken man in his middle forties, with a fiery temperament, piercing eyes, and an unruly mane of black hair, he had begun to brood over what he considered the gross immorality that at-

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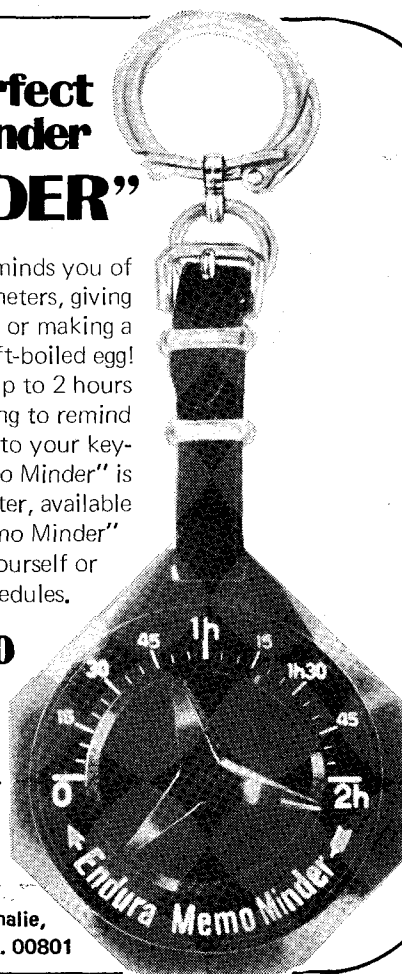
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tended the plight of men who were either dying or being disabled early in life as a result of exposure to substances such as asbestos, whose adverse health effects had long been known to and ignored by a medical-industrial complex consisting of company doctors, industry consultants, and key occupational-health officials at various levels of the state and federal governments. Consequently, when the situation at Tyler was brought to his attention by Dr. Johnson in September of 1971, Mazzocchi saw it as, in his words, "the epitome of what was wrong with the way our country was dealing with the problem of industrial disease." However, he decided against making any public disclosure of conditions at the Tyler plant until the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health survey had been conducted and written up. "I wanted to marshal all the facts and then choose the forum that would enable me to use the example of the Tyler plant to best effect, and to bring help to the unfortunate men who were working there," he has said. "I wanted the whole country to know in detail what had happened at that factory, and to understand that what had gone on there—the fruitless Bureau for Occupational Safety and Health inspections, the lack of enforcement by the Department of Labor, the company's disregard for the men, the whole long, lousy history of neglect, deceit, and stupidity—was happening in dozens of other ways, in hundreds of other factories, to thousands of other men across the land. I wanted people to know that thousands upon thousands of their fellow-citizens were being assaulted daily, and that the police—in this case, the federal government—had done nothing to remedy the situation. In short, I wanted them to know that murder was being committed in the workplace, and that no one was bothering about it."

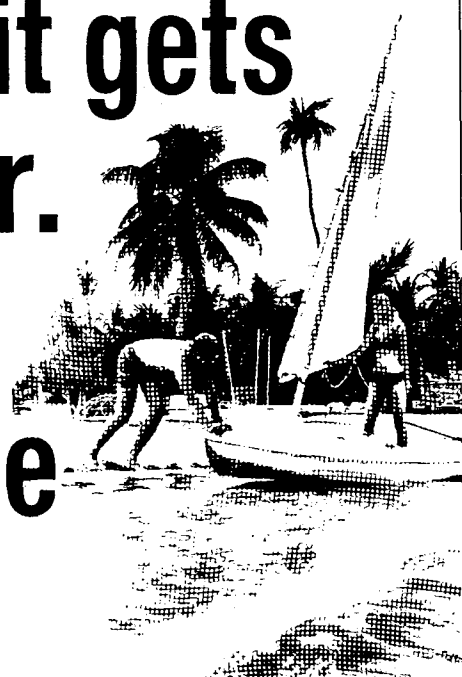
The forum Mazzocchi chose was the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which was held at the Sheraton Hotel in Philadelphia on December 26th, and was attended by some fifty thousand scientists from all over the country. Along with Ralph Nader and Dr. Sidney Wolfe, the director of Nader's Health Research Group, Mazzocchi addressed eleven hundred of the delegates at a symposium entitled "Workers and the Environment," which was moderated by Professor George Wald, the Nobel Prize-winning biologist from Harvard. Nader and Dr. Wolfe spoke about occupational-health problems in general, and

Mazzocchi zeroed in on Tyler as the quintessential example of the ignorance, neglect, and subterfuge that characterized government policy toward industrial hygiene. The complete and final report of the survey made by the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health (known as NIOSH) had been sent out on December 21st, and he was thus able to document his charges with devastating effect. Mazzocchi was hoping that his disclosures about conditions at the Tyler plant would be picked up by newsmen covering the meeting and relayed to the nation. As things worked out, however, press coverage of the symposium tended to emphasize the more general aspects of occupational health that had been discussed by Nader.

In the meantime, notwithstanding the mildness of the penalties that accompanied them, the Administration citations had caused considerable consternation to the management of Pittsburgh Corning by setting March 31, 1972, as the date for completing extensive improvements in the ventilation- and dust-control systems of the Tyler plant. Combined with the failure of a company plan to use mineral wool as a substitute for asbestos in the manufacture of high-temperature pipe insulation, and the union's insistence that there be strict compliance with the recommendations of the NIOSH report, the deadline meant that the company would at long last be forced to clean up the plant or close it. Faced with this choice, Pittsburgh Corning's board of directors met in the middle of December and decided to shut the factory within a few months—after using up as much raw-asbestos stock as possible—in order to avoid further penalties.

The decision to close the Tyler plant rather than to spend the necessary time and money to make it safe obviously appealed to the managers of the company as the best way out of their difficulties. However, it did not solve the problem faced by Dr. Lee B. Grant, the medical director of one of Pittsburgh Corning's parent corporations, PPG Industries, and medical consultant to Pittsburgh Corning. Dr. Grant appears to have felt that his professional reputation had been called into question by the findings of the NIOSH survey. On December 13th—five months to the day after he had told Dr. Johnson that the health situation at Tyler wasn't serious—Dr. Grant visited Dr. Johnson at the Division of Field Studies and Clinical Investigations to discuss the medical condition of the seven Tyler workers who showed signs

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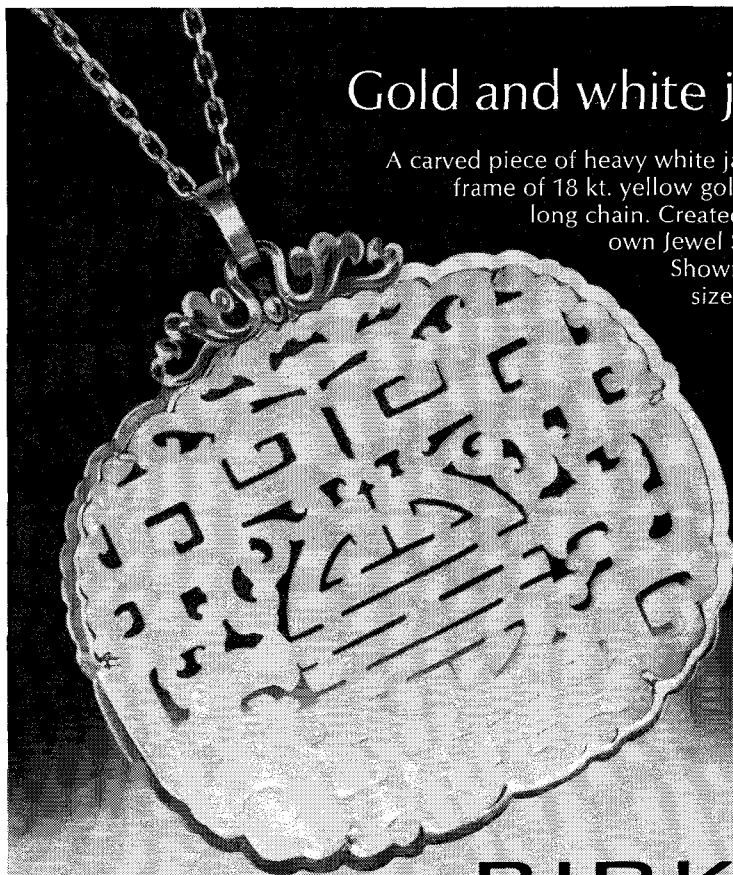
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and symptoms of asbestosis and, as Dr. Grant put it, "to avoid further misunderstanding" between NIOSH and Pittsburgh Corning. According to Dr. Johnson, the meeting was somewhat strained, for Dr. Grant was attempting to minimize the asbestos problem at the Tyler factory. "He tried to imply that our medical findings on the seven men were based more on epidemiological data than on clinical examination," Dr. Johnson recalls. "I replied that rales, finger clubbing, dyspnea, and reduced pulmonary function were well-recognized clinical evidence of asbestosis. Furthermore, I told him that back in October Dr. Richard M. Spiegel, of our division, was given to understand that some of the X-rays taken by Dr. George A. Hurst—the superintendent of the East Texas Chest Hospital, in Tyler—showed evidence of pulmonary fibrosis. I also reminded Dr. Grant that in 1970 a manager of the plant had died of mesothelioma. Dr. Grant then informed me that the company was willing to release Dr. Hurst's X-rays to us—they had been made at Dr. Grant's request—but only on the condition that we come back to Tyler early in January, so that we could sit down and review them together. I got the distinct impression that he was trying to make it appear that NIOSH and Pittsburgh Corning had been working jointly on the problem from the very beginning. However, we wanted to get our hands on those X-rays, so I agreed to the meeting, even though I saw little reason for it."

ON January 5, 1972, Dr. Spiegel and Richard A. Lemen, an epidemiologist who had also been a member of the original NIOSH survey team, returned to Tyler, and the following morning they met with Dr. Grant, Dr. Hurst, and William Farkos, Pittsburgh Corning's director of personnel and industrial relations, in a conference room at the East Texas Chest Hospital. The five men reviewed the medical reports on all of the employees—results of X-rays and pulmonary-function tests done by Dr. Hurst, and results of examinations for rales, finger clubbing, and dyspnea done by the NIOSH team—and concluded that seven of the employees had asbestosis. Then Dr. Hurst announced that his superiors at the Texas State Health Department would not release the chest films to NIOSH. But Dr. Grant said that the release would be acceptable to Pittsburgh Corning, and it was decided that he and Dr. Spiegel would fly to Austin to try to get permission from the Texas State Health Commissioner.

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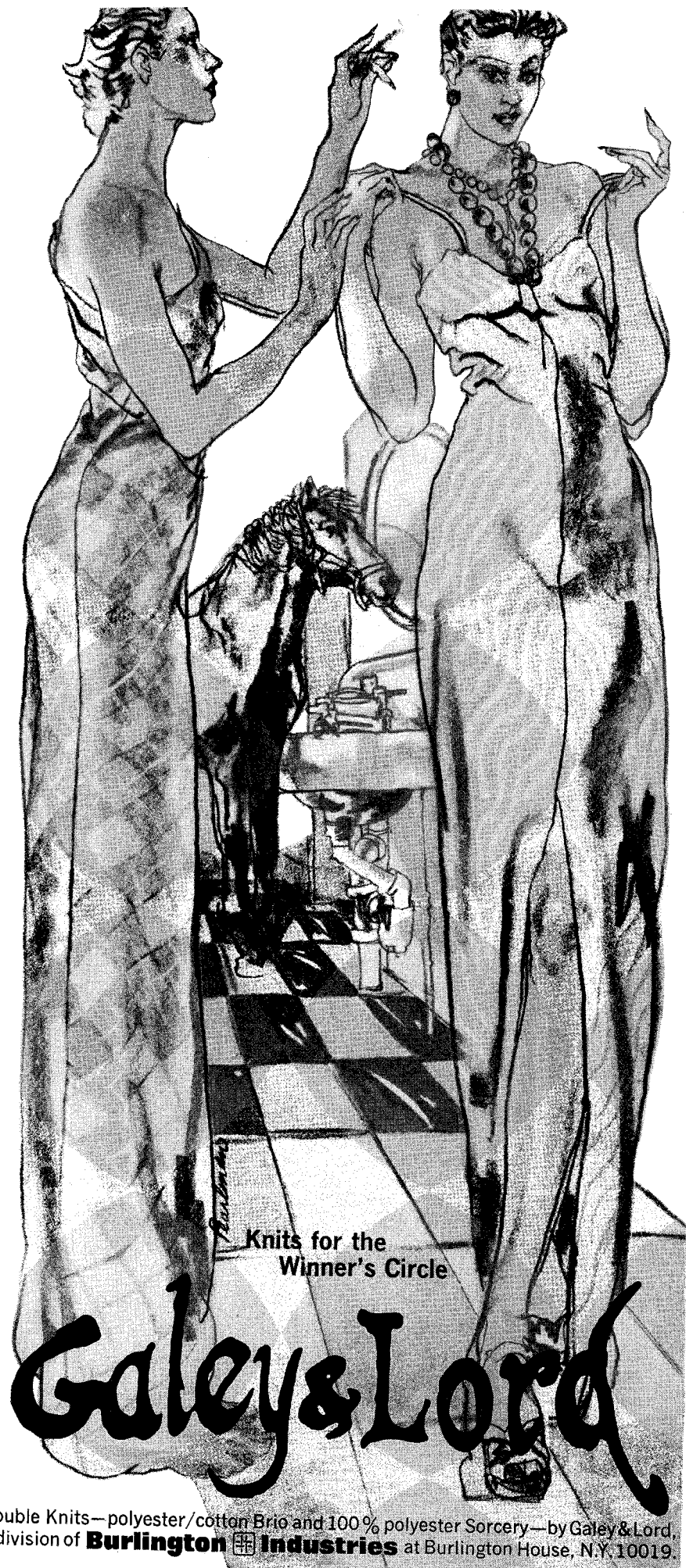


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By arrangement with Pittsburgh Corning, Steven Wodka, of the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers Legislative Department, arrived in Tyler on the afternoon of that day to tour the plant and to meet with members of the local union committee. Wodka was accompanied on his tour by Herman Yandle, the chairman of the local committee; by Farkos; and by Charles E. Van Horne, the plant manager; he found conditions in the factory to be much as they had been described in the NIOSH report. Huge piles of loose asbestos fibre lay on the floor of the plant, and visible clouds of dust were erupting from several operations. After the tour, Wodka—who had learned only the previous day that men from the Occupational Safety and Health Administration had inspected the plant in November—asked to see the citations they had issued, pointing out that the company was required to post them publicly for the information of the workers. When Van Horne and Farkos produced them, they professed to be ignorant of this requirement, although each citation sheet states that “a copy of the enclosed citation(s) shall be prominently posted in a conspicuous place at or near each place a violation referred to in the citation occurred.” They also assured Wodka that the items marked for immediate compliance had been taken care of. Then they told him that Pittsburgh Corning planned no extensive changes in the ventilation- and dust-control systems by the March 31st deadline, and that the factory would be shut down sometime in the middle of February. At the same time, they rejected a request by Wodka that in the meantime the company provide in-plant facilities for storing respirators and for changing work clothes, so that the employees would not continue to contaminate their cars and homes with asbestos dust and thus expose members of their families to the risk of incurring asbestos diseases.

That evening, Wodka held a meeting with several members of the local union committee to discuss the health situation at the plant. At the outset, he informed them of the results of a mortality study Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond had made of men who had worked at an amosite-asbestos-insulation plant owned by the Union Asbestos & Rubber Company, in Paterson, New Jersey, between 1941 and 1954. (When the company closed the Paterson plant in 1954, it transferred its asbestos operations there to the Tyler factory, which was later purchased by Pittsburgh Corning.) As it happened, Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond had



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found a gross number of excess deaths resulting from asbestosis, lung cancer, and mesothelioma among the Paterson workers, and since the two plants had been operated in a similar manner, the doctors' findings obviously had frightening implications for the men who were employed at Tyler. "It was a sombre moment, for it was the first time that they had been told how serious their situation was, and how precarious it would remain in the future," Wodka recalls. "However, they accepted the news stoically. They even seemed relieved to know the facts. You see, they had been living in doubt ever since the NIOSH survey, and still hadn't been informed that any of them had been diagnosed as having asbestosis."

The next morning, a final meeting was held at the East Texas Chest Hospital. In addition to Dr. Grant and Dr. Hurst, those present were Farkos and Van Horne, of Pittsburgh Corning; Dr. Spiegel and Mr. Lemen, of NIOSH; and Wodka and Yandle, of the union. Dr. Grant began by saying that when he first visited the Tyler plant, in 1965, he had realized that a potential health problem existed there, and had done everything in his power to have the situation corrected. He took credit for instituting a number of surveys and studies of the plant's ventilation equipment, and blamed the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health and Dr. Lewis J. Cralley, who had been in charge of field studies and epidemiology for the bureau, for not following through on a proposed medical study of the workers. Dr. Grant also insisted at the meeting that asbestos-dust levels at the Tyler plant were always within the legally specified limits, and he claimed that respiratory protection was made mandatory for all workers in the factory as early as May of 1969—a contention that was disputed on the spot by Yandle, who had worked in the plant for more than ten years, and who declared that, with a few exceptions, the wearing of respirators was not required until the summer of 1971. For his part, Dr. Spiegel listened to Dr. Grant's assessment of the history of the plant in silence. "I was not there to argue with him about what had or had not happened, or why," he recalls. "I was there to reiterate NIOSH's medical conclusions about the workers we had examined during our survey, and to bring back the X-rays taken by Dr. Hurst in August. In my opinion, however, Dr. Grant was trying to absolve himself and the Pittsburgh Corning Corporation of all responsibility for the conditions that had existed in the Tyler plant over the years, and

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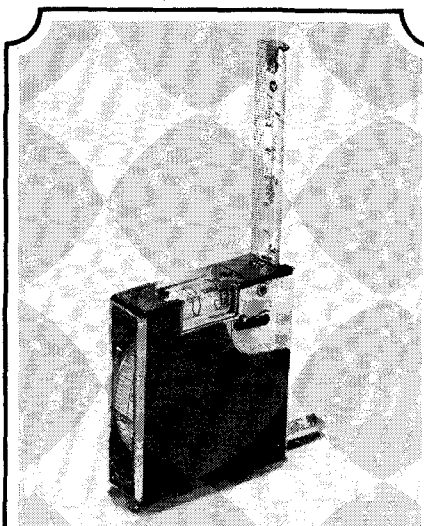
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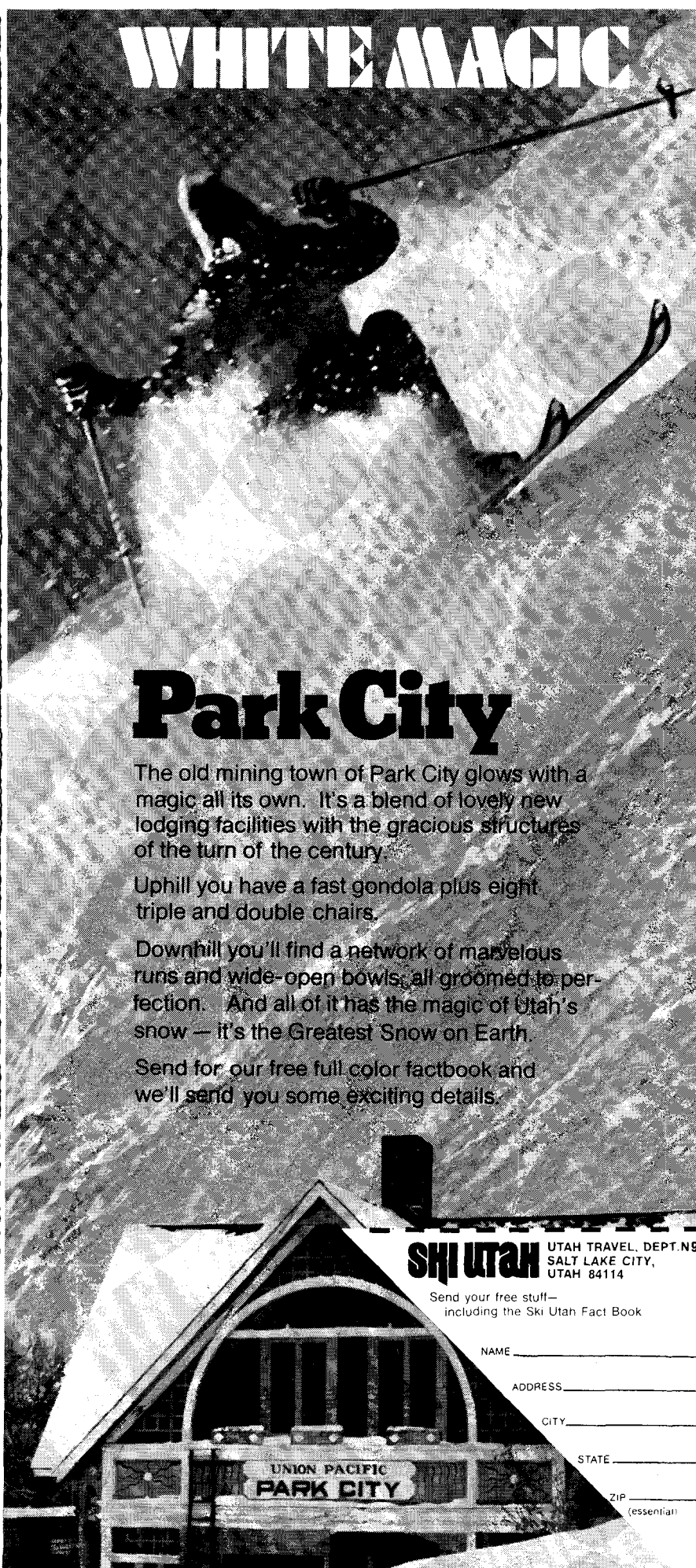
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for the lack of attention paid to the health of the workers. His speech sounded like a legal brief more than anything else. As I sat listening, I kept wondering why on earth he had not kept calling Dr. Cralley to insist that the bureau undertake its proposed medical studies, or, failing that, why he didn't get back to Dr. Hurst sooner than he did. Surely, in all the years since 1965 he could have found *someone* to examine the workers."

After Dr. Grant's opening summary, he and Dr. Spiegel formally announced their joint conclusion that at least seven of the eighteen workers with more than ten years of employment in the Tyler plant had symptoms and signs consistent with asbestosis. Dr. Grant and Farkos then said that Pittsburgh Corning would pay for the treatment of any disease that was occupationally related, provided that the treatment was performed at the East Texas Chest Hospital, but they were vague about whether the company would pay for any long-term medical followup of the sixty-three workers then employed at the plant. (In his December meeting with Dr. Johnson, Dr. Grant had suggested that such a program should be undertaken and financed by NIOSH.) There was also no discussion whatever of any medical followup of the eight hundred and thirty-two men who had previously been employed at the Tyler plant, and who would carry the asbestos they had inhaled in their lungs for the rest of their days, presumably because no one could be held legally responsible for what might happen to them.

After the meeting, Dr. Spiegel and Dr. Grant flew to Austin to obtain permission for the release of the X-rays. The chest films had been an item of dispute between NIOSH and Pittsburgh Corning from the beginning; now the Texas State Department of Health people were apparently concerned about being in the middle of such a dispute, and they may well have begun to entertain second thoughts about the propriety of Dr. Hurst's having accepted a contract from Pittsburgh Corning to examine workers for occupational illness at one of the department's hospitals, when the department itself had never seen fit to conduct a health inspection of the Tyler plant during the plant's entire seventeen years of existence. By that time, practically everyone who had been involved in the Tyler affair seemed to be trying to cover his tracks.

While Dr. Spiegel and Dr. Grant were en route to Austin, Wodka and Lemen, the NIOSH epidemiologist,



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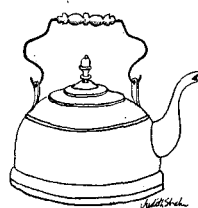
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stayed behind to conduct a thorough investigation of Pittsburgh Corning's practices of dumping asbestos waste in the vicinity of the plant and of selling burlap bags contaminated with asbestos dust to local nurserymen. (Both practices had been mentioned in the NIOSH report, which informed Pittsburgh Corning and the Texas State Department of Health that they presented a serious health hazard, and recommended that all asbestos waste and used burlap bags be buried.) That afternoon, Wodka, Lemen, and Yandle drove out to a group of dumps in an inhabited area near a sewage-treatment plant, about a mile north of the factory. One of the dumps was the size of half a football field, and was covered to the depth of at least two feet with asbestos scrap. Thick vegetation sprouting through a covering of asbestos in surrounding gullies showed that the dump had been in use for many years. Yandle told Wodka and Lemen that asbestos scrap was still being trucked there daily, and his statement was substantiated by the presence of wads of asbestos fibre covering the access roadway. Since the company had undertaken to put soil over two dumps adjacent to the factory which had been seen by the NIOSH investigators during their October survey, its continued use of this third, more remote dump site could be construed only as an act of blatant disregard and deception. However, for sheer brazenness the Pittsburgh Corning people outdid themselves a few weeks later, when they learned that the third dump had been discovered. At that point, they simply posted an armed guard at the site, with instructions to turn all unauthorized persons away.

After taking photographs of the dump, Yandle, Wodka, and Lemen drove to the Eikner Nurseries, a huge outfit on the west side of Tyler, where they interviewed Elbert Fenton, the man in charge of sales and distribution. Fenton told them that a shipment of thirty thousand burlap bags, costing twelve hundred dollars, had been received from Pittsburgh Corning some months before, and he took his visitors out to a barn where some fifteen hundred of the bags were stacked in piles. The bags were visibly contaminated with asbestos, and even as Lemen and Wodka were telling Fenton about the hazard of using them, a woman worker entered the barn, picked up a bag, and, after shaking it vigorously to remove the dust, slung it over one shoulder and walked out. With Fenton's

permission, Wodka and Lemen took two sample bags away with them in sealed containers for laboratory analysis; then, bidding Yandle goodbye, they drove back to Dallas and flew home. Meanwhile, Dr. Grant and Dr. Spiegel had met with the State Health Commissioner, who gave permission for the X-rays of the Tyler workers to be mailed to NIOSH headquarters in Cincinnati.

At the beginning of 1972, the Tyler affair was like one of those simmering quarrels between small nations that threaten to disrupt the balance of power in a sensitive geopolitical area where a number of larger nations have interests. The Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers saw it as an outright test of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration's willingness to enforce the provisions of the Occupational Safety and Health Act; the NIOSH people, who had exposed the situation at the factory to begin with, were waiting to see how the Occupational Safety and Health people would dispose of the recommendations that had been made to correct it, in order to gauge the effectiveness of the advisory role they themselves had been given under the Act; and the Occupational Safety and Health people, who had not seen fit to tell the union about the minor nature of the penalties they had imposed upon Pittsburgh Corning, could not have failed to view the affair as a potentially embarrassing scandal, coming at a most inopportune moment. Under the provisions of the Occupational Safety and Health Act,



the emergency standard for asbestos that had been declared by the Secretary of Labor on December 7th had to be replaced by a permanent standard within six months.

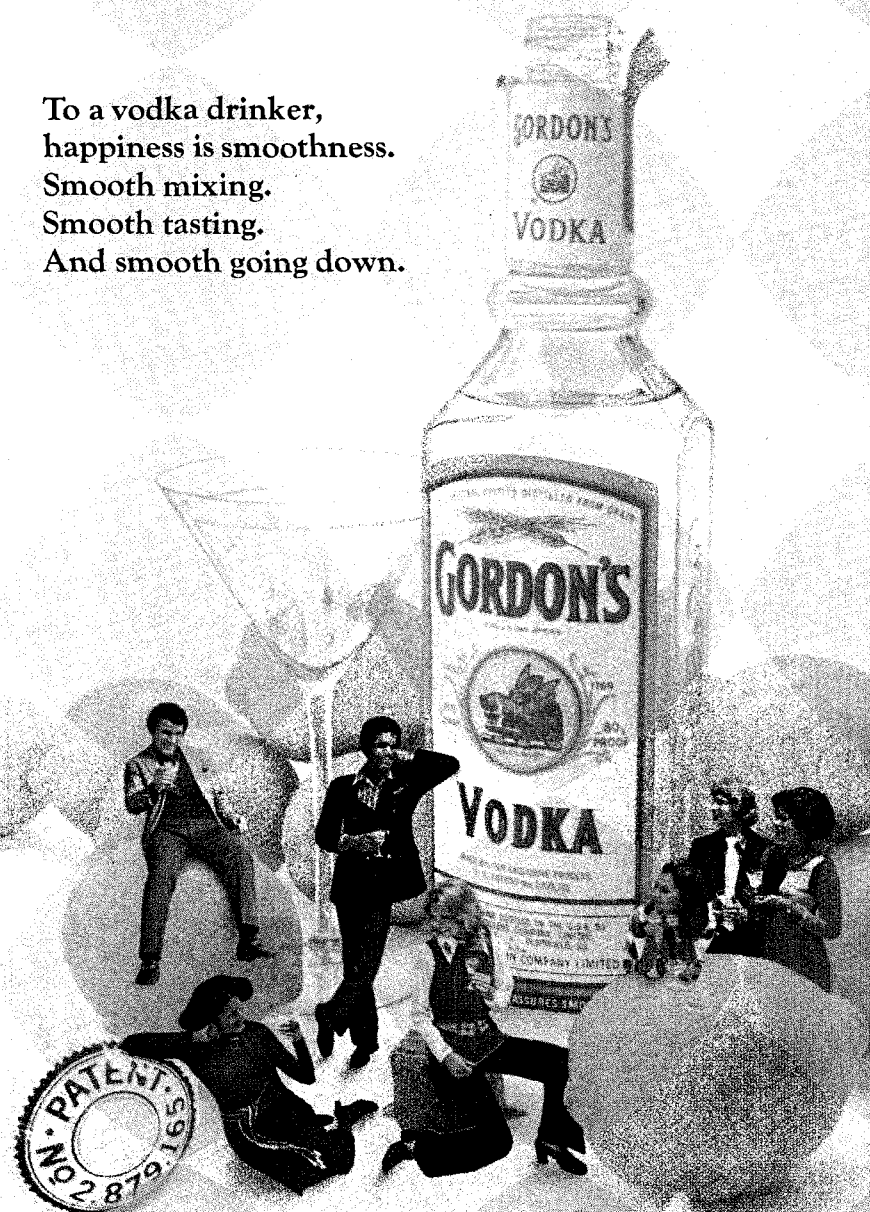
The law also required the Department of Labor to hold public hearings before it promulgated a new standard, and notice that hearings on the asbestos standard would begin in March was to be published in the *Federal Register* on January 12th. Since the permanent standard on asbestos was the first ruling the Occupational Safety and Health Administration would make under its mandate to redefine occupational-safety-and-health regulations, industry and labor were prepared to look upon the ruling as an indication of how determined or easygoing the Administration would be when it came time to set new standards for other hazards, such as lead, beryllium, carbon monoxide, mercury, silica, ultraviolet light,

and cotton fibres. The public hearings on asbestos, then, loomed as a crucial test of strength between the independent medical and scientific community and the medical-industrial complex. On the one hand, the NIOSH people were preparing to send the Administration a document recommending that the permanent standard for occupational exposure to asbestos be set at two fibres per cubic centimetre, which was the standard that the British Inspectorate of Factories—the Administration's English counterpart—had set in 1968, the one that Dr. Selikoff had advocated in 1969, and the one that the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Industrial Union Department's ad-hoc Committee on the Asbestos Hazard had urged upon the Secretary of Labor in November of 1971. On the other hand, the major asbestos companies, led by the giant Johns-Manville Corporation, were preparing testimony to show that the five-fibre standard would prevent disease from occurring among asbestos workers, and economic statistics to demonstrate that a two-fibre standard would drive them out of business. In order to weigh all the evidence and decide upon a safe level of exposure to asbestos, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration would obviously have to conduct itself in a completely impartial manner, for, even under the best of circumstances, its decision was bound to be controversial. As things stood, however, its claim to impartiality was in question, because of its failure to enforce even the standards for asbestos that it was now compelled to consider obsolete. And since its failure had nowhere been more recently and nakedly apparent than in its handling of the critical situation that existed in the Tyler plant, and the Administration was unhappy about the possibility that the citations and penalties it had sent Pittsburgh Corning in December might become public knowledge. The fact that under the provisions of the Occupational Safety and Health Act such information was public property seems to have been forgotten.

Already stung by the disclosures Mazzocchi had made at the science meeting, and eager to avoid future embarrassment, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration now sought to place itself above reproach by publicly revising its attitude toward occupational exposure to asbestos. On January 4th, George Guenther, who was the Assistant Secretary of Labor and the director of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, held a press conference in Washington to

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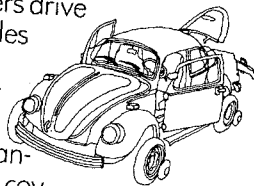
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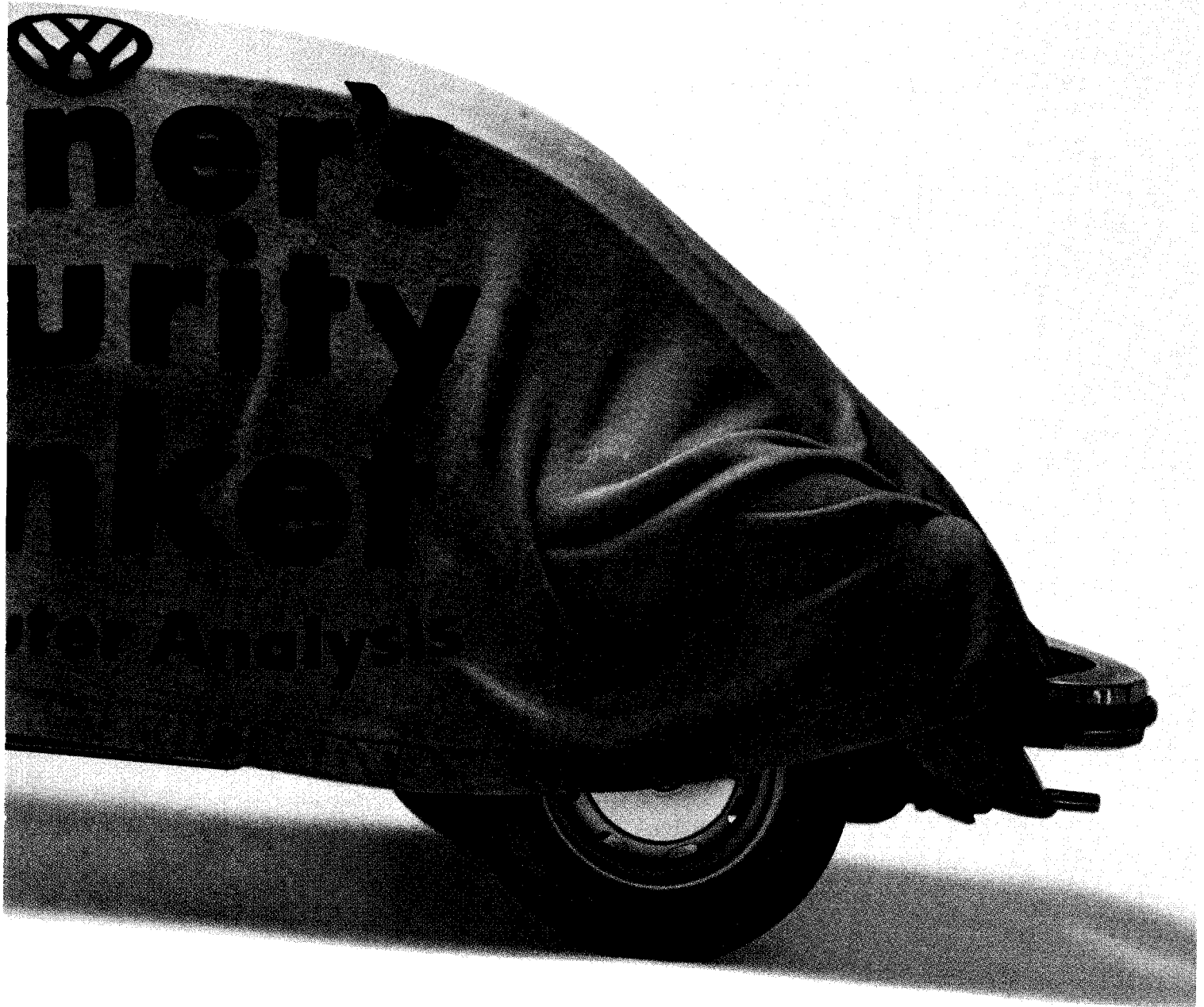
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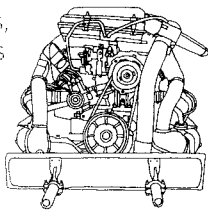
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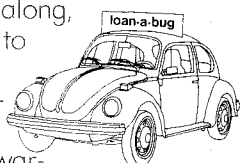


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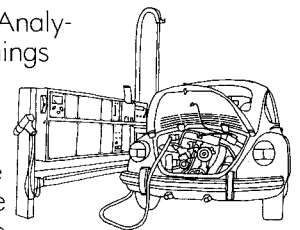
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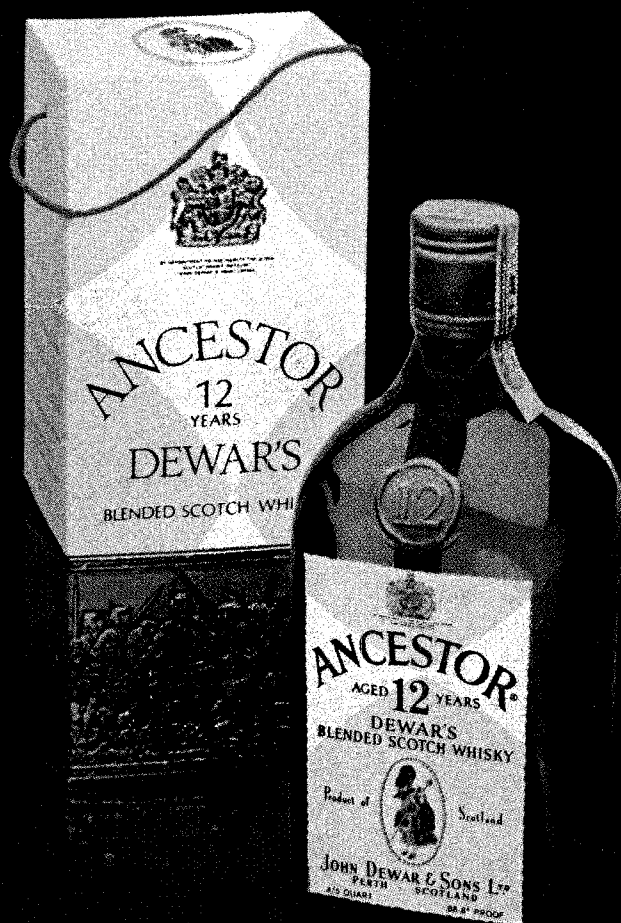
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announce the start of a target health-hazards program designed to control five toxic substances that were in widespread use in American industry—silica, lead, carbon monoxide, cotton dust, and asbestos. At this time, a special health-hazard fact sheet on asbestos was distributed to newsmen (and, presumably, to the Administration's regional administrators and inspectors), informing them that more than two hundred thousand workers across the nation risked serious disease from direct occupational exposure to asbestos and that asbestos fibres were being found in the lungs of people who had had no industrial exposure to the mineral at all. The fact sheet reminded everyone that the emergency standard for asbestos was an eight-hour average of five fibres greater than five microns in length per cubic centimetre of air, and it stated unequivocally that any exposure exceeding this level would henceforth be considered a serious violation of the Occupational Safety and Health Act.

It soon became apparent, however, that it was one thing for the director of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration to announce a new policy on asbestos in Washington and quite another for that policy to be put into effect by his subordinates in the field. On January 13th, a week after Farkos and Van Horne had assured Wodka that all conditions on which the Administration had called for immediate compliance had been corrected, the Tyler plant was reinspected by Clarence R. Holder, an assistant administrator in the Dallas office of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, and John P. Boyle, an industrial hygienist, who together had conducted a similar inspection at Tyler nearly two months before. Holder and Boyle found on their second inspection of the plant that, contrary to recommendations made after their first visit, the workers had not been examined to determine whether they were physically able to wear respirators, that required improvements on a block saw and on feeding-machine enclosures had not been made, and that cleanup procedures in the feeding and building areas of the plant remained inadequate. The two men reviewed the situation with Van Horne, but when they stressed the necessity of cleaning up asbestos waste around the feeding machines and the builder units, the plant manager asked them whether this meant that the factory would have to be kept as clean as a dairy.

In spite of the company's reluctance to take this inspection seriously, Holder and Boyle issued no new citations but

simply sent Pittsburgh Corning a notification of failure to correct three of the original violations and a list of proposed additional penalties. Moreover, in spite of the new policy on asbestos that had been announced by Assistant Secretary Guenther ten days earlier, they still chose to consider the violations at the Tyler plant nonserious. Therefore, the proposed additional penalties were based upon a schedule of a hundred dollars for each day of noncompliance, plus fifty per cent of the original fine. The period of noncompliance ran from December 21, 1971, to January 13, 1972, and the total additional assessment amounted to six thousand nine hundred and ninety dollars.

The notification of failure to correct violations and the list of new penalties were mailed to E. W. Holman, Pittsburgh Corning's vice-president in charge of manufacturing and technology, on January 17th. It is not known whether Holman received them prior to his telephone interview with the Tyler *Courier-Times* on January 19th, nor is it known whether he had read the citations that were mailed to him on December 16th; whether he had been informed of two NIOSH reports—one describing the critical occupational-health situation at the Tyler plant and the other the symptoms of asbestosis in seven of the workers there—that were sent to Dr. Grant, in November and December; whether he had been told by Dr. Grant of the death of Van Horne's predecessor from mesothelioma; or whether he was aware of the admissions about the incidence of asbestosis among the Tyler workers which Dr. Grant had made in Dr. Hurst's office, on January 7th. If Holman did not know of these things, he must surely have been one of the most ill-informed vice-presidents in corporate history. Whatever the case, on January 19th he told the *Courier-Times* that he knew of no Pittsburgh Corning employee suffering any significant illness as a result of working with amosite-asbestos insulation.

By that time, with the Tyler affair not just bubbling but about to boil over, practically everyone involved in the situation was maneuvering for position. The Texas State Department of Health had already put some distance between itself and the stove; Pittsburgh Corning was backing toward the door; the Occupational Safety and Health Administration had little choice but to sit on the lid; and the union and NIOSH were separately gathering fuel for the fire. On the very day that Holman talked to the *Courier-Times*, Lemen

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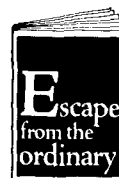
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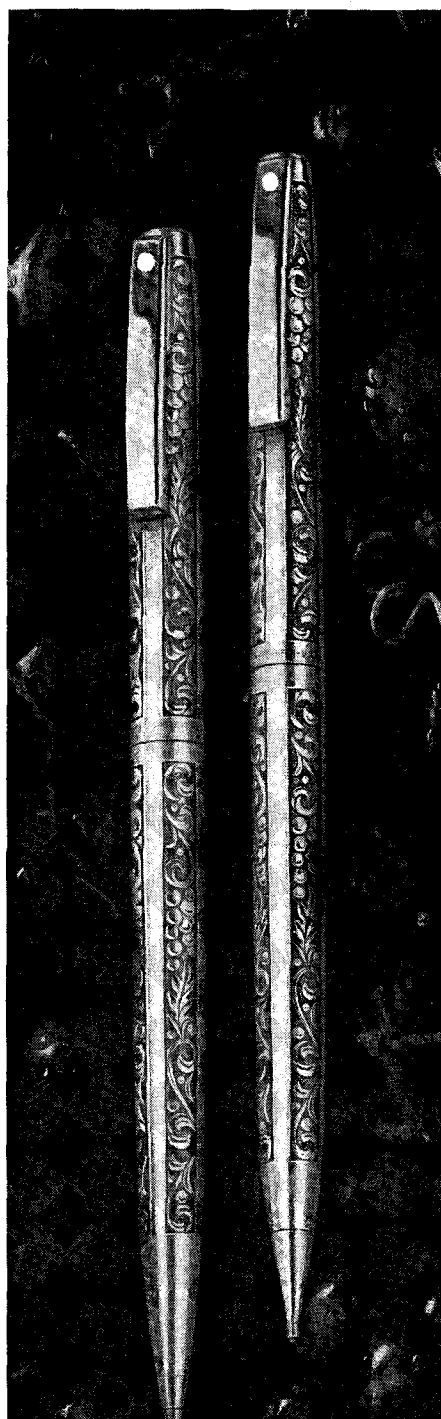
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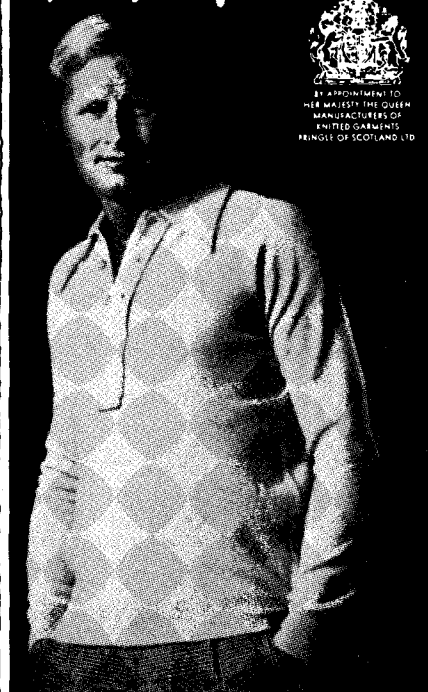
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sent Wodka a report containing the results of tests performed by Roy M. Fleming, an engineer in the Environmental Investigations branch of NIOSH's Division of Field Studies and Clinical Investigations, on one of the burlap bags that had been taken from the nursery in Tyler on January 7th. The bag, still in its sealed container, was placed in front of a chair in a room that was free of asbestos. A man wearing a respirator and two dust samplers entered the room and sat on the chair. Taking the burlap bag out of the plastic container, he turned it inside out; then, standing, he shook the bag for sixty seconds. Next he sat down, spread the bag on his lap, and wrapped it around the base of a small tree. After tying the corners of the bag with wire, he placed the tree on the floor, stood up to brush off his clothes, and left the room. During the four minutes this operation required, the average concentration of asbestos fibres longer than five microns around the worker was four hundred and ninety fibres per cubic centimetre of air—ninety-eight times the emergency five-fibre standard and more than forty times the old twelve-fibre one. (Indeed, had he not been wearing a respirator, the man would have inhaled some four million fibres during the four-minute period.) In a covering letter that was sent with a copy of the report to the Texas State Department of Health on January 17th, Lemen and Fleming described the use of burlap bags that had contained asbestos as a potentially serious health problem, and, by way of documenting this charge, pointed out that a recent report in the *British Medical Bulletin* referred to cases of mesothelioma in women who had been engaged in cleaning such bags.

In the meantime, Wodka had been trying without success to get information from John K. Barto, the regional administrator of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, in Dallas, on the Administration's actions about Tyler. Finally, on January 28th, Barto told Wodka that he was under orders from his superiors in Washington "not to disclose anything on the Tyler case to anybody." He did, however, tell Wodka about the followup inspection made by Holder and Boyle on January 13th, and about the additional proposed penalties levied against Pittsburgh Corning as a result of it. Barto refused to release the report of the Department of Labor's 1969 inspection of the Tyler factory or of the dust counts that Holder and Boyle had

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taken there in November, claiming that he felt obligated to withhold them because of the possibility that Pittsburgh Corning might contest the fines and send the Tyler case into litigation. Since Wodka and Mazzocchi considered this a lame excuse designed to cover up the Department of Labor's failure to implement the provisions of the Walsh-Healey Act in 1969, and the regulations of the Occupational Safety and Health Act in 1971, they now determined to make a fresh attempt, as they put it, to "blow the lid off the Tyler affair and focus national attention upon it."

The two union officials were well aware that their decision amounted to a declaration of open war upon the Occupational Safety and Health Administration and Pittsburgh Corning. Indeed, for several weeks Wodka had been compiling a history of the Tyler plant for a confidential report entitled "Occupational Health Tragedy," which amounted to a battle plan for the approaching hostilities. In the concluding section of the report, Wodka urged that a press conference be held in Washington to provoke the Environmental Protection Agency into taking action on the open-air dumps and contaminated bags, to force the Occupational Safety and Health Administration to declare an imminent-danger situation at the Tyler factory under the provisions of the Occupational Safety and Health Act, and to denounce Pittsburgh Corning for its callous disregard of the health of the Tyler workers. Realizing that much of the opprobrium for what had gone on in the Tyler plant was bound to be offset by Pittsburgh Corning's decision to close the plant, Wodka concluded his report by saying:

We have a responsibility to point out what protection Pittsburgh Corning failed to provide for the workers at Tyler and, instead, what utter contempt this company displayed for the lives of those workers, their families, and that community. The Tyler case is unique in that this company was aware as early as 1963 that something was wrong in Tyler. Pittsburgh Corning was not ignorant, but was fully aware of what was going to happen to those men in that plant. The company would very much like to see the plant shut down, the men quietly fade away, and the Tyler pin removed from their corporate map. The last place the company wants to be is on page 1.

The press conference that Wodka had requested was held on February 10th at the National Press Building in Washington, and was conducted by Mazzocchi, who opened the proceedings by reading telegrams that had been

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sent on February 8th by A. F. Gros-piron, the president of the union, to William Ruckelshaus, the Administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, and to Assistant Secretary Guenther. The telegram to Ruckelshaus urged him to take immediate action regarding the open asbestos dumps in Tyler and the tens of thousands of contaminated bags that had been sold to nurseries in the Tyler area, and to place Pittsburgh Corning under surveillance to prevent the repetition of such practices in other places. The telegram to Guenther pointed out the Department of Labor's laxity in not having enforced asbestos regulations at the Tyler plant in the past, and urged him to investigate Pittsburgh Corning's operations in other places.

Mazzocchi next reviewed the chronology and the findings of the various inspections of the Tyler factory over the years, and then he launched into an angry denunciation of the callousness and ignorance that had allowed the conditions there to go uncorrected. "Industry doctors and government officials who cover up vital life-and-death information about worker health are guilty of the My Lai syndrome," he declared, and he went on to note that what had happened at Tyler was probably happening in hundreds of other plants in America, and was symptomatic of the occupational-disease problem in this country. He concluded by describing Pittsburgh Corning's reaction to the NIOSH survey and the Administration citations. "This company was receiving a subsidy in terms of years of men's lives," he said. "When that subsidy was terminated by belated government intervention, the company decided to quit the asbestos business altogether." Neither Guenther nor Ruckelshaus responded to the telegrams sent by Gros-piron, and only two major newspapers ran articles on Mazzocchi's charges.

Down in Tyler, however, the Pittsburgh Corning plant got back into the news by way of a dispatch from United Press International that was based upon a press release issued by union headquarters, in Denver, on February 9th. The release was concerned chiefly with the contaminated burlap bags. As a result, when the story appeared in the Tyler papers, the *Courier-Times* and the *Morning Telegraph*, on February 17th, there was no mention whatsoever of the NIOSH report, of the Administration citations and fines, or of the fact that serious illness had already manifested itself among the sixty-three-man work force at the Tyler factory. The



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report in the *Morning Telegraph* was carried beneath a banner headline that read "Threat of Cancer Alleged," the article in the *Courier-Times* appeared beneath the caption "Company Denies Claims by Union," and both pieces consisted mostly of charges levelled by a union official about the contaminated burlap bags and denials of the charges by Gerald J. Voros, a public-relations spokesman for Pittsburgh Corning. According to both accounts, however, Voros admitted that "workers at the plant had been given physical examinations to determine if any of them exhibited contamination symptoms," and that "those whom the examinations revealed had been affected were referred to their personal physicians." He was quoted as saying, when asked by the *Telegraph* what the company would do if any of these afflictions could be attributed to asbestos dust, "I don't know. We'll just have to wait and see." Voros was, of course, being non-committal only about Pittsburgh Corning's responsibility to the sixty-three workers who were employed at the Tyler plant when it was shut down, on February 3rd, since neither Pittsburgh Corning nor the Union Asbestos & Rubber Company, the factory's previous owner, can be held legally accountable for what may happen to the eight hundred and thirty-two other men who toiled in the factory at one time or another during the seventeen years it was in operation.

Thus, in the middle of February, Pittsburgh Corning found itself compelled for the first time to issue public denials of wrongdoing in connection with its Tyler plant, even as it took steps to deny public access to the factory and its adjacent dumps, and to bury as much of the equipment and machinery from the place as possible. That the company should be placed on the defensive over some dumps and burlap bags, and not because of the awful jeopardy in which it had put the health of hundreds of its workers and their families, seems ironic. It should not, however, come as any surprise. Much of industry in the United States has long operated on the assumption that it could endanger the lives of its employees with relative impunity—and without embarrassing publicity and possibly damaging repercussions—as long as it did not overtly threaten the health and safety of the community at large. Underlying this assumption is the further assumption that workers are not so much a part of the community as part of the equipment and machinery of production. As such, upon being

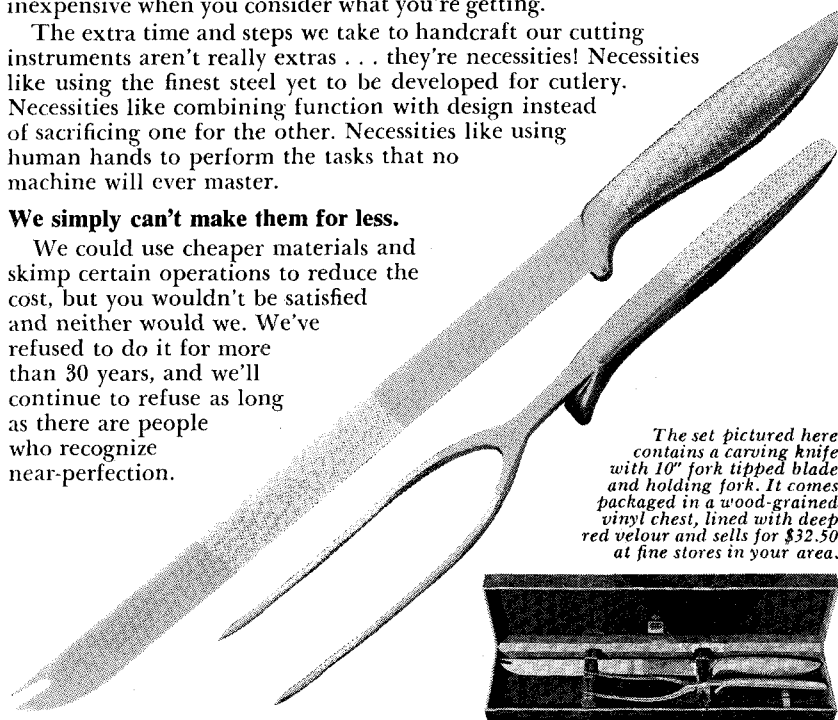
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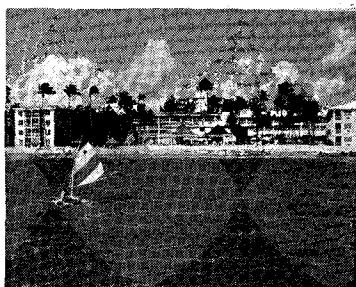
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proved defective they become expendable. They can be replaced or transferred, or, if worst comes to worst, given workmen's compensation (which in most states is minimal) and retired. At that point, they cease to be anyone's responsibility. Like the eight hundred and ninety-five men who worked in the Tyler plant over the years, they are out of sight and out of mind. In a sense, therefore, like much of the factory itself, they are buried.

I FIRST heard about the Tyler plant when I attended the press conference that Mazzocchi held in Washington on February 10, 1972. Later, at my request, he provided me with copies of all the inspection reports, surveys, and studies that had been made of the factory over the years, and after studying them I decided to go to Texas and talk with some of the people who had been involved in the whole sad affair. On Monday, March 6th, I flew to Dallas, where I paid a call on Barto, the regional administrator for the Occupational Safety and Health Administration. Barto is a heavyset, bejeweled man in his early fifties. I was ushered into his office shortly after noon, and when we had shaken hands I took a seat at a conference table in front of the desk and explained why I had come to see him.

"Look," he said. "NIOSH referred the Tyler situation to us, and we confirmed what NIOSH had discovered. It's as simple as that."

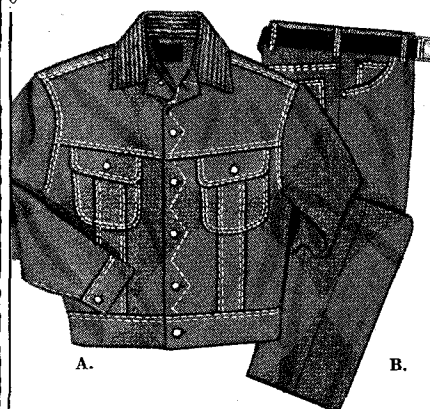
I told him that I was familiar with the contents of the NIOSH report and with the results of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration's subsequent inspections, and that I was particularly interested in knowing more about the inspection of the factory that the Dallas office of the Department of Labor had conducted on February 13, 1969.

Barto replied that he had not arrived at the Dallas office until July of 1970, so we would have to discuss the matter with Holder, the assistant regional administrator, who had been there since 1961, and he buzzed Holder on an intercom and asked him to bring a copy of the 1969 inspection report. While we waited, Barto told me that when he took over as regional administrator there had been no industrial hygienist in the office and there had been only three inspectors for the region, a five-state area comprising Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and New Mexico. "A plant as small as Tyler simply couldn't be checked under those conditions," he

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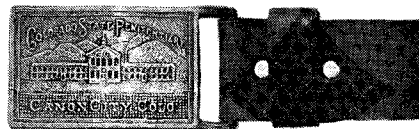
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31	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x			
32	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x			
33	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x			
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said. "Believe me, that was a minuscule problem compared to others we had."

Holder came in and took a seat opposite me at the conference table. He struck me as being an archetypal Texan—a tall, lean, tanned man in his late forties, with wavy blond hair and a rugged, seamy face. After Barto had explained the purpose of my visit, I asked Holder if the Department of Labor had ever inspected the Tyler plant before February 13, 1969. He shook his head. I then asked him if he knew of any previous inspections that had been conducted by agencies with enforcement power, such as the Texas State Department of Health. He replied that he did not. When I told him that I was particularly interested in learning more about the 1969 inspection conducted by the Dallas office, he replied tersely that on that date the Tyler plant had been found to be unsatisfactory according to the provisions of the Walsh-Healey Act. (This was an Act, still effective in 1969, that established occupational-safety-and-health standards for employees of companies holding contracts of ten thousand dollars or more with the federal government.) I then asked Holder on what specific grounds the factory had proved to be unsatisfactory, and he answered that the exhaust systems were deficient in terms of airflow, and that there was excessive dust.

At that point, I inquired what steps had been taken to determine whether the Pittsburgh Corning people had corrected the unsatisfactory conditions in the Tyler plant. Holder replied that the company had agreed that it would initiate a research-and-development program to improve the ventilation system, that it would study the possibility of replacing asbestos with a substitute material, and that it would provide respirators in the meantime, to protect the workers in the particularly dusty areas of the plant. He went on to say that the Walsh-Healey Act allowed the company to exceed the asbestos-dust standard if respirators were issued and worn, and that the issuance of respirators had therefore satisfied him as far as any violations of the Act were concerned.

I asked Holder how he knew that the employees in the Tyler plant had received respirators.

"Because the company had to issue them in order to come into compliance with the Walsh-Healey Act," he replied.

Rephrasing the question, I asked him if he had any first-hand knowledge that the company had complied.

For a moment, Holder remained

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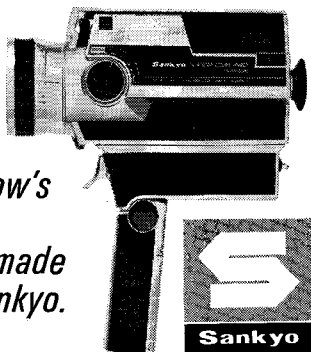


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silent. Then, quietly, he asked me if, by any chance, I was hard of hearing.

I replied that I didn't think so but that perhaps I had not understood him.

"Well, I think you must be hard of hearing, fella," he continued, "because didn't I just explain all that to you?"

I repeated that perhaps I had not understood him, and, rephrasing the question once more, asked him how he could be certain that Pittsburgh Corning had issued respirators to its employees following the 1969 inspection. After glancing at Barto, Holder said that the company had assured him at that time that it would undertake a study to improve the ventilation system and that it would issue respirators. He had no reason to believe that Pittsburgh Corning had not kept its word, he added.

I asked Holder if it was normal procedure to accept a company's statement of intention as evidence of compliance with occupational-health regulations, and he replied that he felt it was.

I then asked him if he or anyone else from the Dallas office had ever reinspected the Tyler plant to determine whether the company had come into compliance.

At that, Barto held up his hand. "No sense beating around the bush with this," he said. "What Holder's saying is that we did not reinspect. Let's leave it at that."

Since this seemed the only sensible course to take, I got to my feet, thanked both men for their time, and left the room. Holder followed me out, and engaged me in conversation as I was putting on my coat. "You know, the trouble with respirators out there is some of those boys really like their chewing tobacco," he told me in a confidential tone. "Why, you can't get them to wear a mask no way."

I asked Holder if he knew that asbestos inhalation could cause not only pulmonary scarring but lung cancer, mesothelioma, and other malignancies. He replied that he had never heard of mesothelioma and that he doubted if there was any real proof that asbestos could cause cancer.

"If such proof existed, would you still characterize the violations at Tyler as nonserious?" I asked.

"You know, this health business is always being exaggerated, in my view," Holder said. "I didn't see any serious danger in the Tyler situation, and I still don't. How can there be a serious danger if it doesn't hurt you right away? I mean, how can it be called



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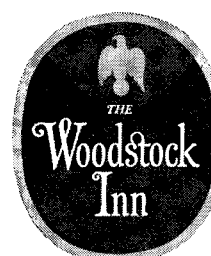
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serious if you can go right on working with it?"

HALF an hour later, I was driving a rented car east on Interstate 20, toward Tyler, about a hundred miles away. For the first fifty or sixty miles, the country was flat and dotted with grazing cattle; then it became hilly and wooded. Here and there, a pale-green wash of buds on bushes growing in wet draws signalled the approach of spring, but the hint seemed lost against a larger background of brown fields, skeletal trees, red clay soil, and a vast sky filled with circling buzzards. At about four-thirty in the afternoon, I turned off Interstate 20 and drove south on U.S. Highway 69 to a motel on the outskirts of Tyler, where I had made a reservation. At the turnoff, there was a large billboard, erected by the Peoples National Bank of Tyler, that read "Life Is a Bed of Roses."

When I got to the motel, I telephoned Dr. Hurst, at the East Texas Chest Hospital, and made an appointment to see him the next afternoon. Then I got in touch with Yandle, the local union chairman, who lives in Hawkins, a small town eighteen miles north of Tyler. Yandle has no telephone, but his wife's grandmother's house is next door, and she went over to get him. I had called him from New York and told him I wanted to talk with him, and when he came to the phone a few minutes later he said he would be along within an hour. While I waited for him, I drew up a list of questions for Van Horne, Pittsburgh Corning's plant manager, whom I planned to see the following day.

Yandle, who arrived shortly before six o'clock, proved to be a tall, heavyset man with an engaging grin and an easygoing manner. He came into the room, stuck out a hand, and plopped down in an easy chair. I asked him to tell me something about himself and his work history, and he said that he was thirty-six years old and had gone to work at the Tyler plant in the autumn of 1961. He had spent three and a half years in the production department, he went on, working on the feeder and scrap machines, and for the past seven years he had been in the shipping department. The first time he had ever worn a respirator was in July of 1971, he told me, and it was also the first time he had ever seen any of his co-workers wearing respirators except for a short period in the spring of 1969, when two

or three men working in very dusty areas had requested them. "It was more or less voluntary in 1969," he explained. "And after a few weeks the guys stopped wearing them."

I asked Yandle when he had first been told that asbestos was hazardous to work with, and he said it was in August of 1971, when Dr. Grant came down to give the men a talk. "We were real mad about the masks," he said. "Heck, I'd been working there ten years without one, and they were a pain in the neck to wear, especially in the summer, when it got so hot in there you'd sweat and couldn't get enough air through to breathe. So when Dr. Grant called my shift into the shipping supervisor's office, the first thing we asked him was how long we were going to have to wear the respirators. He said no longer than a year, because the company was going to shift over from asbestos to mineral wool. He had a blackboard set up in there with a lot of complicated words and numbers on it that none of us could make head or tail of. I remember he said that the company could make the whole plant dust-free but they couldn't make the finished product safe for the insulators to use. When somebody asked him about better dust collectors, he said that profits wouldn't allow them now. He said that the amosite mines in South Africa were running out and that the rates were getting too high for the company to bear the cost. He also said it had been known since 1963 that asbestos could hurt us. At

the same time, he said that amosite asbestos didn't cause trouble if you didn't smoke—that it wasn't proved medically that it could cause trouble. He had it written on the blackboard that seventeen per cent of the people who work with asbestos have lung cancer, but he told us that was another kind of asbestos. He claimed that if you didn't smoke you didn't have any more chance of catching cancer in the plant than you

did walking out in the street. He also wrote a word I can't pronounce—meso-something."

"Mesothelioma?" I asked.

"That's it," Yandle replied. "Dr. Grant said for us not to worry about that, either. Especially if we didn't smoke. Cigarettes and asbestos don't go together is what he told us. Next thing we knew, they were sending us over to Dr. Hurst at the East Texas Chest Hospital for X-rays, lung-function tests, and blood tests."

I asked Yandle if he had ever been

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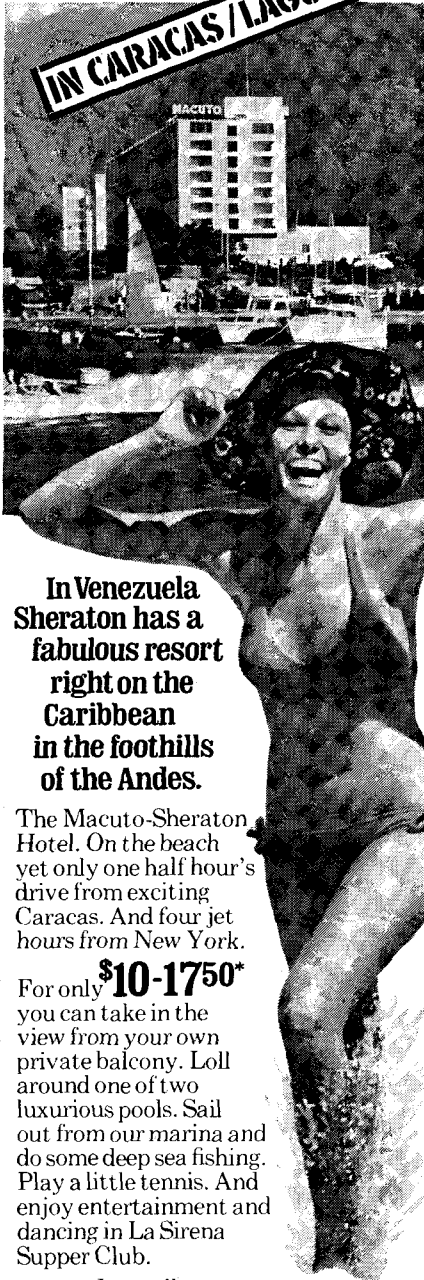
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X-rayed before then, and he said he had, on two occasions. "Both times, it was at the Medical and Surgical Clinic in Tyler," he told me. "They're the ones who handled all the accident work and medical stuff for Pittsburgh Corning. The first time I got X-rayed was in 1961, when I went to work there, and the next time was in the spring of 1969, not long after the Department of Labor people inspected the plant. According to Van Horne, all the X-rays they took of us in the spring of 1969 were good. We never saw them, of course, and wouldn't have known what to make of them if we had. I came across them, just by accident, last October, though, when the NIOSH boys were down here making their big inspection. I was taking them through the plant as the union representative, and I spotted a whole stack of something on a shelf high up in the men's room. So I climbed up there and took a look. It turned out to be our 1969 X-rays, but they were so old and cracked and covered with dust and dirt you couldn't have made out a thing."

I asked Yandle what he and his fellow-workers were told about the X-rays and tests that Dr. Hurst had performed the previous August, and he said they were not told anything until a few weeks before the NIOSH inspection in October. "Early in October, two of us went over to the hospital to ask Dr. Hurst for our medical reports," he went on. "Dr. Hurst said that he had sent them to Van Horne and Dr. Grant. He explained that he was obligated to Pittsburgh Corning, because he had done the tests for them, but that, as a medical doctor, he was also obligated to us. He said we had no asbestosis on our diagnosis, and that if there were shadows on the X-rays they were probably not related to asbestosis. He said that as far as he could tell there were no health problems that were related to our work, but there were people who had emphysema and bronchitis, which he said was on account of smoking. When a NIOSH doctor examined me a few weeks later, though, he said he was sure I had a good dose of asbestosis. Also, I'd begun to think back on things and to wise up on my own. I remembered when Willie Hurtt had to quit a few years ago because he was spitting up blood. And Robert Thomas, a neighbor of mine up in Hawkins, who hasn't been able to breathe good for a long time now. And Ed Land, with the same trouble. And Bill Morris, who was spitting up blood, too, and took himself over to the Gladewater Munic-

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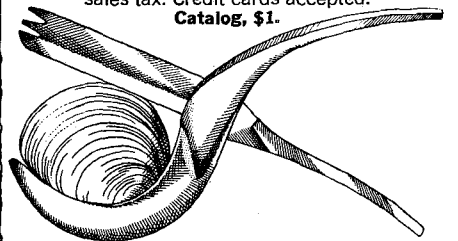
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ipal Hospital in 1969, where they found spots on his lungs and made a biopsy. And a whole bunch of others I could name. So when Steve Wodka and I went over to the East Texas Chest Hospital in January to meet with Hurst, Grant, Farkos, Spiegel, and Lemen, and I heard that seven of us who'd worked in the plant for ten years had symptoms of asbestosis, I wasn't surprised. Wodka and I asked for a thorough medical reading on the health problems of each and every man in the plant, and after that we began to hear a different tune. Early in February, Van Horne put up a notice on the factory bulletin board scheduling appointments with Dr. Hurst for twenty-three of us, who, it turned out, had something wrong on our medical tests. I went over there on the ninth with Arthur Bearden, who'd worked in the plant for about sixteen years. I went in first, and Dr. Hurst read off a lot of numbers and said that after a recheck of my tests they'd made a new diagnosis. He told me that I had symptoms of early asbestosis but that my condition wasn't so bad as some of the others'. He said that a few more weeks in the plant wouldn't hurt but that after it shut down I shouldn't try to find work in a foundry or a welding shop, or anyplace where it's dusty, and he advised me to look for a truck-driving job. He told the exact same thing to Arthur Bearden. Naturally, one of the things I asked Dr. Hurst was what I could do for myself. And that's when it dawned on me that I was in real bad trouble, because he said that there was no medicine or cure for asbestosis, and that I had to keep coming back every two years for another examination to see if it was getting worse."

I asked Yandle how he felt these days, and he said not bad. "It's kind of hard to explain," he went on. "But if I exert myself real fast, I kind of just give out." Yandle added that in addition to Bearden and himself, Robert Thomas, Mitchell Walker, Tom Belcher, and Harold Spencer had been told by Dr. Hurst that they had symptoms of early asbestosis, and had been advised not to work in dusty places. "There's a seventh guy with the same trouble, but he's a supervisor and he won't talk about it," Yandle said. "We hear that the company settled six months' pay on all the supervisors. These other fellows I told you about, though—they'll talk, and if you want I can introduce you to some of them."

I told Yandle I would like to meet them, and anyone else he could think

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of who could help to give me a clear picture of what had gone on in the Tyler plant.

"Well, then, you ought to talk to Frank Spencer," he said. "He's Harold's father, and the interesting thing about him is that he used to work at the old Union Asbestos & Rubber Company plant in McGregor, down by Waco. Old Frank's got an awful problem breathing these days, so he's almost always at home. Why don't I call him up now? I might as well call Ray Barron, too. Ray lives right close, and he's part of the maintenance crew they've kept on to clean up the plant."

Yandle telephoned Spencer and arranged for us to visit him at his house later in the evening. Then he called Barron and invited him to come to the motel. When he had hung up, I asked him to tell me what he knew about the burlap bags that asbestos was shipped to Tyler in and that were later sold to nurseries in the Dallas-Tyler area.

"That's a real laugh," he said. "I mean about them recalling thirty-five thousand of those bags from the local nurseries. You see, the amosite came in hundred-pound bags from South Africa to New Orleans and Houston, and then it was freighted over here on the Cotton Belt Route. Now, I happen to know that from 1963 to 1967 Pittsburgh Corning sold those bags to the Coastal Bag & Bagging Corporation, of Houston. Then, after 1967, they started selling them locally—mostly to the nurseries. Anyway, what I'm getting at is that the thirty-five thousand bags are just a drop in the bucket. Look at it this way. We used two hundred sacks of amosite a day in production, and we worked a five-day week. That makes a thousand bags a week, and fifty-two thousand bags a year. Is that right?"

"Right," I said.

"O.K.," Yandle went on. "Fifty-two thousand bags a year for ten years gives you how much?"

"More than half a million," I replied.

"More than half a million," Yandle said quietly. "And you know what? They leaked like crazy—all of them. I know, because I used to help unload them from the freight cars. They leaked like crazy, and they were dusty as could be."

It was nearly seven when Ray Barron arrived—a handsome, strapping, dark-haired man of thirty-four, with a soft-spoken manner. He told me that he had worked at the Tyler plant for six years, first as a bag feeder, then

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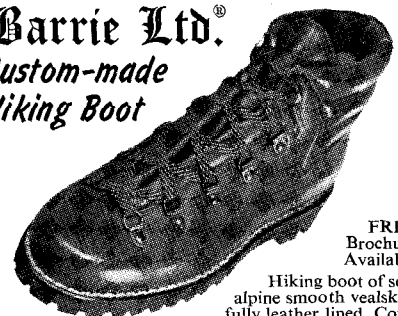


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in the building department, and now as a maintenance man. "I was a bag feeder for about six months," he said. "It was my job to empty the amosite out of the burlap sacks and into the feeding machines. I fed about seventy hundred-pound bags of asbestos on every eight-hour shift I worked. Trouble was, the asbestos wouldn't just pour out. It was packed in so tight we had to dig it out with our bare hands."

I asked Barron if he had ever worn a respirator when he was a bag feeder, and he shook his head. He had never worn one until August of 1971, he said, when the company suddenly made it mandatory for the entire work force to wear respirators. "Some of us were issued respirators a few years ago, but it was voluntary if we wanted to wear them, and since no one told us until last August that asbestos was dangerous to work with, we didn't," he said. "All of us in the maintenance crew are wearing 'em now, though. Except for Van Horne, who keeps saying that asbestos won't hurt you. He also claims that none of our medical problems are caused by asbestos. My own X-ray is supposed to be clear, and my other tests are O.K., and I don't have finger clubbing, so they told me I was probably all right. What worries me is that word 'probably,' and whether I'll be all right five or ten years from now. When I think back, all I can remember is the dust. Why, most of the time I worked there you couldn't see from one end of the place to the other—especially when there was any sunlight coming through the windows."

Barron then said that for the past several weeks he and three other maintenance men had been dismantling machinery and equipment with acetylene torches and burying most of it in a dump next to the plant. "The little that's left is either being shipped up to Pittsburgh or being sold for scrap," he went on. "When we get through, the place'll be empty except for the surplus fibre that's still in the warehouse."

"How much of that is there?" I inquired.

"There must be about ten thousand bags," Barron answered. "I hear they've already sold it to some outfit up in Canada."

"Do you know who they are or where in Canada they are?"

"No," Barron said. "It's supposed to be a secret. But we'll be busy full time down there for at least six more weeks, so I might hear something. We've only just begun to bury the ventilation pipe, and we still have to finish cutting up

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the conveyor belts, carriages, ovens, and cyclone machines."

Barron left shortly after eight o'clock, and then Yandle and I drove out the loop highway—one of a series of roads that girdle Tyler—to the east side of town, where Frank Spencer and his wife live. We climbed the porch steps, and Yandle knocked on a screen door that opened into a small living room. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer were inside, sitting in rocking chairs and watching a quiz show on a large color TV set. Spencer, a white-haired, ruddy-faced man, was wearing blue-and-white striped overalls. His wife, also white-haired, was wearing a plain calico dress. After Yandle had introduced us, I sat down on a small couch and asked Spencer to tell me about his experiences working with asbestos.

"Well, I worked with asbestos for twenty years or so," he said. "I started in 1948 or 1949 in the old plant down in McGregor, where we used to live. The factory was in the Bluebonnet Ordnance Plant area, where they'd made bombs for the Air Force during the Second World War, and the government began reactivating the place in 1952, so Union Asbestos & Rubber moved out and came up here in '54. There was about sixty of us on the work force at McGregor, but there was a big turnover. Most of us were farmers, and there was a lot of young farm boys who came and went. Harold, my own son, worked there, too. In fact, I signed a paper saying he was eighteen, but he was really only seventeen. That's so he could get the job."

I asked Spencer if he had ever worn a respirator at McGregor, and he gave me a look of amazement. "Wore a respirator!" he exclaimed. "Why, I wore one all the time down there. They never said a word to us about asbestos being dangerous, but they made us wear our respirators. Actually, it wasn't the company that did that. It was the insurance underwriters who said we had to wear 'em. I guess they must have known that that dust couldn't be doin' us much good, eh? But, goodness' sakes, insurance underwriters or not, you would have *had* to wear a respirator down there—you couldn't have breathed otherwise. Most of the time, I couldn't hardly see the man working next to me!"

"Do you ever get back there?" I inquired.

"We used to go back all the time to see our friends and relatives," Spencer replied. "But, one by one, just about all the men who worked with me at that

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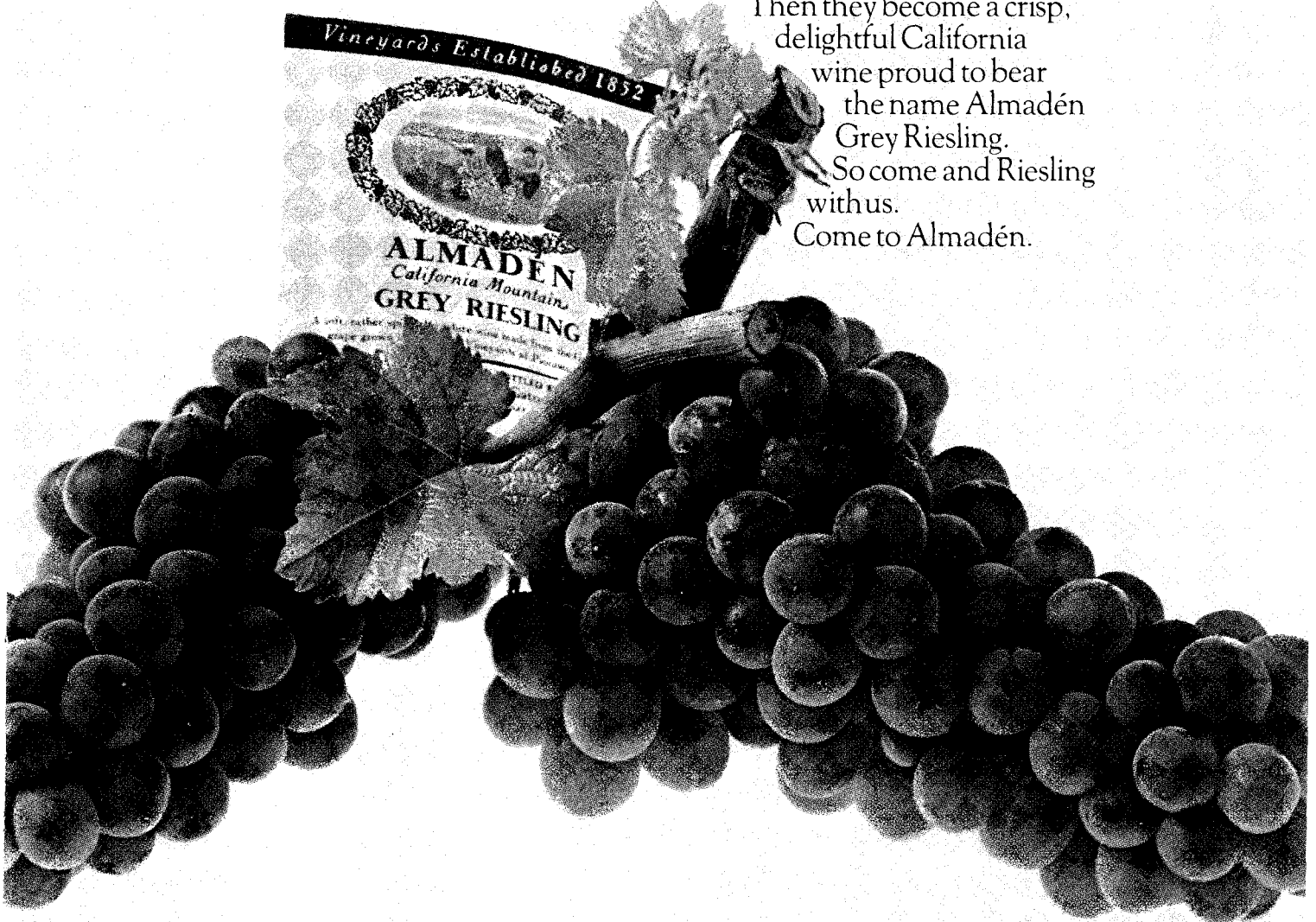
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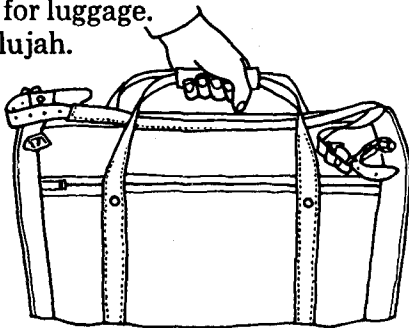
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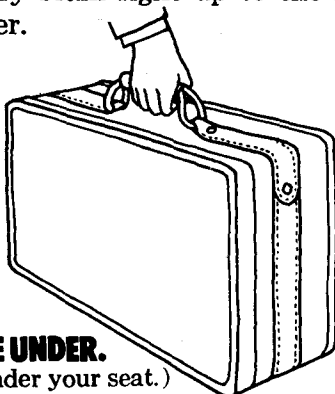


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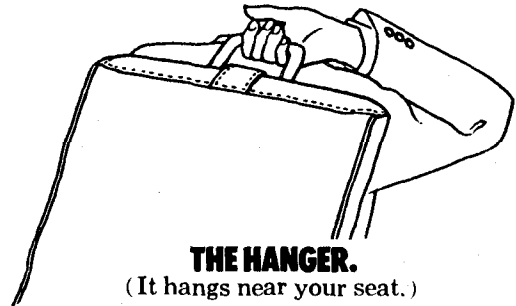
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place have died. Mostly, they just seemed to stop breathing."

"Some of them died of cancer, too," Mrs. Spencer added, without taking her eyes from the TV set. "Chest cancer, the womenfolk told me."

"I'll be sixty-six years old in May," Spencer said. "And I swear I'm just about the onliest one I know that's left alive from that McGregor plant. Except for my son, of course, and he's already got trouble with his lungs. I've had trouble with mine for years. I finally had to quit the Tyler plant in 1968. They disabled me. Just couldn't hardly breathe no more. Now I'm out of breath all the time. Can't do nothing. Can't walk any distance at all. When I quit, they started giving me some retirement payments—eighteen dollars a month. I should've done what Ed Land did. He quit around about 1962. He couldn't breathe, either, because a lung collapsed on him. I heard he was going to sue, but they settled with him."

I asked Spencer if he was receiving any medical attention, and he smiled for the first time. "I've been going to these local doctors for my lungs for years," he said. "I spit up an awful lot, and I'm always out of breath, and I've got a funny-sounding cough. I guess I've been to just about every last doctor in that Medical and Surgical Clinic. All of 'em have told me I had something wrong on my X-rays. Some of 'em have told me I got emphysema, and some of 'em say it's asthma, and at one time they even thought I had cancer, but not one of 'em ever said it was on account of asbestos. Well, they're a bunch of quacks. I know what I got now. I got what Ed Land got. I got what Harold's got. And all the others. I got that dust disease. That dust has ate us up."

As Yandle and I left a few minutes later, Spencer rose from his rocking chair, saw us out the door, and stood on the porch and bid us goodbye. As we went down the steps, I turned to thank him, and saw him leaning forward, hands on his knees, rocking his head up and down. He was gasping for air.

At eight o'clock the next morning, Yandle came by the motel in his battered blue pickup. We had a cup of coffee in the dining room and then drove out to Arthur Bearden's house, on the east side of town. Bearden's place was a faded-green frame dwelling that sat on cinder blocks, like most of the houses in the area, and in the front yard there was a twenty-five-



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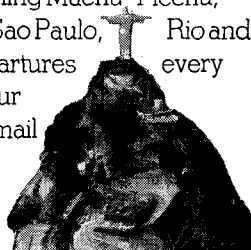
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foot-high, symmetrically rounded, and wonderfully festive holly tree, so full of shiny green leaves and bright-red berries it looked as if it had been hung by hand.

Bearden came to the door, ushered us inside, and immediately offered to brew us some coffee. He is a grave-faced, soft-spoken man in his middle forties, and when Yandle told me he was famous for making strong coffee he responded with a broad grin of delight. Then, seating me at a table in the dining room, he disappeared into the kitchen. Yandle went to get Harold Spencer, who lived in a trailer next door.

When Bearden returned from the kitchen, he sat down across from me and told me that he had gone to work at the Tyler plant in March of 1955, a few months after it began operating. "I worked there until 1960," he said. "Then I was laid off for a year, but I went back in April of 1961 and stayed until the plant closed down last month. So, all in all, I figure I worked with asbestos about sixteen years. During that time, I guess I worked in most areas of the production department. I never wore a respirator until last August, and I never saw anyone else wearing one except for a few fellows on the feeder machines and in the saw room back in 1969. Those were probably the dustiest areas in the plant, but the whole place was so dusty it's hard to tell for sure. Most days, you couldn't see from the middle of the building to either end."

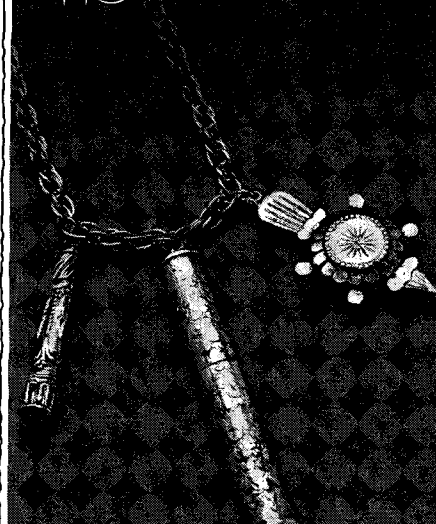
At this point, Yandle returned with Harold Spencer, a man in his late thirties, who wears a grin that masks a diffident manner and an air of fatalism. When I told him I had met his father and mother the night before, he simply nodded and grinned a little wider, and sat down at the table. I asked Spencer how long he had worked with asbestos, and he thought for a few moments and said he guessed for about seventeen years. "I worked at the Union Asbestos & Rubber plant in McGregor from '51 to '53," he said. "Then I worked at Tyler from '55 to '57, and then I came back in 1960 and worked steady from then on until the plant closed down last month. Nobody ever told me the stuff would hurt us, and I never wore a respirator until last August, when everybody had to start wearing them. Back around last Thanksgiving time, I got called over to the East Texas Chest Hospital by a Dr. Seaman, who told me I had a spot on my left lung. He didn't say what it was, but he offered to treat me as an

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outpatient. He said I could keep on working at the plant that way. I went to him for about two months. During December and January, I went once a week, on Tuesday morning. They took X-ray pictures of me every time. Most mornings, they just took a couple, but one morning they took eleven—one standing up and ten flat on my back. Another time, they swabbed out my mouth with anesthetic, put in some kind of a coating, and looked down into my chest with some kind of a tube. Afterward, Dr. Seaman told me my left lung wasn't functioning properly. I asked him if it was on account of the asbestos, but he said he couldn't say. All he could say was that there wasn't any surgery for it. Then, on February 9th, I got sent over there to see Dr. Hurst. He said I had what looked to him like asbestos scar tissue in my lungs. He told me not to work in dusty conditions anymore, and he said to come back and see him in two years. By that time, I was real worried and didn't know what to think. What worried me most of all was what a doctor from NIOSH told me back in October. He had listened to me breathe, and he had looked real careful at my fingers, and he had told me I had a case of asbestosis."

"That's what we all got," said Bearden, looking around the table at his friends and then at me. "We just better hope we don't get cancer. You know, some people have already died of cancer who worked there. Mr. McMillan—he was plant manager before Van Horne—he died about a year and a half ago of some kind of cancer in the chest. And Marvin King, one of the supervisors—he took sick back in 1958, I think it was, and died of lung cancer. And Chester Hickman, who'd been night watchman since the place opened—he died of cancer in June of 1971."

Bearden went out to the kitchen and brought back coffee for everyone. It turned out to be as strong as any I had ever tasted, and when I told him so he grinned with delight again. "Spencer here was the only one of us that got treated as an outpatient," he said. "Back in October, Dr. Spiegel told me I had a bad sound in my lungs, but I didn't see Dr. Hurst until I went over to the East Texas Chest Hospital with Herman here in February. Dr. Hurst told me I had early stages of asbestosis with rales in my lungs, and that I shouldn't try to find a job anywhere there was dust. The thing that bothers me is I should've realized something was wrong back in 1968. I was off

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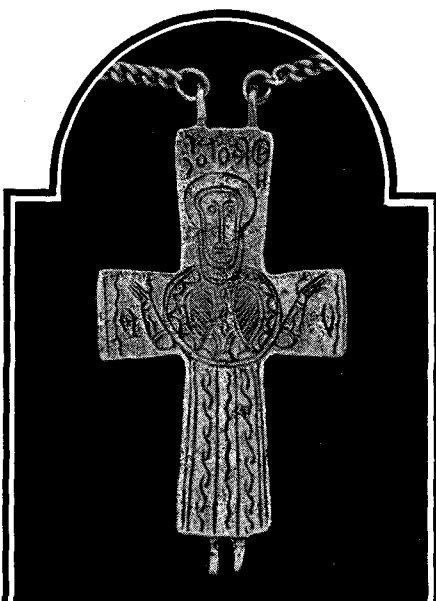
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from work then with a bladder infection and got sent over by the company to see Dr. Smyth, at the Medical and Surgical Clinic. He gave me a physical examination and listened to my chest and took some X-rays. A few hours later, he called me back and listened to my chest again, but he didn't tell me anything."

"Funny thing," Spencer murmured. "Back in 1969, I got my first X-ray at the Medical and Surgical Clinic, and a Dr. Marshall over there told me I had a spot on my lung. He said he'd be in touch with me, but after I waited six months without hearing from him I got worried and went back and saw a Dr. Whetsell there. Dr. Whetsell gave me a checkup, and when he was through I told him I thought that maybe I ought to change jobs, but he said he couldn't guarantee I'd be hired anywhere else, because I might not be able to pass a physical."

While Spencer was talking, we were joined by Willie Hurtt, whom Yandle had invited over. Hurtt is a gaunt man in his late fifties, with sunken cheeks and a shy manner. He told me that he had started work at the Tyler plant in January of 1956, and had stayed until November of 1969, when he quit. "I worked mostly on the feeding machines and the ovens, and I hardly ever wore a respirator the whole time," he said. "I remember, though, that around the end of May of 1969 some fellows from the union committee went in and asked Van Horne how come a few of the boys were suddenly wearing masks. Van Horne told them it was on account of the dust levels were high in the saw room and the feeding-machine area. So they asked him if the dust would hurt us, and Van Horne just said that even if it did there wasn't any way anybody could be sure of it. Of course, by that time I was beginning to get some idea of my own that the stuff wasn't good to breathe. I'd been coughing bad for nearly three years, and I'd been to a lot of doctors. I went to see Dr. Thomas and Dr. Smyth at the Medical and Surgical Clinic, and I went to Dr. Knight at the Glenwood General Hospital, in Tyler. Dr. Smyth told me I ought not to work in dust, but he never said I'd be disabled. Dr. Knight said I had emphysema in both lungs. He kept me at the Glenwood General Hospital for a week after I quit the plant. He took a lot of X-rays and asked me where I worked, but he didn't tell me anything about the X-rays and he didn't say anything about asbestos. Now I'm not worth a hoot to do anything. If I walk just

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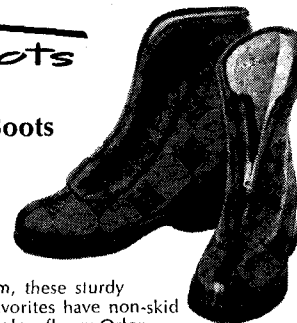
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a little piece, I can't even breathe."

"Same with me," said Bearden. "I hoed a row in the garden the other day and I was out of breath entirely."

"The worst thing of all is we can't pass a physical to get another job," Spencer said.

Bearden nodded soberly. "I got an application in at a plant that manufactures air-conditioners," he told me. "But I'm a-scared to death of the physical. I'll take it, but I'm afraid of it, 'cause I know I won't pass it if they take an X-ray or listen to my lungs." For a moment, Bearden was silent, looking around the table at his friends. "You know," he said reflectively, "not everybody was as dumb as we were. I remember a new man walking in a few years ago. It was in 1970, I think. They had told me to explain the feeders to him, and it was nighttime and the lights were on and the dust was so thick it was fogging the lights. This fellow—I'll never forget him. He took a look at the feeders, and he walked partway down the plant floor. Then he turned and walked back past me and gave his head a shake. And then he went right on out the door, without a word to anybody, and he never came back."

IT was about eleven o'clock when Yandle and I returned to the motel. I had an appointment to see Van Horne in an hour, and Yandle had to do some work around his house. We arranged to meet there late in the afternoon. Half an hour later, I drove east to U.S. Highway 271, where I turned north at a huge foundry that was belching smoke into the sky. About eight miles down the road, I passed a large, modern brick building surrounded by expansive lawns. A sign identified it as "East Texas Chest Hospital." A few hundred yards past the hospital, I turned west onto State Highway 155, where there was a sign pointing the way to the Owentown Industrial District. At the bottom of a hill, about a mile northwest of the hospital, I came to a flat valley filled with sheds, prefabricated buildings, and some wooden warehouses that had once been part of Camp Fannin, a Second World War training center and P.O.W. camp. The whole place was crisscrossed by spurs of the St. Louis Southwestern Railway. After winding through the area for five or ten minutes, I came upon a pair of long, low sheds with peeling wooden façades and corrugated roofs, and saw a sign affixed to the side of one of them which read "All Persons Entering This Area *Must* Wear Approved Respirator

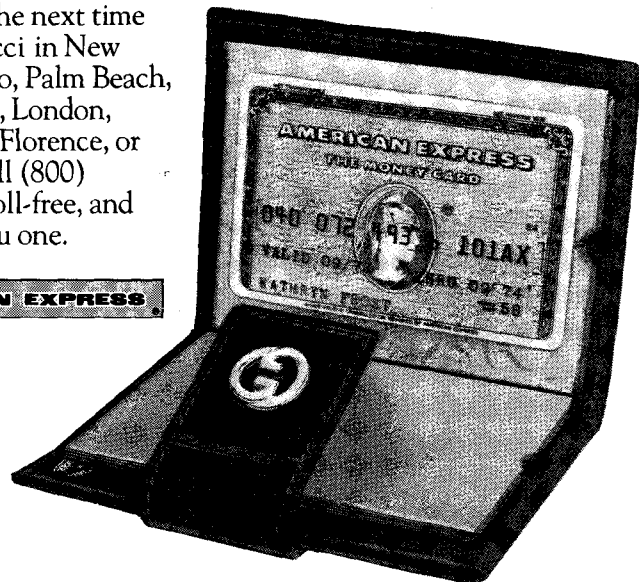
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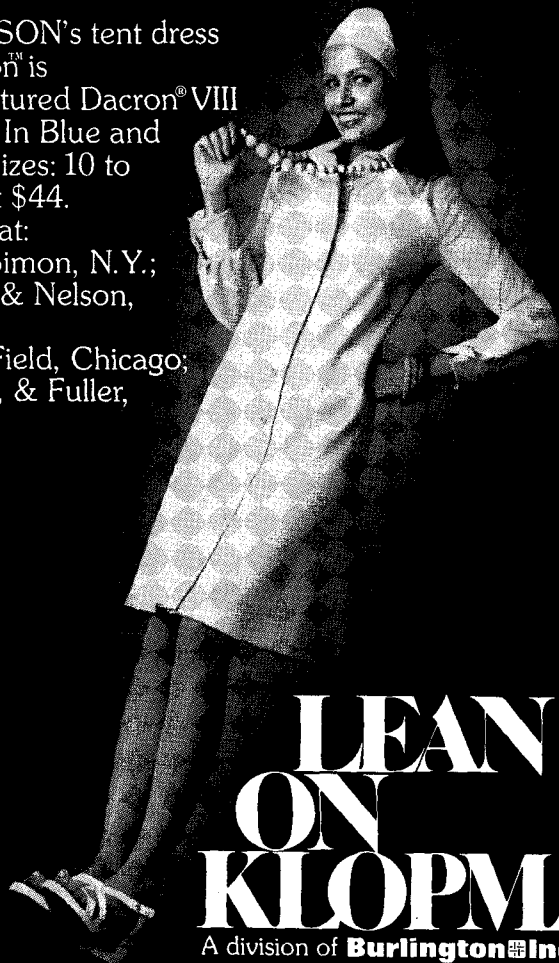
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I parked the car out front, went inside, and gave my name to a receptionist in an anteroom, who announced my arrival on an intercom. A minute later, Van Horne came out, shook my hand, and ushered me into his office, where we sat down near his desk. He was a gray-haired, self-assured man in his middle forties, and he was wearing horn-rimmed glasses and a mustard-colored sports jacket. When I told him that I wanted to talk with him about the plant, he said he had been in touch with the Pittsburgh office an hour before and had received certain orders. "I have been instructed to read a statement to you," Van Horne continued. "It is an authorized statement, and after I am done reading it I will have no further comment." Having said this, he got to his feet, picked up a sheet of paper from the top of his desk, adjusted his glasses, and, in the firm, measured tone of a schoolmaster explaining the rules to a new and possibly recalcitrant student, began reading. "Pittsburgh Corning, on its own initiative, has closed the Tyler, Texas, plant and has ceased asbestos production entirely," the statement said. "We have no plans for further use of the Tyler plant and are making every effort to insure safe disposal of any remaining waste material. We sincerely regret the adverse economic impact that the plant closing might have on our employees and their families. Since 1967, we have made efforts and investments to reduce dust levels at the plant and have kept government agencies advised. It has become economically impossible to reach the increasing rigid dust levels established by the federal government. Each of the employees at the plant have been given complete physical examinations and, in cooperation with local officers of the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers Union, we have established a job-counselling service to aid men in locating other work. There is no substantiation for the claim that burlap bags from the plant are a health hazard. Despite this, we have recently bought from nurserymen in the Dallas-Tyler area some thirty-six thousand bags, which may have come from our plant."

When Van Horne finished reading, there was a moment of constrained silence; then I got to my feet, thanked him for giving me his time, and asked

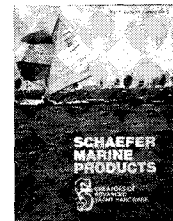
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him if I could have a copy of his statement. He rang for the receptionist, who came in, took the statement, went out, and returned with a Xerox copy. Van Horne handed me the Xerox, shook my hand, accompanied me to the front door, and wished me a pleasant trip back to New York City. I told him I was planning to stick around town for a while. Then I got into the car and drove away.

WHEN I got back to the motel, I went to my room to make a few phone calls. While I was looking up some numbers in the local directory, I happened upon a description of the town, and learned that it had been established in the early eighteen-forties and named for President John Tyler, who had advocated the annexation of Texas to the United States. According to the phone book, Tyler had been "a small agricultural town with an aristocratic background" until 1930, when the great East Texas oil field was discovered. At that point, the phone directory said, "Tyler became the office headquarters for two hundred and sixty-seven independent and major oil producers, operators, and refiners working in the fields surrounding the city." Beneath the description was a box with the heading "Some Interesting Facts About Tyler." One of the interesting facts was that Tyler has a twenty-eight-acre municipal garden containing twenty-five thousand rosebushes in three hundred and fifty varieties. Another interesting fact was that "more than half of the field-grown rosebushes supplied to the entire nation come from within a fifty-mile radius of Tyler." The most interesting fact about Tyler I saw, however, was that it is the medical center of East Texas, with an expanding complex that includes the Medical Center Hospital, the Mother Frances Hospital, two other general hospitals, four private clinics, and, on the outskirts, the East Texas Chest Hospital, which has eight hundred and twenty-five beds.

After lunch, I drove out to the East Texas Chest Hospital to keep my appointment with Dr. Hurst. It was a windy afternoon, with clouds scudding across the sky, and on a flagpole in front of the main entrance to the hospital the American and Lone Star flags were flapping to the accompaniment of rattling grommets. A lot of Texas red-bud trees on the grounds were just beginning to bloom, and they cast a sheen of purple against the well-trimmed green lawns. Some distance off, ramshackle wooden barracks with sagging

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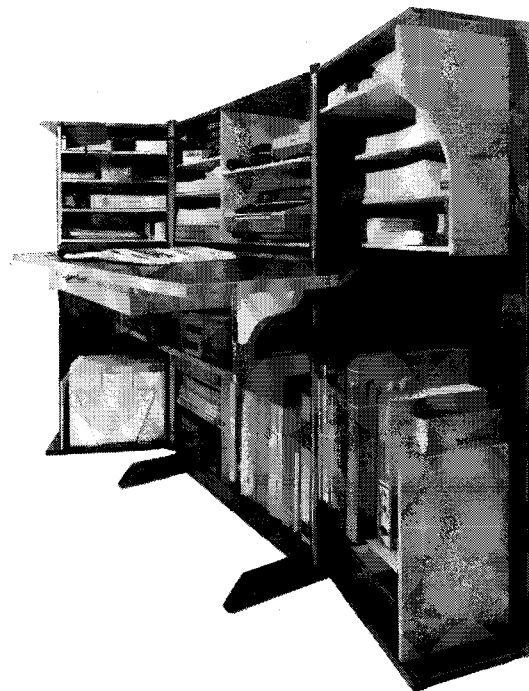
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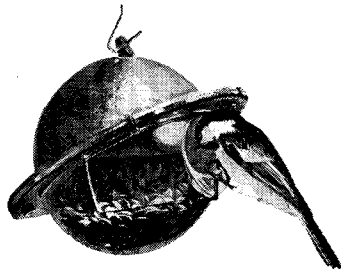
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roofs, peeling clapboard walls, and verandas evolving into debris indicated that, like the nearby Owentown Industrial District, the site had once been part of Camp Fannin.

After spending a few minutes in a waiting room, I was directed to the office of Dr. Hurst, whom I found to be a tall, thin man in his late thirties, with dark hair, an earnest manner, and a mild way of speaking. Born in Minas Gerais, in Brazil, where his father was a missionary, Dr. Hurst received his training at the University of Texas Southwestern Medical School, in Dallas; he then became a specialist in pulmonary disease, and for several years was a member of the staff of the Chest Division of Woodlawn Hospital, in Dallas. In 1964, he was appointed clinical director of the East Texas Chest Hospital, and in the autumn of 1970 he became superintendent of the institution. He told me that the hospital had been founded in 1949 as a tuberculosis hospital, and that its major work had always been in the field of tuberculosis treatment. "Since 1967, however, we've been treating patients afflicted with other kinds of pulmonary disease," he said. "The fact is that when Dr. Grant, as medical consultant to Pittsburgh Corning, approached me late in 1966 about conducting a medical survey of the workers in the asbestos factory here, it promised to be a real departure for us."

"What reasons did Dr. Grant give you for wanting the study performed?" I asked.

"He told me that the men were working with amosite asbestos, and that the company wanted to know if they were encountering any medical problems as a result of their exposure."

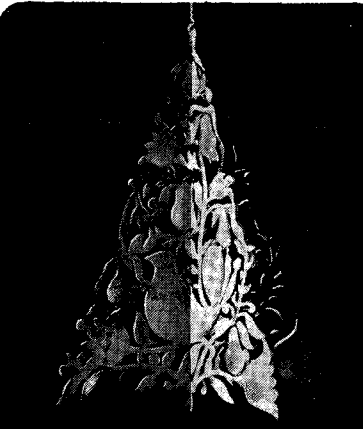
I remarked on the irony of the factory's proximity to a hospital specializing in pulmonary disease, and asked Dr. Hurst if he had known of the plant's existence before Dr. Grant's visit.

Dr. Hurst shook his head somberly. "No," he said. "I'd never heard of the place."

"Did Dr. Grant give you any indication that he suspected the men might be getting sick because of their exposure to asbestos?"

"No, he did not," Dr. Hurst replied. "Obviously, he knew that exposure to asbestos could cause pulmonary fibrosis. He simply told me that the company had been using the Medical and Surgical Clinic, and that it now wanted us to undertake a comprehensive medical survey of its workers."

I asked Dr. Hurst if he had ever



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been consulted by any doctor at the Medical and Surgical Clinic about any worker at the Pittsburgh Corning plant who had had to stop work because of pulmonary insufficiency.

"No," he said. "Never. I only examined men sent me by the company, who were working and were apparently well."

I told Dr. Hurst that several of the asbestos workers I had talked with had said that doctors at the clinic had told them they were afflicted with emphysema or bronchitis, and that I had not yet met anyone who had been told by any doctor at the clinic that he was afflicted with asbestosis. I asked Dr. Hurst if this seemed strange to him.

For a moment, he was silent. Then he said, "You know, there's an awful lot of ignorance about occupational disease. The average doctor tends to minimize the danger of it. Some doctors tend to blame everything on cigarettes."

I asked Dr. Hurst if he had learned at any time that Dr. Cralley, of the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health, in Cincinnati, had not performed the medical survey of the Tyler workers he had agreed to back in 1967.

"No, I did not," he answered. "I assumed that the study had been conducted, as Dr. Grant had indicated it would be."

"What reasons did Dr. Grant give when he called you last August and once again proposed that you examine and test the workers?" I inquired.

"The same reasons he gave nearly five years before," Dr. Hurst replied.

"Did he tell you that Pittsburgh Corning had filed a request with the Department of Labor for a variance from occupational-health regulations, and that the request for a variance stated that the company had already expanded its medical-examination program?"

"No," said Dr. Hurst.

When I asked Dr. Hurst to describe the tests that were performed on the Tyler workers at the East Texas Chest Hospital in August of 1971, he told me that they included ventilatory studies, to determine how fast air goes into and out of the lungs; lung-volume studies, to show how much air the lungs can hold; blood-gas studies, to indicate how efficiently oxygen is getting into the bloodstream; diffusion studies, to indicate what happens to oxygen and carbon dioxide in the lungs; and chest X-rays.

I then asked Dr. Hurst when he first suspected that some of the workers were afflicted with asbestosis. "Well,

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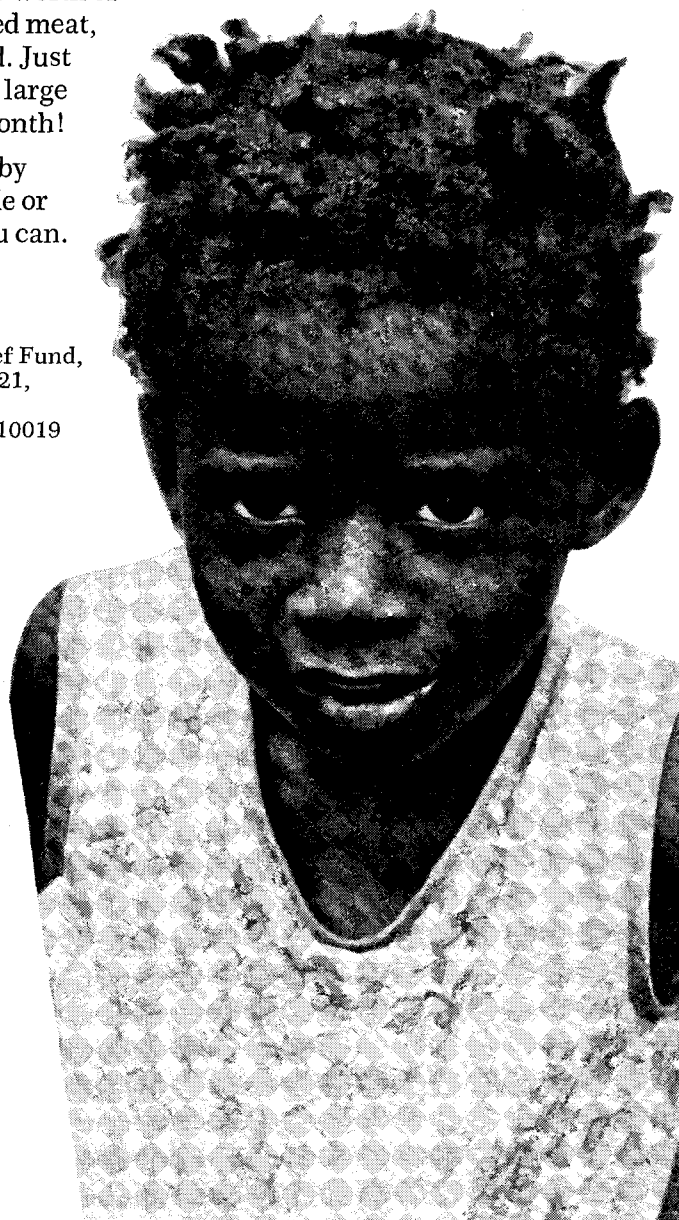
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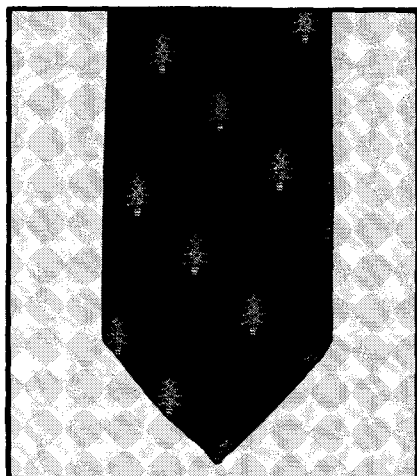
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that took a while, because we weren't able to pull all our data together until November," he said. "By then, we knew there was evidence of fibrosis, or scarring of the lungs, on some of the X-rays. Some of the men also had dyspnea, or shortness of breath, and there were decreases in diffusion capacity as well. In fact, all but one of the seven men in real trouble had low diffusion. The trouble was, we had made a mistake in our formula for the diffusion studies, and didn't discover it until December. That's why it took us so long to come up with a positive diagnosis of asbestosis."

I then asked Dr. Hurst if he or anyone else was planning to perform followup medical studies of the Tyler workers or their families, or of former workers or their families.

"I've talked about that with Dr. Johnson, at NIOSH, with Dr. Norman Dyer, of the Environmental Protection Agency, in Dallas, and with my superiors in the Texas State Department of Health," he said. "I really can't say what's going to happen, however. I suppose it's a question of where the money will come from."

Next, I asked Dr. Hurst if the East Texas Chest Hospital had ever before examined workers on a consultant basis with a company.

"Not to my knowledge," he replied. "Would you do it again?" "I don't know," Dr. Hurst said slowly. "The studies we performed for Pittsburgh Corning were good studies, and once we rectified the error in our diffusion tests they were thorough. But whether we should have got involved with the company in the first place is something I'm not sure about."

IT was about three-thirty when I left the hospital, so I took the shortest route to Yandle's house, driving north on State Highway 155, past the Owentown Industrial District. I continued, through Winona, to the town of Big Sandy, where I turned west on U.S. Highway 80, toward Hawkins. At one point, I crossed a bridge over a muddy, meandering stream, and then the road passed through mile after mile of pecan groves, where snow-white cattle grazed among thousands of frail black trees, whose delicate branches formed an intricate tracery against the sky. The center of Hawkins consists of four corners, where U.S. Highway 80 is bisected by State Highway 14. A sign there says that the town has a population of nine hundred and seventy-seven. I turned north on State Highway 14 and, within a mile or so, arrived at

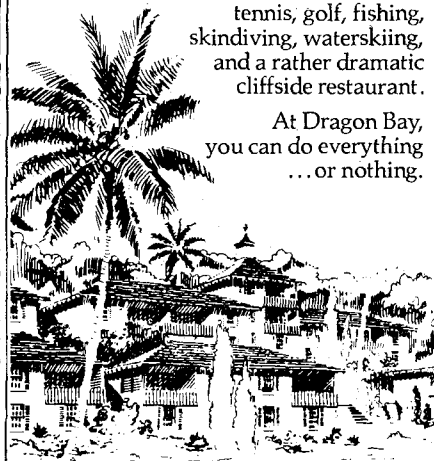
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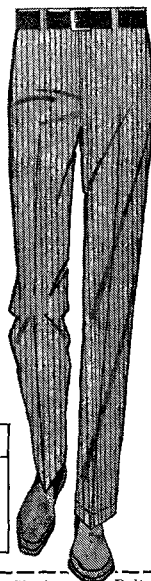
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Yandle's place—a small white frame house—and found Yandle standing in the driveway.

Yandle and I spent the rest of the afternoon hunting up men who had worked in the Tyler plant. A mile down the road, we paid our first call, on Dale Peek, a lean, good-looking fellow in his late twenties, whom we found in the yard behind his house, bending over the engine of a car. Peek was wearing a navy-blue wool watch cap, a shirt with the sleeves cut out, and Levi's. After we shook hands, he stuffed his hands into the hip pockets of his Levi's, sat down on a fender of his car, and told me that he had worked at the Tyler plant for five years. "Like most of the other boys, I had a whole bunch of jobs," he said. "I was a feeder, a builder, a saw-room laborer, and a scale man. Scale men are the ones who weigh the boxes carrying the finished product. I finally quit the place in July of 1969, on account of the respirators they had started making some of us wear. I couldn't breathe through the damn thing. I just couldn't get any air into me, so I quit. Now I work making corrugated boxes at the Continental Can plant. That's in the Owentown Industrial District, too. The spring before I quit, I'd been elected chairman of the union committee, and I went in to Van Horne to ask him about some articles that some of the fellows were reading that said asbestos was bad for you. Van Horne passed it off with a shrug. He said that as far as he knew the doctors had no way in the world of knowing for sure that the stuff caused you to get sick."

With Peek accompanying us, Yandle and I drove west about fifteen miles to the town of Mincola, to see Tom Belcher, one of the seven men whose symptoms had been diagnosed as those of asbestosis, and who had been advised by Dr. Hurst not to work in a dusty environment. On the way, Yandle told me that Belcher had worked in the plant for sixteen years, and that he had started as a feeder operator.

"Him and Willie Hurtt," Peek said. "They're real old-timers at that place. I used to see them shaking down the dust collectors. Why, the stuff was so thick on them you couldn't hardly make out their hair or faces. I remember Tom sometimes wore a mask. It wasn't a real mask, though. It was one of those gauze ones, like you see them wearing in hospitals on the TV."

Belcher was a florid, heavyset man in his late forties, and as Yandle, Peek, and I stood talking with him in the front yard it was obvious that he



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was having difficulty breathing. "No one ever told me the damn stuff was dangerous," he said bitterly. "About two years ago, though, I started to feel different in my chest. It felt tired all the time, and it hurt a lot. It's been that way ever since, and these days I cough so much in the morning I can't hardly stand it."

A few moments later, Belcher's wife called me into the house and showed me a copy of Dr. Hurst's diagnostic report. According to the report, Belcher had a reduction of forced vital capacity, which is the maximum amount of air he can take into his lungs; a twenty-five-per-cent reduction in total lung capacity, which is the amount of air his lungs can hold; and a slight reduction in the amount of oxygen that gets into his bloodstream. In addition, his X-ray films showed an increase in bronchovascular markings on the lower left-lung field. Mrs. Belcher said that her husband's chest was giving him a great deal of pain, that he was worried about it, and that she was worried about his worrying, because in addition to his pulmonary problems he had high blood pressure.

When we left the Belchers, Yandle, Peek, and I drove to a place about seven miles north of Hawkins, where J. C. Yandle, Herman's brother, lived, with his wife and family, and worked as a tenant rancher. He had a typical small Texas spread, with a long blacktop drive leading up to a native-rock farmhouse that was surrounded by pastures separated by well-kept fences. We found J. C. Yandle in a field adjacent to the house, fixing a cultivator rig. He was a tall, thin, lean-faced man in his middle forties; he was wearing Levi's and a denim jacket, and he looked as if he had stepped right out of a scene in "The Last Picture Show." After Herman introduced us, J.C. leaned against a corral fence and, speaking very deliberately, told me that he had gone to work at the Tyler plant in November of 1961. "I worked there steady until the place shut down last month," he said. "During that whole time, no one ever told me or anyone else I know that asbestos could harm you. Why, I can remember some of our supervisors saying it not only wouldn't hurt you but was *good* for you! They even used to tell us you could *eat* it. They were saying that right up till August, when all of a sudden we have to wear respirators. First thing I heard about my X-rays was on the ninth of February, when Dr. Hurst called me in and said they didn't show up anything wrong. He



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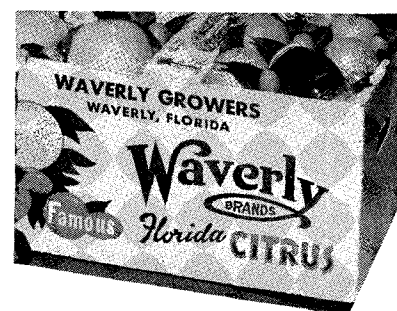
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told me I was breathing in better than I was breathing out, though. I asked him why. He said some people do that. He said maybe I was smoking too much. Funny thing is, I roll my own and I don't smoke an awful lot. About half a pack a day, maybe. But I am sure awful short-winded, and for the last few years it's been getting worse and worse. I been coughing up a terrible storm in the mornings, too."

After we said goodbye to J. C. Yandle, his brother and Peek and I drove toward Hawkins on State Highway 14 and, about a mile before Herman Yandle's place, stopped at a frame house with brown asbestos siding where Ray Hicks, a former Tyler worker, lived, with his mother. Hicks wasn't at home, so we drove a little farther along the road, to a house where Hubert Thomas, another of the Tyler workers, was visiting some friends. As we were getting out of the car, Hubert's brother Robert drove up, with his wife, and parked just in front of us. Robert Thomas was fifty years old, he had worked at the Tyler plant for ten years and three months, and he was one of the seven men whose symptoms had been diagnosed as those of asbestosis. "At the end, just before they closed the place down, I was working in the finishing department," he told me. "It was my job to push cartons of finished insulation down along the factory floor. Trouble was, I just couldn't push the damn things without stopping every hundred feet to get my breath. My chest's been hurting something awful lately, and I've been short of wind for the past five or six years. I also cough a lot these days. When I got called in by Dr. Hurst last month, he told me that he and the other doctors at the hospital had decided I probably had emphysema or bronchitis. He also said I could have symptoms of a disease caused by all the dust I'd breathed over at the factory. He advised me not to accept any work near dust, like at one of the local pipe or foundry outfits, and he told me to quit smoking. He said that I should have another X-ray soon and that the ones they'd already taken showed something wrong. I think he said it was some enlarged tissues down there. When he told me that, I remembered something funny that happened back in the last part of 1970. I'd hurt my back, and the company had sent me to the Medical and Surgical Clinic, which shipped me over to the Mother Frances Hospital for some X-rays. After they took the X-rays, I was lying in my bed when a nurse came into the



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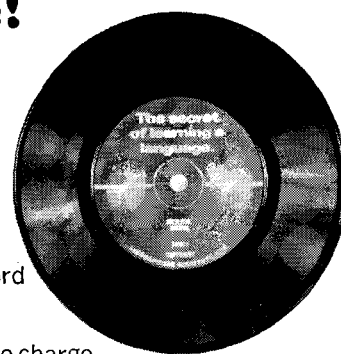
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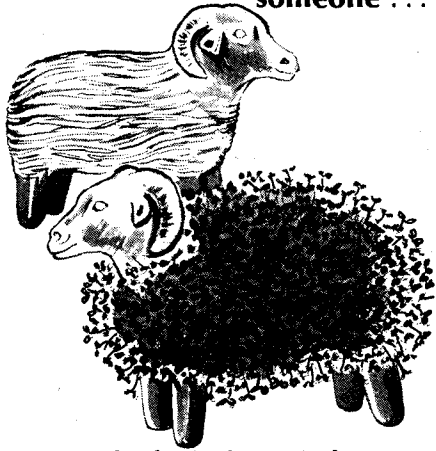
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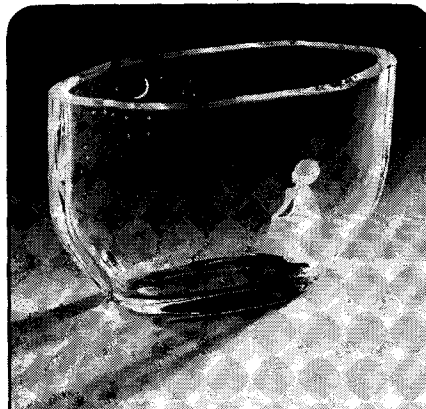
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room with a clipboard. She looked at the clipboard for a minute, and then she asked me if I was there for my back or for my lungs. I told her I was there for my back, and she shook her head and said that that was odd, because there sure was something wrong with my lungs."

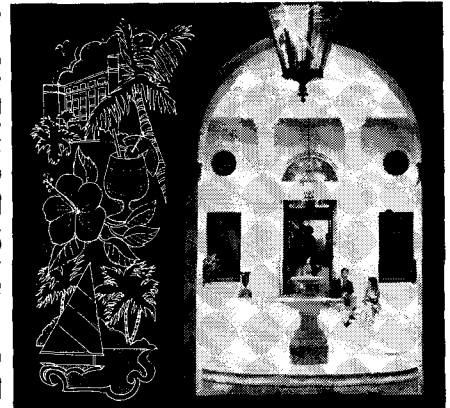
At that point, I said goodbye to Robert Thomas, and walked up a driveway toward the house. The driveway crossed a deep culvert by the roadside, and on the other side of the culvert was a large tank full of channel catfish, which are a delicacy in that part of Texas. Two children, armed with long-handled dip nets, were trying to catch a pair of them for a customer who had stopped off to buy his supper. The catfish were surprisingly agile, and the children were having a lot of fun but not much luck. When Hubert Thomas strolled over to see if they needed a hand, I introduced myself to him, and we stood talking for some time beside the tank. He told me that he had gone to work at the Tyler plant in October of 1961, and he had stayed on until the factory was shut down. "We're all kind of worried about what's going to happen to us," he said quietly. "Especially those of us that's got a lot of years in that place. Nobody's told me anything about my medical examination yet, which may be a good sign, but I can tell you something for sure. I'm so short-winded these days it's ridiculous. I can't even walk from the tank here to my house without getting out of breath. Why, I not only have to stop a couple of times to get it back but sometimes I have to sit right down on the ground!"

I asked Thomas if he had ever worn a respirator and if anyone had ever told him before Dr. Grant's visit that asbestos was dangerous to work with.

He shook his head. "I never wore a respirator until last summer," he replied. "And nobody ever said to me that the stuff could hurt you. No—come to think of it, that ain't right. There *was* a man who told me asbestos was dangerous. That was Mr. McMillan, who was plant manager before Van Horne. Way back, when I first went to work there, he told me the stuff could be harmful. He never said to wear a mask, though, so I didn't. I got to respect that man, because nobody else from Pittsburgh Corning was ever that honest with me. But it's funny, ain't it? I mean, Mr. McMillan knew it was dangerous, and he died of cancer himself not long ago, but he never said to wear a mask. So I didn't. None of us did."

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Yandle, Peek, and I left, we drove south on State Highway 14 and stopped again at Ray Hicks's place. His mother came to the door and told Yandle that Ray had come and gone since we were there before but that she was pretty sure we could find him at the service station down by the four corners in Hawkins. A few minutes later, Yandle spotted Hicks's car at the service station, and when I drew up beside it he climbed out to get him. Hicks, a tall, thin, handsome, pale man in his early thirties, got into the back seat with Peek and Yandle got in front with me, and we spent a few minutes chatting. Hicks told me that he had gone to work at the Tyler plant on April 30, 1962, and had worked there until the factory was shut down. "That makes nine years and ten months, and I never wore a respirator except for the last six months I was on the job," he said. "I never knew it was dangerous to work with asbestos until last summer, when Dr. Grant came down. He told us it was hazardous, but he said you didn't get any symptoms in less than ten or fifteen years."

I asked Hicks how he felt, and he said that he felt pretty good—that, unlike a lot of his friends from the plant, he wasn't experiencing any short-windedness. "Dr. Hurst took X-rays of me in August of 1971, but I never heard from him, so I guess that means I'm O.K.," he added.

"Hey, why don't you tell us what Van Horne told you when he called you in last month," Yandle said, with a smile.

"Oh, that," Hicks said with a sheepish grin. "Why don't you guys lay off that?" Hicks then shook his head and smiled ruefully at me. "Well, Van Horne called me into his office just before the place shut down," he said. "He told me a report on my X-rays indicated that there was a little spot on the lower lobe of my left lung, and he said I'd better stop smoking. I told him I'd never smoked in my life—except cigars. So he asked me if I drank a lot of milk."

When Hicks said this, Yandle began to chuckle. Then, joined by Peek, who had broken into a guffaw, both men leaned back in their seats and gave way to gales of laughter.

"And what did you tell him?" asked Yandle, making a vain attempt to stifle his laughter.

"I told him I drank a little milk now and then," Hicks said. "That's the truth, too. I don't drink all that much milk."

"A little bit?" said Peek, who was



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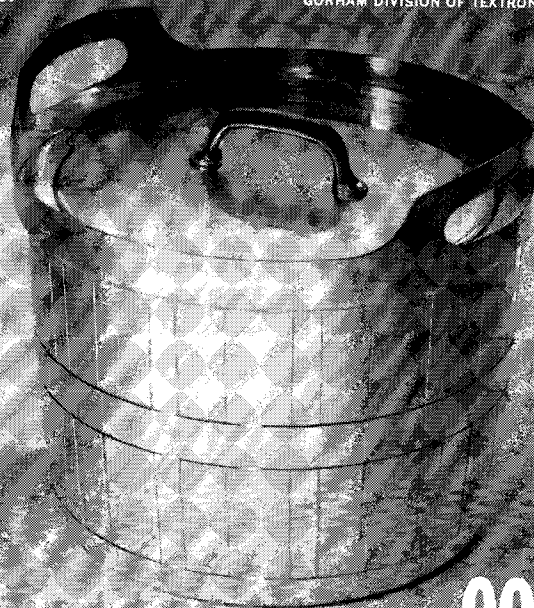
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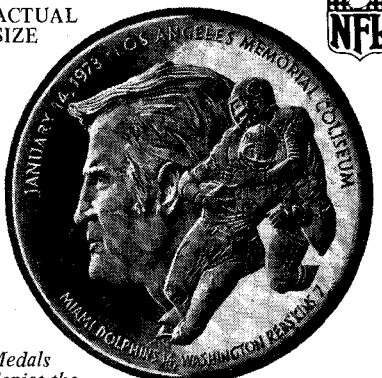
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suddenly overtaken by another paroxysm of mirth. "Just a little bit?"

"And what did Van Horne say when you told him that?" Yandle cried, still laughing.

Hicks glanced at me, but he had begun laughing himself now, and suddenly he doubled over as the mirth bubbled out of him. "Van Horne told me I had a calcium deposit in my lungs, and said I must be drinking too much milk."

At this point, Hicks broke down completely, and I began to laugh myself. For some moments, the four of us sat rocking with laughter, unable to speak; then Hicks straightened up and managed to get partial control of himself.

"I walked out of there real mad," he said. "But when I told my friends back on the floor, all they did was laugh, and they've been ribbing me ever since."

"But, Ray, we was worried about you!" Yandle protested. "We was worried about you on account of all that milk you've been drinking."

This comment started everybody laughing again, and we were still laughing when we climbed out of the car, a few minutes later. I thanked Yandle for all his help, shook hands with each of them, and bade them farewell and good luck. Then I got back into the car and started for Tyler. As I drove away, I caught a glimpse of Yandle, Peek, and Hicks in the rear-view mirror. There they were, in front of the filling station, with their arms around each other's shoulders and their heads thrown back—three Texans standing beneath the stars of the immense night sky and laughing to beat the band.

IN the morning, I ate breakfast, paid my bill, and checked out of the motel. I was planning to drop by the Medical and Surgical Clinic to ask the doctors there why none of the men who had come to them with pulmonary problems had been told that the trouble might be the result of the place they were working and what they were inhaling on the job. Some of the men I had spoken with had been told they had bronchitis, and others had been told they had emphysema, but none of the doctors at the clinic, as far as I could make out, had ever told them they were suffering from asbestosis, which is, of course, what was afflicting many of them, and was the reason they were experiencing such difficulty in breathing. However, after sitting behind the wheel of my car for a few moments I

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decided not to go to the Medical and Surgical Clinic. What good would it do to ask a bunch of local doctors how they could have failed to diagnose a lung disease that had been well known and well defined in medical circles for more than fifty years, when men such as Dr. Grant, medical consultant to Pittsburgh Corning, medical director of PPG Industries, president of the American College of Preventive Medicine, and the holder of several other high posts in distinguished industrial health organizations, and Dr. Lewis J. Cralley, director of the Division of Epidemiology and Special Services of the United States Public Health Service's Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health, not only had known for years that workers at the Tyler plant were being subjected to levels of asbestos dust that could cause asbestosis but had neglected to give them medical examinations that would have ascertained this beyond a doubt? All of a sudden, I felt I had asked enough questions for the time being, and I was ready to accept Dr. Hurst's explanation that most doctors are ignorant of occupational disease and prone to blame cigarettes for pulmonary trouble. In any case, what sort of judgment could one make about the doctors at the Medical and Surgical Clinic, who, after all, had had a close working arrangement with Pittsburgh Corning over many years?

Having decided not to go to the Medical and Surgical Clinic, I thought I would return to Dallas and fly home. I wanted to take a last look at the factory, however, so I drove out past the East Texas Chest Hospital and turned north on State Highway 155. It was about 10 A.M. when I came to the Owentown Industrial District, and as I wound my way through the area, which is about a mile long and half a mile wide, I saw several hundred cars parked outside the factories, sheds, and warehouses of the other industries there. Among those industries were the Continental Can Company, where Dale Peek now made corrugated boxes; the National Homes Corporation, makers of house trailers and prefabricated-housing units; the Ty-Tex Rose Nursery; Livingston-Armadillo, Inc.; National Cascin; and the Texas Tubular Products Company, next door to the Pittsburgh Corning plant, which Ray Barron and the other men of the maintenance crew were dismantling and burying. All in all, there must have been close to fifteen hundred men and women working in that industrial park, and, remembering the case of the proprietor of a junk yard adjacent to an

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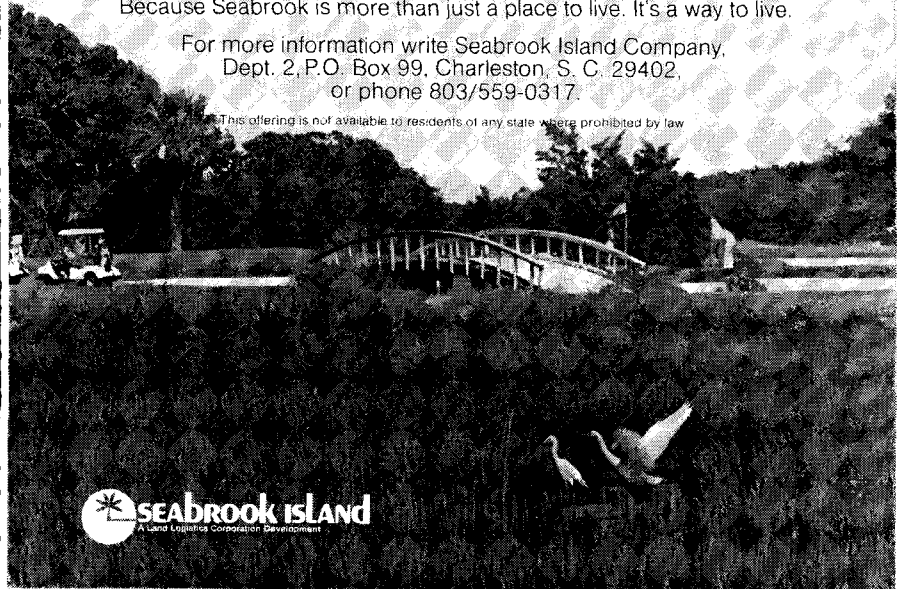
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old asbestos plant in Paterson, New Jersey, who had died of mesothelioma, and the documented cases of dozens of other mesothelioma victims whose only exposure to asbestos was simply that they had lived or worked in the vicinity of asbestos factories, I could not help wondering what would happen to these Owentown workers. Then I remembered the case of the daughter of the engineer who developed the product that had been manufactured in the Tyler plant for seventeen years—she had died of mesothelioma, though her only known exposure to asbestos had occurred when she played with samples of asbestos products her father brought home from time to time—and the cases of dozens and dozens of other mesothelioma victims whose only known exposure to asbestos was that as the wives of asbestos workers they had washed their husbands' work clothes, or as children and relatives of asbestos workers they had simply lived in the same house, and I found myself wondering about the fate of the families of the eight hundred and ninety-five men who had been employed at the factory during its seventeen years of operation. At that point, the Owentown Industrial District became too depressing for me, and I drove away. A few miles down the road, I came to Interstate 20, and turned east toward Dallas. It was a warm, sunny morning; buds were bursting everywhere, and the green sheen I had noticed on the way to Tyler two days before had become palpably greener. Overhead, the buzzards were out in force. —PAUL BRODEUR

(This is the second of a series of articles.)

Mr. Fox said that Dr. Marvin Young would be retained as principal of the school, which will be "college-oriented." He added: "It will be a school for children to prepare for college and graduate work and for those whose intellectual endowment requires more than most public and private schools can give, particularly in the area of enriched curriculum and specialty teachers in the fields of language, music, the arts, the dance and a tennis clinic."—*The Times*.

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ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

[From the Long Island Press]

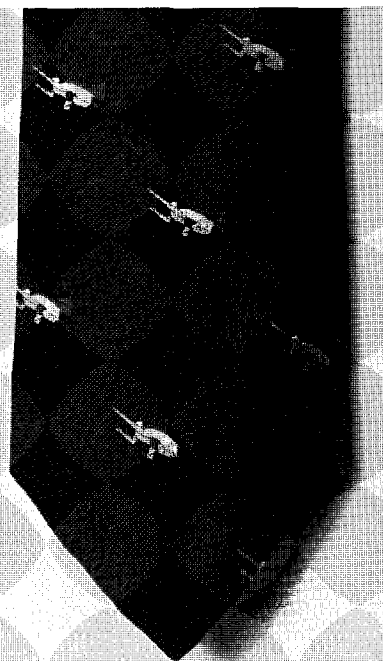
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Justice Long Delayed

BERLIOZ has never wanted advocates, especially among conductors, and he has not exactly wanted a public, either, except to some degree in his native France. But for many decades he remained a borderline case, and the crown of his life's work, the monumental Vergilian opera "Les Troyens," was by common consent an unmanageable monster—itself a kind of Trojan horse, but too big and cumbersome to be dragged, even by enthusiasts, through the walls of a steady, respectable opera house. As so often happens, common consent was based mainly on ignorance: there is nothing in "The Trojans" that need frighten a house that can tackle the "Ring." After long neglect, amateurs paved the way (at Glasgow in 1935, at Oxford in 1950), and the work was approaching its centenary when Rafael Kubelik conducted the first virtually complete single-evening performance, at Covent Garden, in 1957. Though visually weak, that production made a big impact—so much so that in 1969, just a hundred years after the composer's death, Covent Garden extravagantly mounted a second—and this time entirely uncut—version, under Colin Davis, which confirmed the opera's musical fascination and dramatic power. That version was recorded, and in the same year the full score was finally published; other opera houses in Europe and America took up the challenge—the walls were breached at last.

But the great work had never been staged in New York until this October 22nd, when Mr. Kubelik chose it to inaugurate his regime as musical director of the Metropolitan Opera as well as for his first appearance as conductor at the house. An auspicious, indeed a glorious, beginning: a great occasion in itself, and a further vindication of the composer's genius.

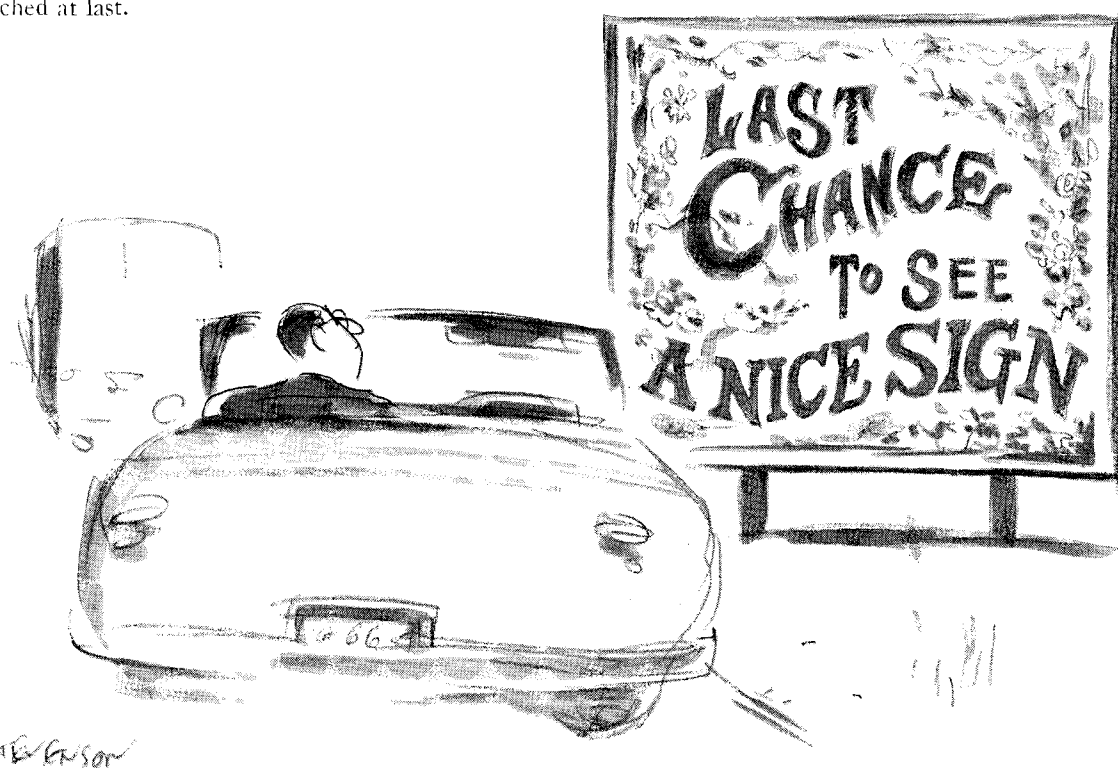
The performance began at seven, and ended, after one lengthy and one normal interval, at midnight. The cuts, amounting to something more than fifteen minutes, were

slight: the ballet music during the public festivities at the start of the Carthaginian scenes, and (more serious) the episode of Dido's outburst of rage after the departure of Aeneas. But the long evening sped past, and did not seem long. Nights are short to lovers, and I had the strong impression that a sizable part of the full house had simply fallen in love with the work at first sight or even first hearing and was totally under its spell, entranced, enthralled. Although I know the opera fairly well, and have seen it many times, I felt in this state myself. Even though there were, inevitably, points in the vast undertaking that I could have wished otherwise, I take this to be, by and large, the best and worthiest account of "Les Troyens" that has come my way: the most strongly cast, the handsomest, the most convincing in the totality of its effect.

Perhaps the biggest surprise for many will be that one can speak of a totality. Even the friendliest critics and commentators have usually described this Vergilian epic as a flawed masterpiece: a work put together (like other large Berlioz works) "in parts rather than wholes, in tableaux rather than acts." I am quoting from that judicious writer Mr. Winton Dean, who goes on to say, "These tableaux could be dramatic, descriptive, impressionistic, or purely fanciful; they are often thrilling

and original, but in succession they are apt to present a series of climaxes without connection, and to leave us breathless rather than satisfied." I see why he says this, but the more often I hear "Les Troyens" the less I feel the force of the criticism. Berlioz' method of dramatic progression is *sui generis*, like nobody else's; but, given an adequate performance (and an adequate performance means, in this context, a performance that is not only scrupulously prepared but touched with genius), we can share the composer's vision and accept his creation for what it is: an opera like no other that ever was, and none the less valuable for that.

When our fathers and grandfathers looked at the piano score (insofar as they ever did), they were dismayed to find that the music was written in barely disguised separate numbers, on a scheme not very different from that of Meyerbeer. By then Wagnerian symphonic continuity had made the earlier plan of writing opera seem obsolete. But taste changes (as we see in the complete reversal of attitude toward Verdi), and the very feature that once made "Les Troyens" seem old-fashioned now makes it modern. With familiarity, we feel increasingly the pull and point of Berlioz' peculiar harmony, and the charm of his peculiar spacing of sound among the instruments. Those thickly written parts for the lower strings, droning (for instance) below the nostalgic song of the young sailor in the rigging; those repeated woodwind chords that look so



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naïve on the page; those decorative flourishes for the violins; those sudden piccolo flashes, like the edge of a storm cloud—all these tell most powerfully in the theatre. Marvellous, too, is the larger harmonic design shown in such things as the great sequence of numbers in the nocturnal scene under the African stars: the quintet in D flat major as Dido yields to her amorous instincts, the F-major septet with chorus which paints the seductive calm of the night, the sinking into the still deeper velvet of G flat major for the lovers' Shakespearean duet ("In such a night as this..."); then the harsh D major/B minor of Mercury's warning cry, and the coldly implacable conclusion in E minor. In that last page, the imaginative use of tonality comes very close to that which we find in the Verdi of "Otello" and the Requiem.

Of course, I have been talking about the most famous episode (except for the orchestral Royal Hunt and Storm) of the entire score. But during the Metropolitan's performance even the first two acts (commonly known as "La Prise de Troie") made a cumulative impact far greater than I had previously experienced. I had thought of these scenes as something in the nature of a choral epic with splendid solo interludes, during which the crowd registers every shade of joy, agitation, dismay, and heroic resolution, but is constantly obliged to point offstage to indicate the unseen causes of these fluctuating moods. Nathaniel Merrill's direction, Peter Wexler's designs, and Todd Bolender's choreography (at its best in the brilliant, acrobatic "Cretan" bull-dance here, relatively tame in the subsequent Carthaginian divertissement) combined to lift all this from pageant into vivid drama. The big chorus was vocally and dramatically impressive, but most of all it was the dark intensity of Shirley Verrett's Cassandra that riveted eye and ear.

Ever since I first encountered this mezzo-soprano, in Los Angeles in 1962 as Stravinsky's Jocasta, I have followed her career with admiration. She is one of the most accomplished artists now before the public. She throws herself heart and soul into all that she does; but the verb is not really appropriate, because in her singing and her stage deportment there is always a sense of measure, of proportion and timing, an "intelligent composure without coldness" (in old Chorley's happy phrase) that is never frenzied but classical, noble, definitive. How rare it is when a singer gives us page after page in which the absorbed listener,

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well though he may know the music, does not wish to alter a single inflection or pause or emphasis! Miss Verrett's voice, while it is finely trained, is not one of the great instruments of the century; there is a patch in the middle of it, from about F up to C within the staff, that does not penetrate as well as her upper and lower registers. But the quality is attractive and individual throughout, and the vocal management unfailingly adroit.

As the reader is probably aware, the unhappy indisposition of Christa Ludwig resulted in the dauntless Miss Verrett's taking over, on the opening night, both the major female roles—Dido as well as Cassandra. Régine Crespin set a precedent for this role-doubling in the heavily cut San Francisco performances of 1966, but it is no more intrinsically desirable than the currently fashionable doubling of Venus and Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser;" aside from the question of fatigue, the two characters of Berlioz, like those of Wagner, demand different vocal and dramatic colors. In the dual assignment Miss Verrett did everything that a great artist can do to minimize these problems. Heroic in staying power, she made Cassandra the embodiment of grief and pride and doom, and brought to the role of Dido a calm regality that subsequently melted into a radiant, seductive tenderness. Two singers would certainly have been preferable; but I am not sure that, given the choice, I might not have saved Miss Verrett for the second and more grateful role. True, that slight weakness in the middle of the voice made her account of the exquisite "Adieu, fière cité" less moving than I had expected; but in the great duets with Anna (the Queen's sister—a very sound performance from Mignon Dunn) and with Aeneas she could hardly have been bettered.

As so often elsewhere, Jon Vickers was the Aeneas; it is a part in which he has no serious rival. He was in superb voice, producing numerous clarion B flats (for example, in the noble farewell to the hero's young son) and a pealing C flat during the love duet, but he wisely spared himself the high C of the big harborside aria. Not for the first time, this aria proved the one weak point in his performance; his generally keen sense of rhythm here faltered, and his difficulty with French declamation (a general fault among the cast) prevented his attaining the grand, sustained, heroic line that remains so thrilling on the old and still incomparable record of Georges Thill.

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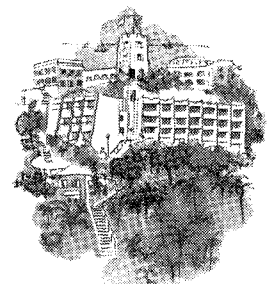


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secondary roles. Louis Quilico did so well as Coroebus, Cassandra's betrothed, as to minimize the slightly awkward effect of the long duet for these two that follows so soon after the rise of the curtain—it is difficult to work up interest in a fellow of whom we know nothing and are to see almost nothing further. The small but vital part of the boy Ascanius fell to Judith Blegen, who sang with firmness and purity of tone, comporting herself like a young hero in the making. In the silent role of Andromache, Hector's mourning widow, Felicia Montealegre was affecting, yet did not draw too much attention away from the sublime orchestral picture, in which—at the magical turn into the major key—the clarinet breathes out phrases that seem to have been wafted from the Elysian Fields of Gluck. (This was one of the peaks of the largely admirable orchestral performance.) John Macurdy provided the solid bass tones and strength of line that are needed for Dido's trusty Minister, Narbal. Of the two lyrical tenors who further diversify the infinite musical riches of the Carthaginian acts, Kenneth Riegel (making his house début) sang the stanzas of Iopas with much charm, and was rewarded by the longest mid-scene acclamation of the evening; and I suspect that the relative ineffectiveness of the song of Hylas, the homesick Phrygian sailor, was due not to Leo Goeke, who sang the haunting strains well enough, but to the director's unhappy decision to leave him invisible.

This was one of Mr. Merrill's rare miscalculations. With the help of his designer, he achieved a stunning curtain at the moment when the Trojans and Carthaginians depart on their joint expedition against Dido's Numidian foes, leaving the Queen and young Ascanius in proud and wondering contemplation. Mr. Wexler's designs made use of towering abstract slabs to suggest Troy and of fish-net patterns for maritime Carthage, relying heavily on the revolving stage for both localities. Delays were thereby avoided, although it is never a good idea to ask noble heroes and heroines to clamber aboard a brightly lit and still moving turntable. Another device to which Mr. Wexler is much addicted is that of film projections; these were provided by a television firm, and sometimes looked uncomfortably like commercials. The gradually enlarging Trojan horse was an imaginative and ingenious solution of this notorious crux, except that, as first seen in the distance, the figure seemed more like a large human



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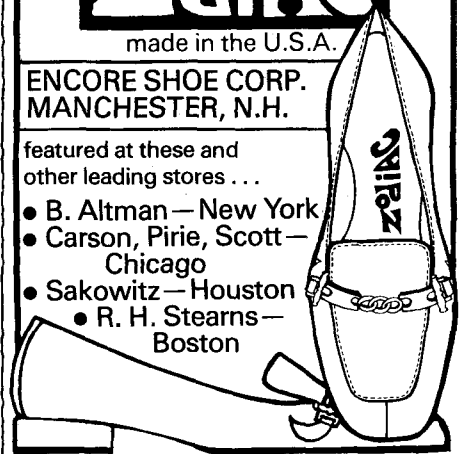
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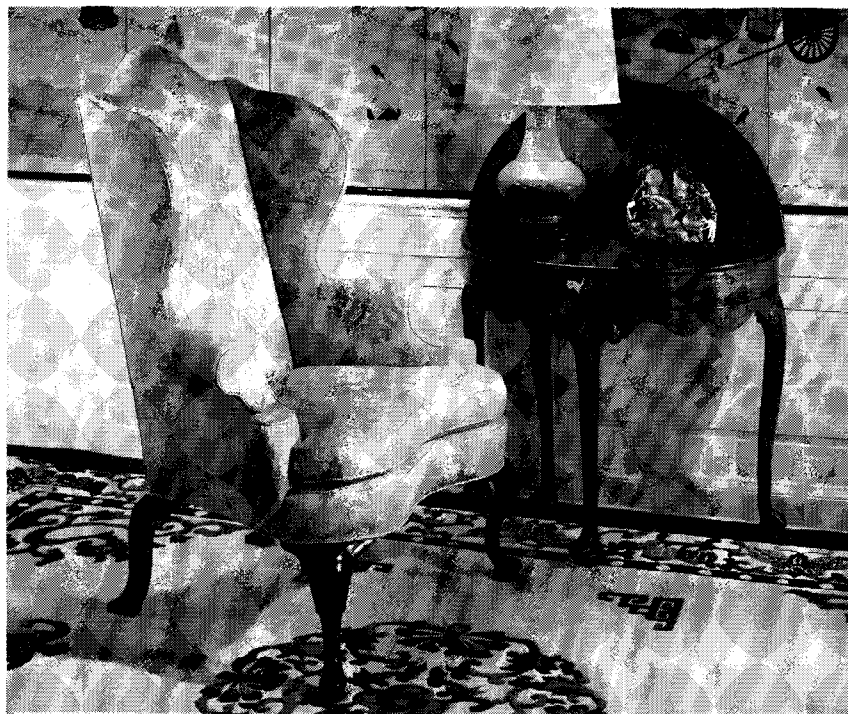
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statue than a horse. Disastrous, on the other hand, was the filmed accompaniment to the Royal Hunt and Storm, presented on a circular screen that was possibly intended to suggest an eye (but whose?), and showing realistic clips of forest glades and waterfalls and stampeding horses without a single visible rider; none of this ever suggested a hunt, and it effectively killed the orchestra's and Mr. Kubelik's fine handling of the superb interlude.

Dido's suicide was wrongly shown as not only foreseen by all present but almost forced on her, whereas score and libretto make it clear that the occasion was to be a ritual sacrifice of the arms and accoutrements of the traitorous Aeneas to the nether gods and that the Queen's self-destruction comes as a shock to all, Anna and Narbal included. But these are minor blemishes on an achievement that, falling precisely on the ninetieth birthday of the Metropolitan Opera, is bound to rank high among its many glorious annals.

HAVING lost four weeks of its fall season through an orchestra strike, the City Opera achieved the amazing feat of mounting three new productions within four days. Frankly, I can't imagine how this was done. I can offer no comment on the "Village Romeo and Juliet" of Delius, which had closed before I reached New York. Of the two other works, I managed to catch the final performances; and in the case of Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," given in a bilingual version, with the Prologue and the comic interludes in English and the *opera-seria* part in German, I wondered whether the extreme strain placed on the company by such an effort had allowed it to show at anywhere near its best. The cast heard last Wednesday was unequal to the demands made on it by the composer, nor could I find anything in the garish designs or in the coarsely romping conduct of the action (directed by the redoubtable Sarah Caldwell) to redeem the musical inadequacies of the evening.

Fortunately, the "Anna Bolena" revival proved a good deal happier. Those who admire Donizetti, as I do, and think him to have been for long absurdly underrated, owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Julius Rudel's establishment, and especially to its reigning queen, Miss Beverly Sills, for their resuscitation of the more serious side of this fertile and inventive composer. With "Anna Bolena" they completed what has been rather loosely called, along with "Roberto Devereux" and "Maria



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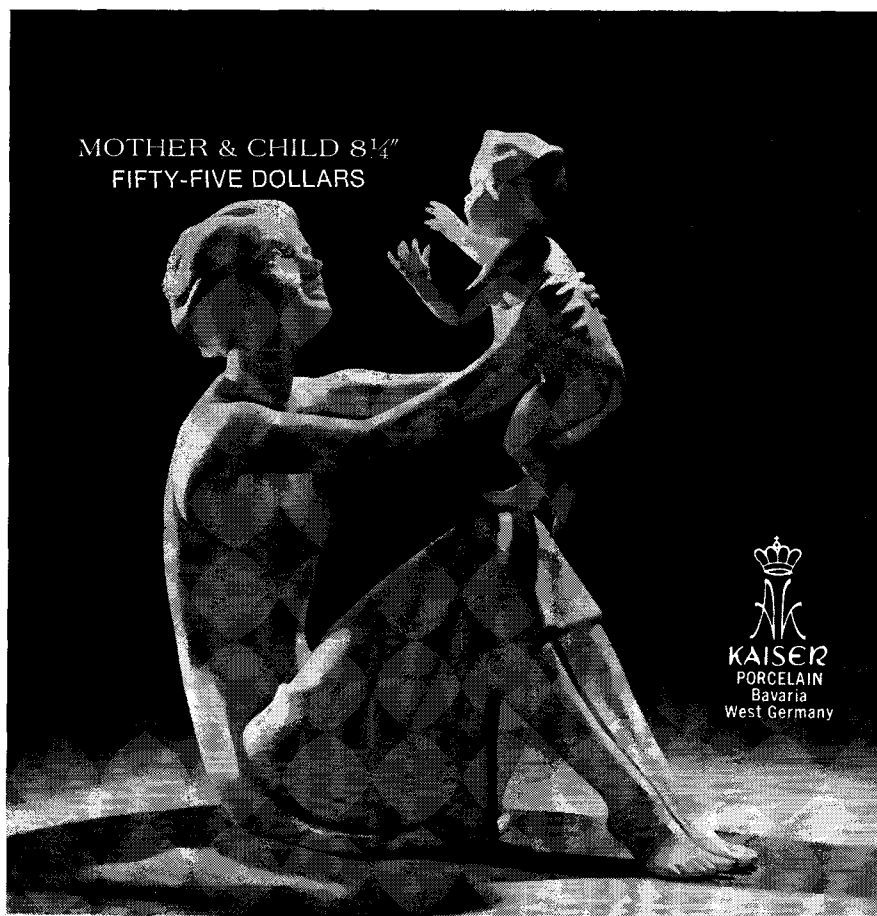
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Stuarda," his "Tudor triptych." It was Donizetti's first major success, and it is surely the best of the three.

Provided that we don't attend Italian opera in order to fill the gaps in our knowledge of English history, we have no need to sneer at Romani's libretto, which has some good characters and effective confrontations, and an action well planned to draw the best from the composer. Its gravest weakness is the colorless first tenor, Percy, and here Vittorio Terranova could do little to make amends. On the other hand, Olivia Stapp, the Jane Seymour, is an interesting singer, who made much of her big duets with Henry VIII (Robert Hale, rather good) and the Queen.

Miss Sills scored a huge success in this last role. She phrases with taste, and shows a sense of style in all that she does. Her slender tone floated exquisitely, and often affectingly, through the softer cantabile melodies, remaining beautiful so long as it was not pushed up to or beyond mezzo-forte, at which point shrillness began to take over, so that the Queen's larger and more powerful utterances suffered. Similarly, her acting in the gentler and pathetic scenes was preferable to her handling of the impassioned moments, but here I fancy that the director, Tito Capobianco, was mainly to blame.

The good points in his work, and those of Mr. Rudel's sympathetic handling of the score, were too often nullified by the director's peculiar notions of the royal behavior depicted by librettist and composer (it is not really a question of historical veracity). Between the principals there was a degree of amorous pawing and angry punching that would excite comment in a reasonably well-conducted pub and looked strange in a Tudor palace. I could scarcely believe my eyes when, during the Act II trio for Boleyn, Percy, and the King, Miss Sills suddenly delivered a downright slap to the royal cheek; when the poor monarch recoiled, dejectedly nursing the painful spot, we were whisked suddenly to very different surroundings—the nineteenth-century villa of Norina and Don Pasquale.

—DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

EDITORS' NOTE: Mr. Shawe-Taylor, on leave of absence from the *Sunday Times* of London, will be our guest critic for the first half of the 1973-74 season. David Hamilton, on leave from the *Nation*, will be guest critic for the second half. Andrew Porter will return for the 1974-75 season.

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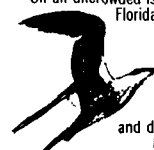
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THE ICEMAN COMETH" is a great, heavy, simplistic, mechanical, beautiful play. It is not the Eugene O'Neill masterpiece that "Long Day's Journey Into Night," the finest work of the American theatre, is, but it is masterpiece enough—perhaps the greatest thesis play of the American theatre—and it has been given a straightforward, faithful production in handsome dark-toned color in the subscription series called the American Film Theatre. A filmed play like this doesn't offer the sensual excitement that movies *can* offer, but you don't go to it for that. You go to it for O'Neill's crude, prosaic virtuosity, which is also pure American poetry, and, as with most filmed dramas, if you miss the "presence" of the actors, you gain from seeing it performed by the sort of cast that rarely gathers in a theatre. John Frankenheimer directed fluently and unobtrusively, without destroying the conventions of the play. The dialogue is like a ball being passed from one actor to the next; whenever possible (when the speakers are not too far apart), the camera pans smoothly from one to another. We lose some of the ensemble work we'd get from a live performance, but we gain a closeup view that allows us to see and grasp each detail. The play here is less broad than it would be on the stage, and Frankenheimer wisely doesn't aim for laughs at the characters' expense (even those that O'Neill may have intended), because the people are so close to us. The actors become close to us in another way. Actors who have been starved for a good part get a chance to stretch and renew themselves. In some cases, we've been seeing them for years doing the little thing that passes for acting on TV and in bad movies, and their performances here are a revelation; in a sense, the actors who go straight for the occasion give the lie to the play's demonstration that bums who live on guilt for what they don't do can't go back and do it.

Set in 1912 in a waterfront saloon, much like the one in which O'Neill had attempted suicide that year, the play was written in the late thirties and was first produced in 1946, on Broadway, under his supervision, but it achieved its present eminence from the Circle in the Square revival in 1956, starring Jason Robards, who then appeared in the celebrated television version of 1960, directed by Sidney Lumet.

The characters are drunken bums and whores who have found sanctuary in Harry Hope's flophouse saloon; each has a "pipe dream" that sustains him until Hickey the salesman, the "ice-man," who attempts to free them all by stripping them of their lies and guilt, takes the life out of them. It is both a pre-Freudian play and a post-Freudian one, and that may be the source of the trouble people have "placing" it; you can't call this play dated, and you can't quite call it modern, either. The thesis is implicitly anti-Freudian: the play says that the truth destroys people—that it wipes them out. Like most thesis plays, this one rigs the situation to make its points. There are no planned surprises in O'Neill's world—no freak characters who go out and make good. The people forced by Hickey to rid themselves of illusions are such ruins that they can live only on false hopes; without illusions they have nothing. O'Neill has rather cruelly—and comically (which is the most cruel, I think, though others may say the most human)—designed the play to demonstrate that they're better off as lying, cadging bums. With his stageproof craft, O'Neill sets in motion a giant game of ten little Indians. Each of the many characters has his lie, and each in turn has it removed and must

face his truth, and we look to see who's next. It's as if illusion were a veil, and under it lay truth. This simplistic view of illusion and reality is the limiting thesis device of the play, and O'Neill's demonstration that mankind is too weak to live without the protective veil is—well, maudlin. But O'Neill was too powerful and too instinctual a dramatist to stay locked within the thesis structure. Not quite all of mankind is reconciled to wearing the veil that protects the weak, and that's where the ambiguities burst through the mechanics of "The Icedman Cometh."

The play is essentially an argument between Larry, an aging anarchist (Robert Ryan), and Hickey (Lee Marvin); they speak to each other as equals, and everything else is orchestrated around them. Larry speaks for pity and the necessity of illusions, Hickey for the curative power of truth. They're the two poles of consciousness that O'Neill himself is split between. Larry, a self-hating alcoholic, is a weak man and a windbag, but Robert Ryan brings so much understanding to Larry's weakness that the play achieves new dimensions. In the most difficult role he ever played on the screen, Ryan is superb. Larry's dirty "truth" is hidden under a pile of philosophizing, and the actor is stuck with delivering that philosophizing, which rings like the fakery it's meant to be but which we know O'Neill half believes. Ryan be-



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comes O'Neill for us, I think. George Jean Nathan said that O'Neill carefully selected the photographs of himself that were to be published, and "always made sure that the photographs were not lacking in that impressive look of tragic handsomeness which was his." Ryan has that tragic handsomeness here and O'Neill's broken-man jowls, too, and at the end, when Larry is permanently "iced"—that is, stripped of illusion—we can see that this is the author's fantasy of himself: he alone is above the illusions that the others fall back on; he is tragic, while the others, with their restored illusions, have become comic. Yes, it's sophomoric to see yourself as the one who is doomed to live without illusions, but then so is the idea of the play sophomoric, and yet what O'Neill does with that sophomoric idea is masterly. And Ryan gets right to the boozy, gnarled soul of it. According to his associates, Ryan did not know he was dying until after the picture was finished, but he brought to this role the craft that he had perfected in his fifty-nine years and that he certainly knew he might never be able to exercise to its fullest again. The man who had tested himself against such uncompromisingly difficult roles on the stage as Coriolanus and the father in "Long Day's Journey" and on the screen as the depraved Claggart of "Billy Budd" got a last chance to show his stature, and he was ready. Ryan is so subtle he seems to have penetrated to the mystery of O'Neill's gaunt grandeur—to the artist's egotism and that Catholic Cassandra's pride in tragedy which goes along with the fond pity for the foolish clowns lapping up their booze.

Lee Marvin's Hickey is another matter. The characters have been waiting for Hickey, as for Godot, and his entrance is preceded by a whore who acts as herald; it's an unparalleled opportunity for an actor, as Jason Robards demonstrated so memorably in the TV version. I remember that during his long, scarily self-lacerating monologue I felt as if I couldn't breathe until it was finished. Suddenly, you knew that Hickey had been punishing the others for what he had been trying to live with, and that he was totally indifferent to them as people, and the play rose to heights you hadn't anticipated. But Hickey, with his edgy, untrustworthy affability, is a part for a certain kind of actor, and Lee Marvin isn't it. Marvin has a jokester's flair for vocal tricks and flip gestures; he can project the tough guy's impassive strength that is needed for the films



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he's generally in, and I don't think I've ever seen him give a bad performance in an action film. Here it's a matter not just of his not being up to it but of his being all wrong for it. We need to see the man under the salesman's exterior, and instead we realize how little interior life Marvin's action-film characters have had and how few expressive resources he has had besides a gleam in the eye. With his snub nose and long upper lip, he has a great camera face, but he's been acting for a long time now on star presence, and though that may be what you attract backers with, it's not what you play O'Neill with. What Marvin does is all on one level. At first, he's like a pudgy, complacent actor having a go at Mr. Scratch in "The Devil and Daniel Webster," and then he just seems to coast. Hickey needs an element of irony and an awareness of horror; Marvin's Hickey exudes hostile, stupid arrogance—the impatience of the prosperous, well-fed, insensitive man with the sick. Marvin is so poorly equipped for the kind of acting required for Hickey that as the monologue approached I began to dread it. As it turns out, the monologue goes by without really being experienced by the viewer. Marvin's best recourse is to shout, because when he doesn't shout there's nothing going on. We don't seem to see this Hickey's eyes; Marvin offers us a blank face. He's thick, somehow, and irrelevantly vigorous. Marvin doesn't appear to have found anything in himself to draw on for the role. The film isn't destroyed by this performance, but it's certainly marred; yet who knows whether we will ever get a definitive version on film? We're lucky to get as much as we get here, even though the film never rises to the intensity that O'Neill put into the play. Frankenheimer has directed tactfully but not very probingly.

O'Neill is such an orderly madman: he neatly constructs a massive play around a weird conceit—the sexual wordplay on "come" in the title, which refers to Hickey's murderous explosion when he kills his wife. What we don't get, because of Marvin's one-level performance, are the terrifying intimations in this Strindbergian monologue that O'Neill is talking about himself and his wife—that he is giving Hickey the kind of raging emotion that is in "Long Day's Journey Into Night," the kind that transcended O'Neill's ideas, yet that in this play he used to fuel his thesis. The intensity of the monologue should blow the play sky-high. Maybe O'Neill's conscious plan had become too easy to fulfill, and, as sometimes

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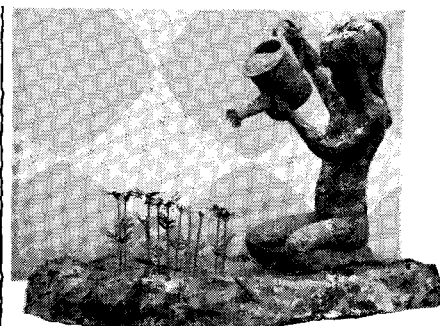
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happened in Ibsen's greatest thesis plays, what was underneath the choice of subject suddenly boiled up. How, one may wonder, did Carlotta O'Neill take it as Hickey talked about the peace he found after he killed his wife? The play has a subtext that fuses with the thesis at this point, and the subtext is the hell and horror of marriage. Every character in the saloon who has talked about marriage has given us a variation on Hickey's murderous solution, and his monologue awakens Harry Hope (Fredric March) to expose his own loathing of the dead wife he's been sentimentalizing about for twenty years. O'Neill twists this male-female hatred in and out of his they-need-their-illusions thesis. It is he as dramatist who furiously, yet icily, tears away the sentimental illusions; that's what gives his kind of playwriting its power. It's not polite entertainment—not a show—but an exploration; he digs down as far as he can go. That he is the worst sentimentalist—the man who needs his illusions the most—is what makes him, like Tennessee Williams, so greatly to be felt for, and respected.

What this play seems to say, in the end, is that O'Neill the man of pity is the illusion, and that the only man he respects is the man without illusions. (I think one could say that it is just the opposite for Williams—that he abandons the man without illusions.) It's Larry, the man too full of self-loathing even to get drunk—Larry the man of pity—who refuses to offer the eighteen-year-old Parritt (Jeff Bridges) any comfort or hope, who judges him pitilessly and sends him to his death. Parritt has come to see Larry, the one person who was ever kind to him, asking to be helped. And Larry, the kindly spokesman for the necessity of illusion, doesn't want to help Parritt lie to himself; he wants him dead. It's a cruel, ambiguous kicker in the neat-looking finish. Larry's compassion, it seems, extends only to those he's not emotionally involved with. O'Neill makes Larry a hard man, finally, and desolate and unyielding, like himself. And though the bums are restored to their illusions, it's a fools' paradise regained; there's a streak of contempt in O'Neill's final view of them. O'Neill gives the lie to his own thesis: the bums need illusions not in order to be fully human (as would be the case in Tennessee Williams) but because they're weak. Those who find life without illusions insupportable are poor slobs—not strong enough to face truth and be broken by it. Hickey deceived himself about why he killed his wife; Larry, the self-hater,



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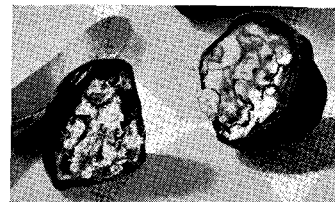
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the only man Hickey succeeded in stripping of illusions, is, at the end, the iceman. He's stone sober, like the O'Neill of the photographs. How could anyone look at O'Neill's face and believe that he's telling people to be happy with their illusions? Sure, O'Neill is destroyed by "the truth," but he thinks he lives with "truth;" that's the secret in that haunted, sunken-jawed, angry face. And if he didn't linger on the implications of Larry's position at the end, maybe it's because he didn't dare to examine the false glory in it. It's hubris if ever there was hubris in an American play; it's also a common delusion of the mad.

It was only when, in "Long Day's Journey Into Night," O'Neill abandoned the mechanistic dualisms (such as illusion and truth here) which he used as the underpinnings of his plays—and which make them look dated yet give them structural clarity and easy-to-take-home "serious" themes—that he could see people whole. But though the characters in "Iceman" are devised for a thesis, and we never lose our consciousness of that, they are nevertheless marvellously playable. Fredric March, like Ryan, can let the muscles in his face sag to hell to show a character falling apart. He interprets Harry Hope (who could be a dismal bore) with so much quiet tenderness and skill that when Harry regains his illusions and we see March's muscles tone up we don't know whether to smile for the character or for the actor. March is such an honorable actor; he's had a long and distinguished career. On the stage since 1920, in movies since 1929, and at seventy-six he goes on taking difficult roles; he's not out doing TV commercials or grabbing a series. At a press conference just before the 1946 opening of "The Iceman Cometh," Eugene O'Neill said that the secret of happiness was contained in one simple sentence: "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" I think that once again he was being simplistic (O'Neill didn't sell his own soul, and I seriously doubt he was a happy man), but what he said has a basic truth in terms of the life of theatre people. Taking on a role in "The Iceman Cometh" is a moment of truth for an actor. One of the pleasures is the way Bradford Dillman (a hole in the screen in "The Way We Were") passes the test here. As Willie, singing his Harvard drinking song and shaking from the DTs, Dillman is funny and lively—like a Rip Torn without pent-up aggression. It's a small but flawless



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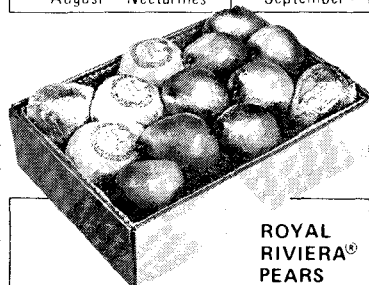
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performance; you can almost taste the actor's joy in the role—in *working* again. Jeff Bridges has been working all along; he's one of the lucky ones in Hollywood—so fresh and talented that just about every movie director with a good role wants him for it. But he has been cast as a country boy ("The Last Picture Show," "Fat City," "Bad Company," "The Last American Hero") and used for his "natural" ease on the screen—used, that is, for almost the opposite of what a stage actor needs. What he does here as the kid Parritt (it's the role that Robert Redford played in the TV version) is a complete change from the improvisational style he has developed, and initially it is a thankless role, a pain, really—one of those hideously-obvious-guilty-secret roles that you wish weren't in the play. Every line Parritt utters tells of his guilt. But, of course, O'Neill knew what he was doing; the obviousness turns out to be necessary, and when it pays off in Parritt's big scenes with Larry, Bridges, looking as young as the role requires, and so powerfully built that his misery has physical force, comes through. He is convincing-looking as a boy of that period, and he makes an almost impossibly schematic role believable. Toward the end, there is an instant while he's looking at Larry when his face is childishly soft and vulnerable; it's this instant that reminds us to be grateful for what a camera can add to the experience of a play.

We may think we could do without the irritating repetition of the term "pipe dream," and I know that at times I felt I could do without the three painted whores and maybe without the captain and the general who are still fighting the Boer War (though not without the actors who play them—Martyn Green and George Voskovec). But in O'Neill the laborious and the mysterious are peculiarly inextricable, and, with actors like Sorrell Booke as Hugo (which he played in the 1960 TV version), and Moses Gunn as Joe, and Tom Pedi as Rocky (which he played on Broadway in 1946 and again on TV in 1960), and John McLiam as a lyrically sad Jimmy Tomorrow, the four hours less a minute have a special grace. It was O'Neill's genius to discover what no other dramatist has—that banality in depth can let loose our common demons.

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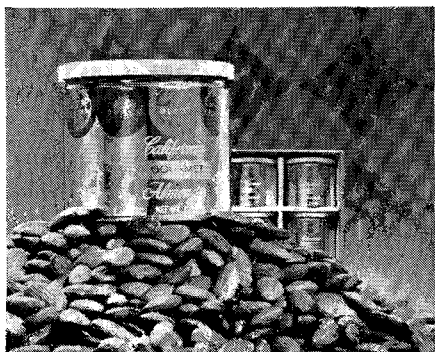
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on, and the subtitles keep coming. The story isn't all that complicated, but the storytelling technique is. The sheer input of information is exhausting. There's so much going on—flashbacks and crosscutting, plus gadgetry and split-second cityscapes—that you're never allowed any peace. The prop man must have had a breakdown on this one, and the editor may have had to use a computer to keep track of the bits of film. What's it all for? To keep you from being bored. It succeeds in that, but the effect is nerve-jangling. It's a traffic jam of a movie. Philippe Labro, the American-educated journalist-director, made last year's thriller "Without Apparent Motive," in which he encouraged Jean-Louis Trintignant to bring out his latent resemblance to Bogart; that was more modest trash. In "The Inheritor" he uses Jean-Paul Belmondo so that we're teasingly reminded of his Bogartlike gestures in "Breathless," and the spoiled cheat out of Chandler is named Lauren (Maureen Kerwin), but the picture aspires to something higher than the thriller category. It throws together the hardware of a Bond film and the sympathies of an anti-Fascist political melodrama, and it's too facetiously clever by at least half. One could accept the "Citizen Kane"-style storytelling of "The Mattei Affair" (with Mattei's body as a jigsaw puzzle within the larger jigsaw of the film), because the director, Francesco Rosi, was trying to tell a difficult, open-ended political story, to which he didn't have all the answers. But Labro doesn't even have any questions. "The Inheritor" is just a fast, classy jamboree of journalism and old movies. The hero, American-educated Bart Cordell (Belmondo), returns to France upon the death of his father; the inheritor of steel factories and a weekly newsmagazine, he is the twentieth-richest man in the West. Cordell is a powerful good guy; when he takes over his journalistic empire, he talks the same line about protecting the exploited poor against the powerful interests that Charles Foster Kane did, but it's without ambiguities here. This movie is basically a glamour-star fantasy that Labro takes seriously; he invokes Scott Fitzgerald (by quoting him), but in this neo-swinger's movie the quotation is a form of climbing. Labro has flash and expertise, but the story isn't good enough to justify the tenseness and trickery, and the characters are reincarnated from romantic hardboiled American movies. The movie operates on false energy, and when it's over there's nothing left; you're just tired. —PAULINE KAE

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DANCING

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OF all the nineteenth-century ballets that Rudolf Nureyev has staged and starred in throughout the Western world—the three Tchaikovsky classics and “Raymonda” and “Don Quixote” and the “Shades” scene from “La Bayadère”—the only one he has succeeded in turning into a legitimate personal vehicle is the Petipa-Minkus “Don Quixote.” Especially in his production of it for the Australian Ballet, which is now a film, his success seems to give impetus to his performing and to set his spirits free, and it’s a very larky Nureyev whom we see—a buoyant imp who dances almost continuously, cavorts in various disguises, and mugs with cheerful abandon, as if the camera weren’t right on top of him. Some people who have never seen this side of his personality (the recent movie “I Am a Dancer” showcased his rather solemnly artistic side) may be delighted by the amount of sunshine in it; others may be taken aback by the lack of subtlety in his style—Nureyev is as bad a comic actor as he is a tragic one—but his excesses don’t strain the material, and the conditions of filming were such that he is able to remain in top form from start to finish. He’s constantly on and constantly *up*.

Nureyev’s role is that of Basilio, the penniless barber who wins the innkeeper’s daughter away from her rich fiancé. The plot is based on a tiny episode in Volume II of Cervantes, in which Don Quixote is a guest at the wedding of Quiteria and Camacho (called Kitri and Gamache in the ballet); Basilio fakes a suicide attempt, and the Don, deluded as ever, pleads with Quiteria to grant the boy his dying wish and marry him. A few other incidents in the ballet are taken from the novel, but its real provenance seems to have been an 1801 Paris Opéra ballet called “Les Noces de Gamache” and subsequent ballets on the same theme which were produced by August Bourdonville in 1837 and Paul Taglioni in 1850. In Petipa’s work, the main interest is centered on the adventures of Basilio and Kitri, and Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are peripheral characters who are played by mimes. Whether Petipa made it that way or not—the ballet passed through many hands after it left his, in the early nineteen-hundreds—“Don Quixote” is an uncomfortable mixture of farce and fantasy. The Don is sometimes a

sympathetic mock-romantic figure and sometimes a buffoon. Robert Helpmann, who on the stage and in other movies has been a great mime and one of the world’s funniest men, plays the part inscrutably, wearing his eyebrows and mustache twirled into crescents but behaving with an opaque dignity. In his low-comedy duel with Gamache, who is a straight buffoon, he doesn’t reach for the laughs that seem to have been planted, but he doesn’t account for their absence, either; it’s a painfully unresolved performance. This was a minor flaw in the stage production; in the film it’s a major one. As a mime, Helpmann can take extended closeups, which don’t spoil the line of his performance (whereas the dancers are kept in long shot), and although his part is small, the film brings him much closer to the audience than the stage production did; it also makes the phantasmagoria of his fight with the windmills more vivid. If any way exists to play this Quixote, surely it’s as a creature frozen by his own fantasies to the point of absurdist irresponsibility. But in the film, when the hero and heroine make fun of him, and when Gamache, an effeminate clown, poses as Dulcinea in a parting jest, it is they who seem irresponsible—out of balance with our perceptions.

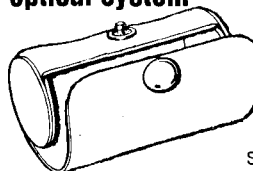
Filmed ballet is a bastard genre that only one director, Paul Czinner, seems to have triumphed in. His method was simplicity, not to say crudity, itself: he set up his cameras in the theatre and recorded an actual performance. Czinner took the risk of boring the audience, but he did not confuse it or disappoint it by promising effects he could not deliver. Most filmed ballets try to strike a compromise between the stage and the film studio, and the experience of watching them is like being led part way into a tunnel and stranded there. In the “Don Quixote” film, Geoffrey Unsworth photographs everything in pretty, soft pinks and dusty browns, but one would like to nail the camera down. Barry Kay’s expanded sets look far handsomer than his original sets did in the theatre, but we are given no sense of their perimeter. (That would be too “stagy.”) Once the action starts, the crosscutting and the tracking and overhead shots throw us for a loss. We can’t tell where people are coming from or where they are in relation to each other, or even who they are. Nureyev’s production on the stage was rhythmically defective—rushed and overexcited—and, because ballet goes much faster on film, the movie version magnifies this debility. The mime scenes in the marketplace and in the gypsy camp fly by without making their point. When we lose the feeling of the space in which an event happens, we are apt to lose the meaning of the



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event, and this movie does not reconstruct our sense of space as a more single-mindedly "cinematic" version would have.

Nureyev and Helpmann, who together directed, have seen to it that everything is just the same as it was on the stage. Colin Peasley, as Gamache, appears in his whiteface makeup—unfortunate in a film—and Helpmann does not use a single double exposure for his hallucinations (which would have explained them to the audience)—just some Vaseline on the lens. For those who saw the stage production when Nureyev toured with it a few years ago, the film contains no surprises. The Kitri, Lucette Aldous, does look better than she did on the stage—larger and not as hard. She doesn't have the glamour that her partner has, however, or that Marilyn Rowe has in two featured roles—as the Street Dancer in the first act and the Queen of the Dryads (Dulcinea's retinue) in the second. Rowe is not only bewitching—she's the best dancer the Australians have. Had I not known this, I might have tended to discount her fascination as an illusion created by the camera, which is always up to tricks. A sequence of chaîné turns by Nureyev looks speeded up, and there are over a dozen cuts, to different takes, in the grand adagio of the last act. The worst thing about ballet filmed in a studio setting is its air of unreality. The studio creates no environment we can recognize, and the inhumanly perfect dancing has an unpleasant, cushioned impact, as if seen behind plate glass. I've fallen asleep more than once at such films, even when they contained Ulanova. But more and more ballet productions are being filmed this way, because they're technically easier to make and it's cheaper not to have to pay stagehands in addition to a film crew.

In the print I saw, the dancers' feet kept disappearing at the bottom edge of the screen, and this fault of projection is likely to be repeated in most theatres that show the film. Though Nureyev seems to have failed to control Unsworth's choice of angles, the original framing did not chop off the dancers' feet. Indeed, most of the usual blunders—cutting away in the midst of a dance, closing in on irrelevant details, letting dancers leap out of camera range—have been avoided.

ROBERT HELPMANN played Oberon to Vivien Leigh's Titania in a famous Old Vic production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," directed by Tyrone Guthrie, in the late thirties,

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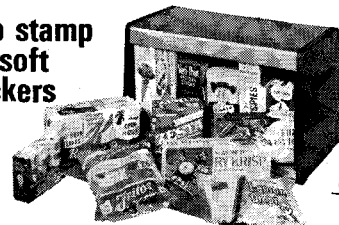
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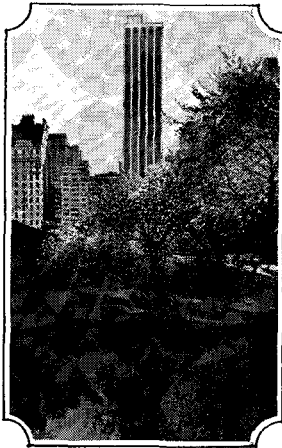


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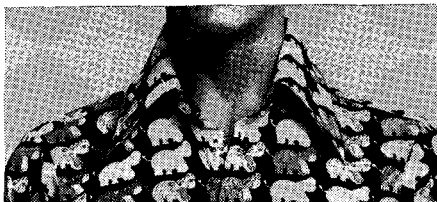


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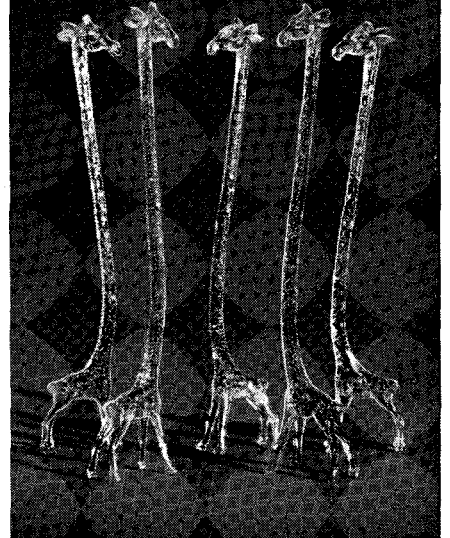
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and the visual style of that production, designed by Oliver Messel, seems to have inspired Frederick Ashton's ballet "The Dream." Guthrie and Messel set the play in the eighteen-forties, the period of Mendelssohn's incidental music. Ashton reminds us that this was also the great period of Romantic ballet. His fairy flock seems to have skimmed out of a Chalon lithograph. But he also advanced ballet history, creating for Antoinette Sibley a Titania that still remains her greatest role and for Anthony Dowell an Oberon that made him a star. All this English-European tradition isn't hard for Americans to understand and adore, but, much as I would love to adore an American production of "The Dream," the transplant that has taken place this season at the Joffrey Ballet only shows what fragile stuff legends are made of. The choreography of "The Dream" is one of Ashton's most delicate essays in English classical style. The girls of the Royal Ballet have an allegro technique based on a quick in-step and an elastic sense of time. The short preparation and the easeful follow-through are what the Joffrey girls can't manage; they can bounce up all right, but they have to sink back almost immediately. The English girls have a light vivacity, a flighty quality, that exactly suits the "fairy" temperament of Ashton's group dances. The Joffrey girls look jerky and thick. It doesn't matter that the lines are as straight as suburban English hedgerows. We would give a lot for a little sweet disorder and a few daintily stretched feet.

Except for the wonderful fairy dances (to the Overture, "You spotted snakes," and the Scherzo) and the conception of the two principal roles, "The Dream" is a conventional interpretation of the play, amusing but also a little tedious. I like the proper Victorian ninnies who compose Ashton's quartet of lovers (and Charthel Arthur's lopsided half smile and slight spinal wobble make her the best of these), but the comedy is basically a selected attitude toward the text—"another way of doing it"—and not a revelation. It's in the pas de deux for Titania and Oberon that Ashton arrives at a grand statement, and in the Sibley-Dowell version the statement was about the pacifying power of love. In the Joffrey version we barely sense that love exists, and we get no statement—instead, two solos that happen to conjoin, telling us nothing. The stubby Titania (Rebecca Wright, sadistically miscast) is incomprehensible. The Oberon is Burton Taylor, struggling to regain his old

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form after being forced off the stage by an injury two years ago. Taylor's placement and line make him incomparably the finest classical dancer in the Joffrey company, and without a Titania the prestige of the production really depends on him alone. (It would probably not have been attempted without him.) After an unsteady start, he began to improve, and by the third performance he had succeeded in saving something of Ashton's Scherzo.

David Walker's set, with its banked-up shrubbery extending across the back of the stage and forming an entrance-way for the dancers, cuts into the dancing space considerably, and the production looks cramped. When the corps of fairies move en masse to the wings and mime "Listen!" four of them are doing it offstage. They should stay off.

I HAVE seldom felt as much tension in a theatre before a première as before Robert Joffrey's "Remembrances." Everybody knows that the company needs good new ballets, and everybody, myself included, wanted to like what was coming—Joffrey's first ballet since "Astarte." But the curtain rose and in due course fell without the miracle's having taken place. "Remembrances" is a "frame-of-memory" piece (to cite a phrase associated with Martha Graham, from whom the genre derives), with a singer and a pianist and with pairs of young lovers perpetually crossing the stage. The lead couple meet and part and meet, and so forth, while a mime, who evidently represents the heroine in later life, registers her emotions on confronting this replay of her past. Since her conduct with the young man appears to have been in the best of taste, there seems nothing to get emotional about. The background duets are sometimes synchronized with the principal one and sometimes they echo or anticipate it—a device reminiscent of the live pas de deux and the filmed one in "Astarte." The movement, from beginning to end, is laden with exquisite touches that suggest whispers, sighs, dying falls. (The program quotes Shelley's "Music, when soft voices die.") The score combines several pieces by Wagner—notably the "Wesendonk Lieder," named for Mathilde Wesendonk, the author of the texts and the lady with whom Wagner apparently conducted a non-affair like the one we see on the stage. Joffrey, who may have wanted to make the nullity of the proceedings the point of the piece, has ended by nullifying himself and making a non-ballet.

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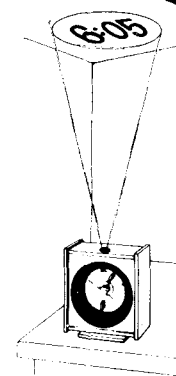
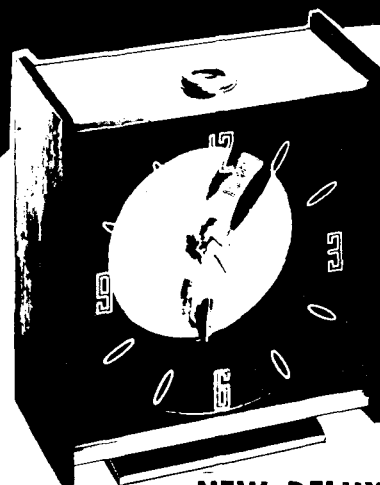
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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 26
IT was only to be expected that when the President yesterday ordered a worldwide troop alert, a large number of people in this capital and elsewhere assumed that his motives were, as is so often the case, essentially political and that the purpose of the order was, on the one hand, to get the American public's mind off his domestic difficulties and, on the other, to show the Soviet Union and other nations that, however beleaguered his regime might be at home, he remained the undisputed master of as much military muscle as the world has ever known. The Russians were making ominous threats of action that seemed to fall just short of direct intervention against Israel, and American sympathy for Israel demanded something more than private donations, hortatory advertisements, and street demonstrations. Still, since it had often been announced by the superpowers that they wished above all to avoid a face-to-face encounter in the Middle East, a *global* alert on our part seemed a needless show of force—a gesture made in the spirit of the old May Day parades in Moscow. In his news conference yesterday, the Secretary of State made a case of sorts for it, but shortly after he spoke orders were dispatched to “phase down” the alert. Our gift for reversing ourselves has become highly developed.

Indeed, there was nothing outlandish in the thought that Nixon would not be restrained by the conventions of détente if he could more easily work his will or improve his standing by going around them. In recent weeks, he has repeatedly reversed himself or gone off on new tacks. After saying time and again that he could not in good conscience obey the instruction of District Judge John Sirica and the majority of judges on the Court of Appeals to deliver the Watergate tapes and other documents to Judge Sirica for personal scrutiny, he reconsidered the matter and decided that, after all, he could obey Judge Sirica's order. Had he indulged in his reconsideration a few

days earlier and stood by it, he could have spared his Administration a lot of anguish and lost confidence and enabled it to retain the services of two of its most gifted and respected members—Elliot Richardson, the Attorney General, and Richardson's deputy, William D. Ruckelshaus. Moreover, he would have been spared another controversy with the new special prosecutor who is shortly to be named by the Acting Attorney General, Robert H. Bork; Bork, an academic like Archibald Cox, is unlikely to replace Cox with anyone of more malleable standards. (Bork could have had the job himself, but he didn't want it, and doesn't even aspire to the Attorney Generalship; he wants only to follow up a brief assignment as Solicitor General with a return to the Yale Law School.) Nixon announced a prime-time network address to the nation, cancelled it in favor of a prime-time press conference the following evening, then cancelled that, and finally, on the third evening, held a press conference that was pointless except for a prediction of a firm peace in the Middle East,

a gratuitous paean to Bebe Rebozo as a man of incontestable rectitude, and an expression of his unconcealed contempt for practicing journalists.

Nixon, in his public appearances, exudes self-confidence and self-righteousness, but there are occasional flashes of anguish in his demeanor—perhaps a recognition of the fact that impeachment proceedings are a real possibility. No one can read this strange man's mind, however, and it is not altogether beyond belief that he perceives no contradiction between the image of himself that he seeks to convey to an increasingly skeptical public and the one to which he himself adheres. But he is wise in the ways of American politics, and he knows that high prices and high taxes are hard on any Administration, even when responsibility for these ills cannot fairly be charged to the account of the incumbents. Corruption, in the interest of gaining either money or power, is not well thought of, but a certain amount is tolerated as a lamentable and incorrigible weakness of human nature, particularly among politicians. The three or four instances of it in the Eisenhower Administration had little or no effect on the President's



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popularity, but Watergate seems to be of an insufferable order of magnitude and, as has never happened before, appears to involve the Chief Executive himself—if not as a participant, then as an overseer so lacking in vigilance and sound judgment as to select a felon as Vice-President and to recruit an administrative team with an unprecedented number of dirty players.

There can be no doubt that Nixon, despite his general astuteness, is seriously flawed as an appraiser of character—a failing that could be related to what seems so clearly his passion for secrecy, and to the mistrust that leads him to rely so heavily on “intelligence gathering” and to value personal loyalty above practically all other traits. He is a sucker for flattery and is enraged by dissent in its mildest forms. He defines success only in financial and political terms, and shows little appreciation for genuine accomplishment in any other endeavor except sports. No President since Harding has displayed so great an aptitude for surrounding himself with mediocrity, and now, toward the close of his fifth year as President, the only possessors of real talent left in the high councils of his Administration may well be his Secretary of State and his Secretary of the Treasury. These are estimable and gifted men, and much of the character of the remainder of the Nixon Administration may rest on their efforts—particularly those of Henry Kissinger. If the cease-fire in the Middle East holds for the next three years, the achievement, whether or not it belongs to Kissinger and his Presidential patron, will be largely theirs to claim, and if the economic ministrations of George Shultz are sufficient to forestall further inflation, the nation that is now so sullen and apprehensive may forget its other grievances, counting the blessings of peace and of relative prosperity as worth the accompanying squalor and contempt for civil liberties.

It is a curious aspect of Nixon's conduct of his and the nation's affairs that when he is playing a diplomatic role he is even-tempered, logical, and completely free of the kind of paranoia he so frequently displays in dealings with his own countrymen. Yesterday's global alert was a rather crude form of diplomacy, but his speech made the best possible case for it, and nearly all of his recent statements of American foreign policy have been marked by tact, understanding, and a determination not to allow himself to be provoked. Much of this doubtless can be attributed to his schooling by Henry Kissinger and oth-



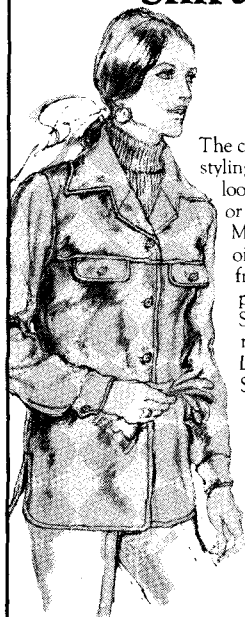
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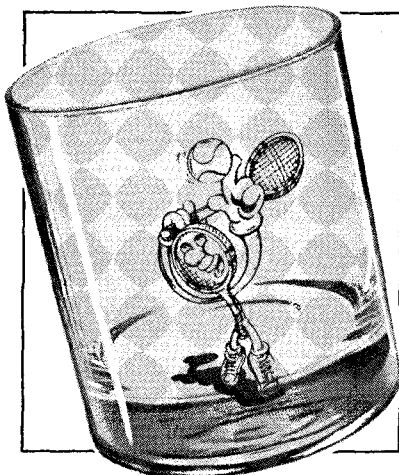
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ers, but he is President and appoints his own tutors. Although some members of Congress think there may be grounds for impeachment in particular international actions he has taken—for example, the bombings of Cambodia that were conducted in secrecy and lied about in Pentagon reports—in general his personal conduct with foreign leaders has very seldom received the kind of criticism that meets about fifty per cent of his domestic initiatives. Whether his behavior plays any significant part in the outcome of events is another matter, but it is not beyond possibility that the confidence he finds it so much easier to inspire in statesmen abroad than in politicians at home may play some part in the easing of tensions which is apparent in so many quarters. It could be, of course, that some of our adversaries, noting his troubles at home, have decided it is safe to play to his weaknesses and to elicit concessions by treating him rather more gently than some of his predecessors. But this would be a dangerous game, for their agents here must advise them that his military power and authority are intact and all that has been really damaged in our international role is our pretension to superior moral authority.

FOR whatever political reasons and by whatever techniques, Washington and Moscow have worked out a limited partnership that appears to have been effective in defusing the latest Arab-Israeli conflict, and for this there is considerable gratitude here. The possibility even exists—though it is remote—that the superpowers may be able to lead their Middle Eastern clients to negotiate a political settlement. But despite gratitude for what has already been accomplished, there is a feeling here that even though Israel's existence is once more reasonably secure, its long-term prospects are bleak. No matter what agreements may be made if negotiations eventually occur, Israel will be unable to let down its military guard, and industrial growth will be slowed and perhaps even stalled. In the past three weeks, Israel received neither aid nor encouragement from any of the great European powers. In the past, the country did more for sub-Saharan African states than nations with a dozen times its resources, but now, under pressure from their North African neighbors, one or another of them deserts Israel every week or so. There was a time when "Arab unity" was hardly more than a phrase, but the coordinated Arab war strategy seems to show that a way has been found to



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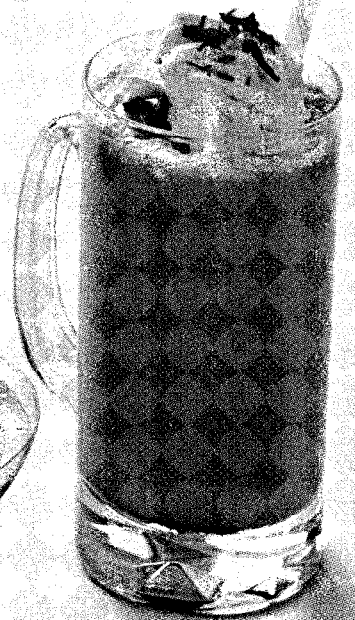
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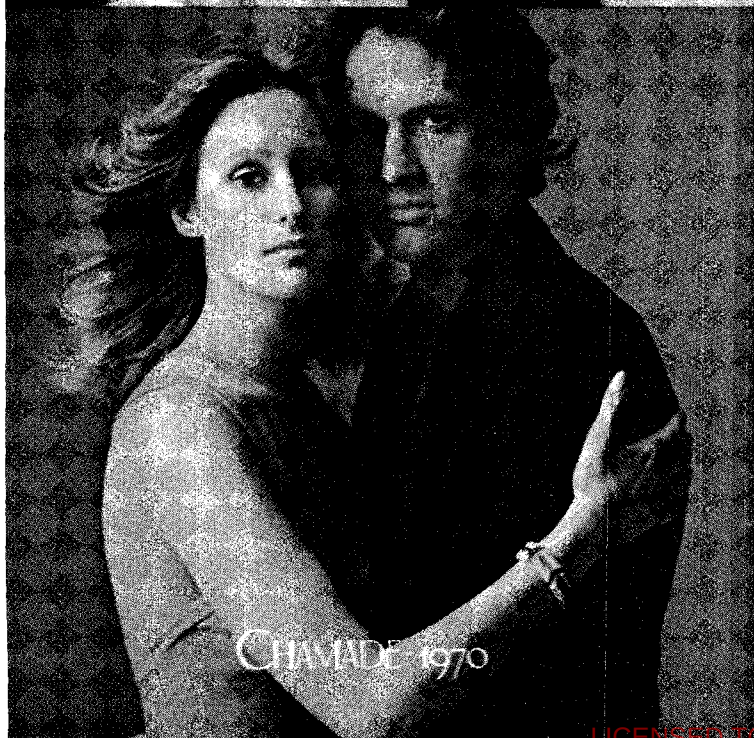
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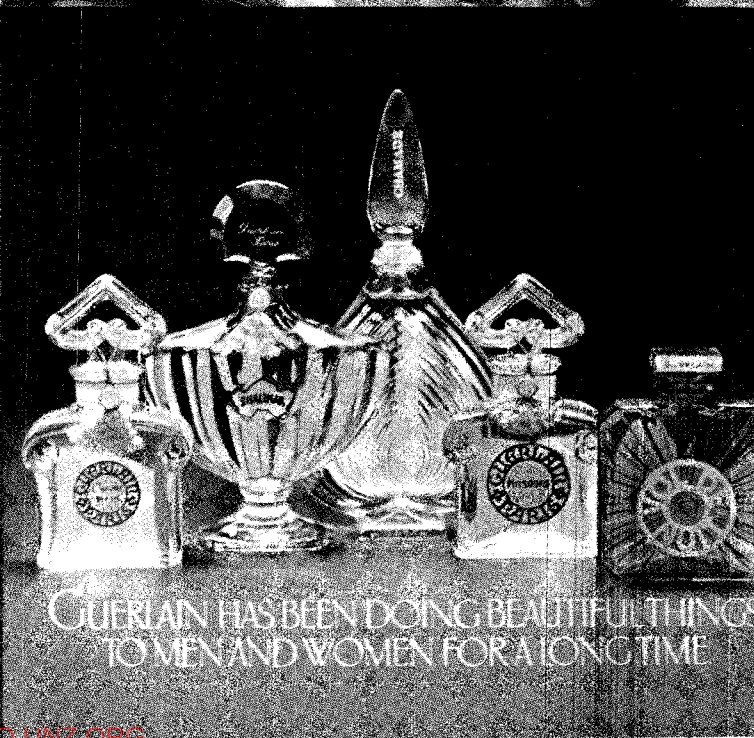
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get the rich members to pony up their dues, thus lending reality to the once discredited phrase, and Israel may quite literally have no choice but to become a garrison state.

If Israel has to transform itself into a fortress, much of the economic burden will fall on us, and if the burden should become very heavy, anti-Israel sentiment will grow in this country. The ties that now exist are, first, the presence of a sizable Jewish minority here and, second, the shared ideas of democracy. But these could be weakened considerably by economic strains—as, indeed, similar ties with several European countries have already been weakened or broken. There might be some hope in the cultivation of better American relations with the Arabs—this was the aim when the Eisenhower Administration was ready to help in the construction of the Aswan Dam—but these ties would have to be predominantly economic, and thus would be seen mainly as an additional bill for financing the existence of Israel. It may be, of course, that Arab passions will in time be spent; even though morale is currently on the rise, there must come a day when a people feels that it has endured defeat too often and determines to devote its energies to more productive enterprises. But the fear remains here and elsewhere that in the Arab world such a time will not come before a few more rounds of bloodshed. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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—From the index to "Memory and Attention," by Donald A. Norman.

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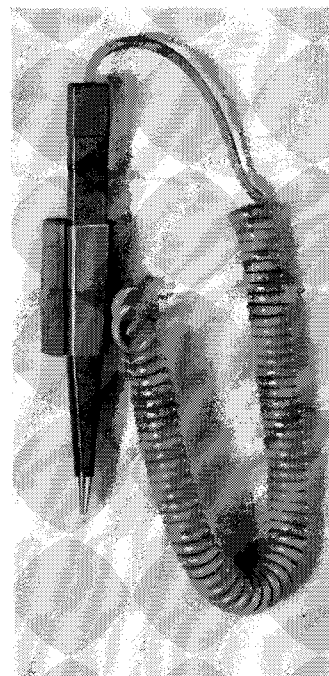
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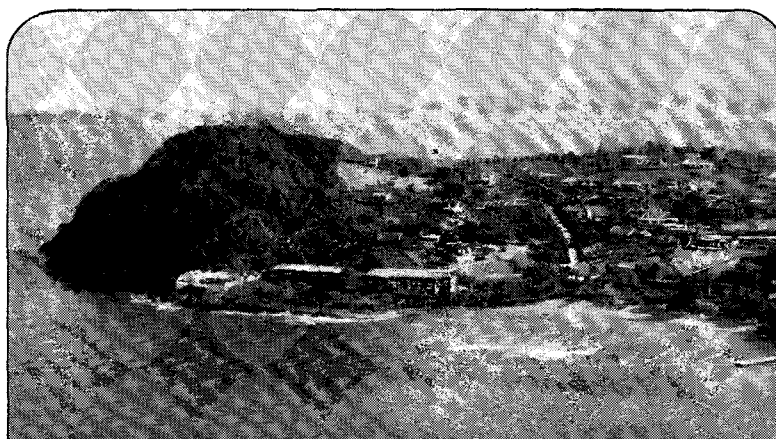


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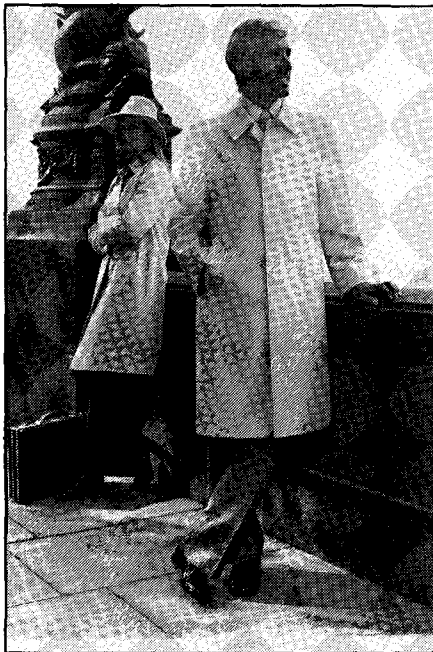
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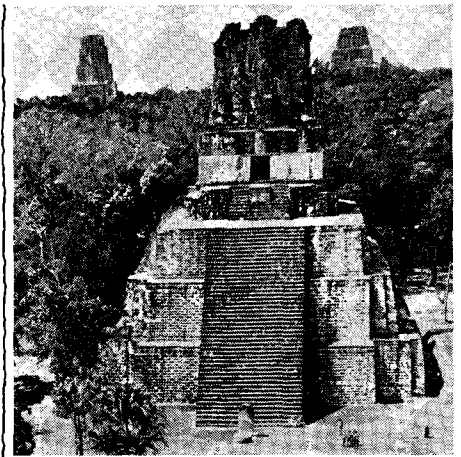
FOOTBALL

Have You Gotta Beleeve?



CREDIBILITY is down to ten cents on the dollar, and the market is still selling off. It is an astonishment that someone like Creedence Clearwater has not written a song about it. A few weeks ago, Randy Johnson went absent without leave from the Giants—not nearly enough playing time, he said. Management expressed a remarkable lack of interest, and that small sporting element which could be called the “controlled press” issued the standard warning that goes to any paid performer who moves himself out of line. It was, furthermore, pointed out that the young man could look forward to a dim future if he did not move back—this at a time when there was cause to wonder about the future of the Giants. The wonder gained justification as the Sundays crawled on, and last week the absentee, nonplaying Johnson became the Giants’ starting quarterback. He put on a truly great show. The future of the Giants remains moot; it is reasonable to suspect that the future of Johnson does not. Toward the end of July, the Redskins bought Duane Thomas from San Diego. No one said that Larry Brown, who was pondering his future and the contract he was asking for to insure it, was to be succeeded by Thomas, though there was conversation enough in print to imply it. But Brown is again running the ball for the Redskins, and Thomas, though he is in uniform, is to be seen but fleetingly, mostly on the sideline benches. The same sort of berth is held down for the Giants by Rich Glover, last year’s marvel of marvels for Nebraska. Not a few of us would like to see what these famous players can do. As for the Jets, aside from Al Woodall (when he is in workable order), Emerson Boozer, and Bobby Howfield, there is little of note to be said. On Sunday last, they conceded to the Broncos—right at the start—a touchdown in eight plays, another in two plays, another in one play. At the end of the first quarter, the Jets had picked up one yard in action, the Broncos a hundred and seventy-seven.

IN a milder world, the largest early-afternoon collapse was contributed by Harvard. A prankish breeze bothered both the throwing and the punting



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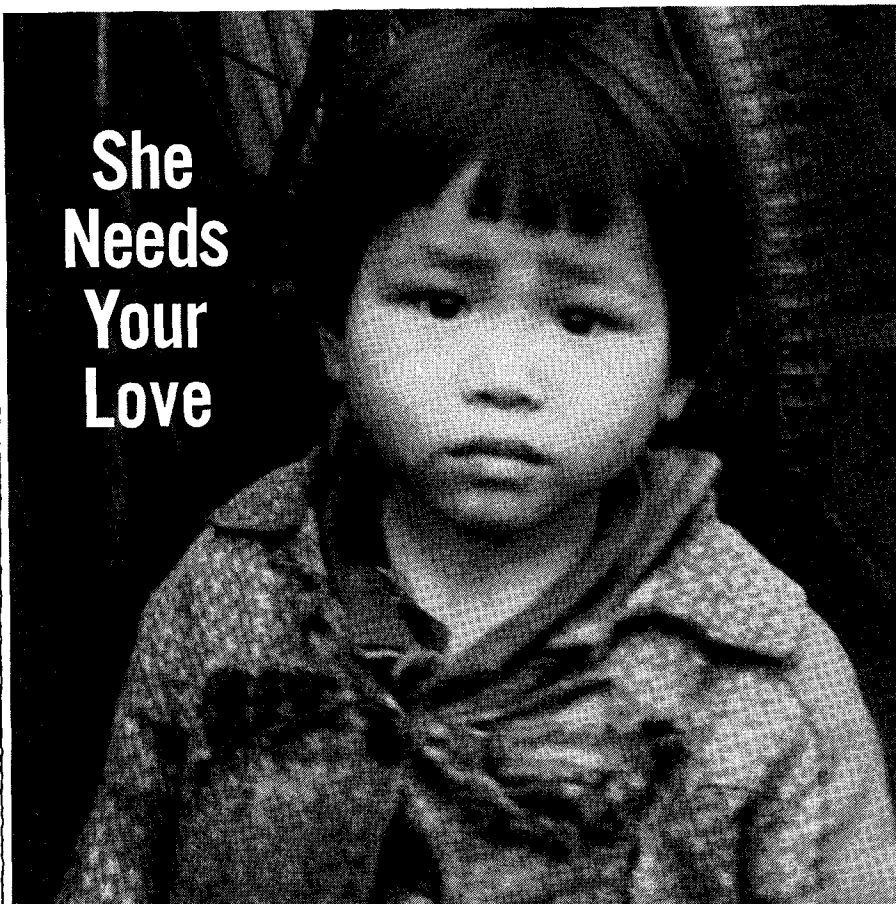
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of Stoeckel, the Harvard quarterback, and his defensive linemen were bothered by the dodginess of the Dartmouth runners. And runners they are; Harvard, a well-built bit of machinery, and a prince of the realm in its category, misses one item—speed—and on Saturday appeared to be facing the Dartmouth cross-country squad. On offense, too, as this chronicler has noted, it is not quick on the draw, and it is not especially rapid on one or two other maneuvers. Thus it was that Dartmouth came out ahead, 24–18. But not until after a second half in which Harvard ran off a hundred and thirty-eight yards against Dartmouth's seventy-eight, threw the ball for a hundred and thirty (none for Dartmouth), collected thirteen first downs against three for Dartmouth, and compelled Dartmouth to punt five times. Dartmouth, following a season's start as disturbing as Harvard's first half on Saturday, looks as alive and well as ever; it is paced by Snickenberger at quarterback, and he has improved no end since last fall. Rowe and Klupchak, on the damaged list at the beginning, are once more prominent; Klupchak, it is true, was used sparingly on Saturday, but Lind, up to this year a nonprominent, filled in so well for him that there was no discernible difference. All to no avail, perhaps, for Pennsylvania, putting away Princeton by 24–0, now leads the Ivy League. Doyle, finally reverting to the skill that was his in the complete destruction of a fine Dartmouth a year ago, moved Yale along to a 20–3 conquest of Cornell, which seems to be reverting, too—to its traditional mid-season teetering. Holy Cross 17, Army 10—and Holy Cross was to have been Army's time-out after its long succes-

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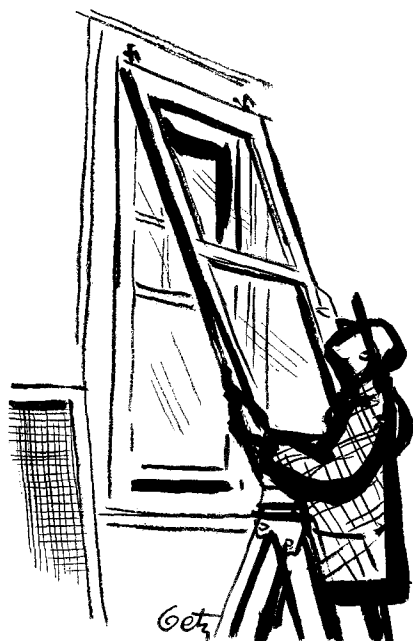
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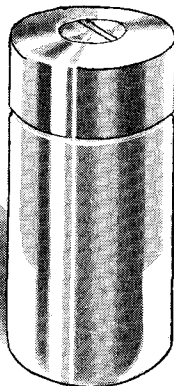
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sion of engagements with bowl teams. Note of cheer for Army: McGlasker, up from the freshman team as tailback, looks to be the quickest-breaking Army man since Hunter and Evans were around. One more note of cheer: Eric Tipton's hundred-and-fifty-pounder Army group won its third match over the weekend—no defeats, and only two touchdowns against it. As he was climbing into a bus to go to the field on Saturday, Tom Cahill, who is head coach of the Army varsity, was approached by a woman who asked him to please sign a get-rid-of-Cahill petition. He tells the story on himself. But it is a consummation devoutly not to be wished.

—J. W. L.

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—From the back of a map of Grand Lake, Ohio.

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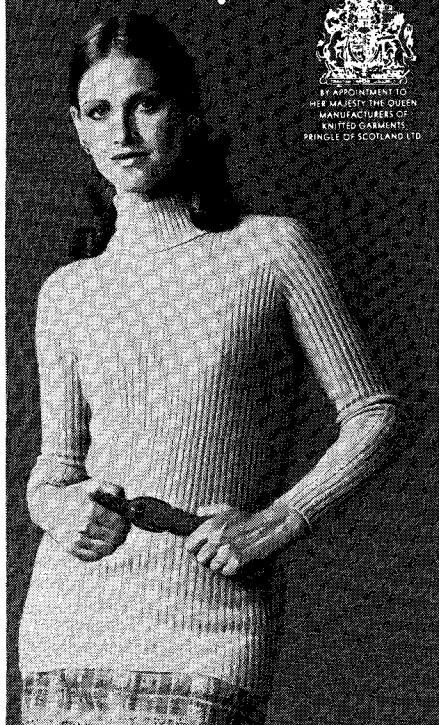
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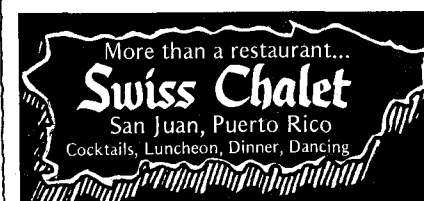
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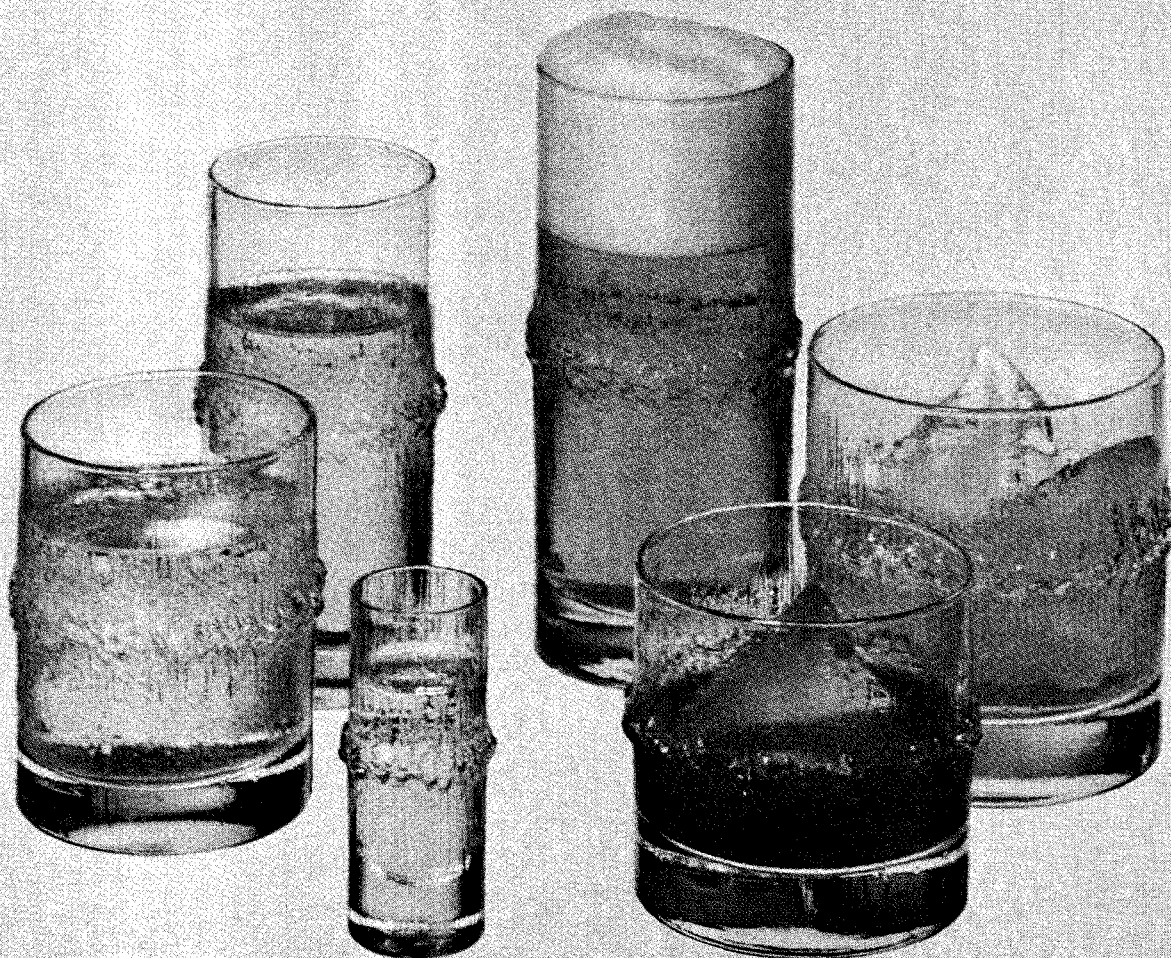
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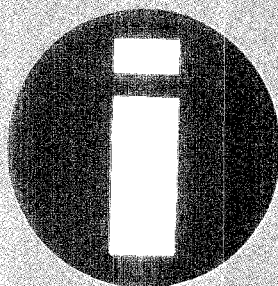


iittala in flux

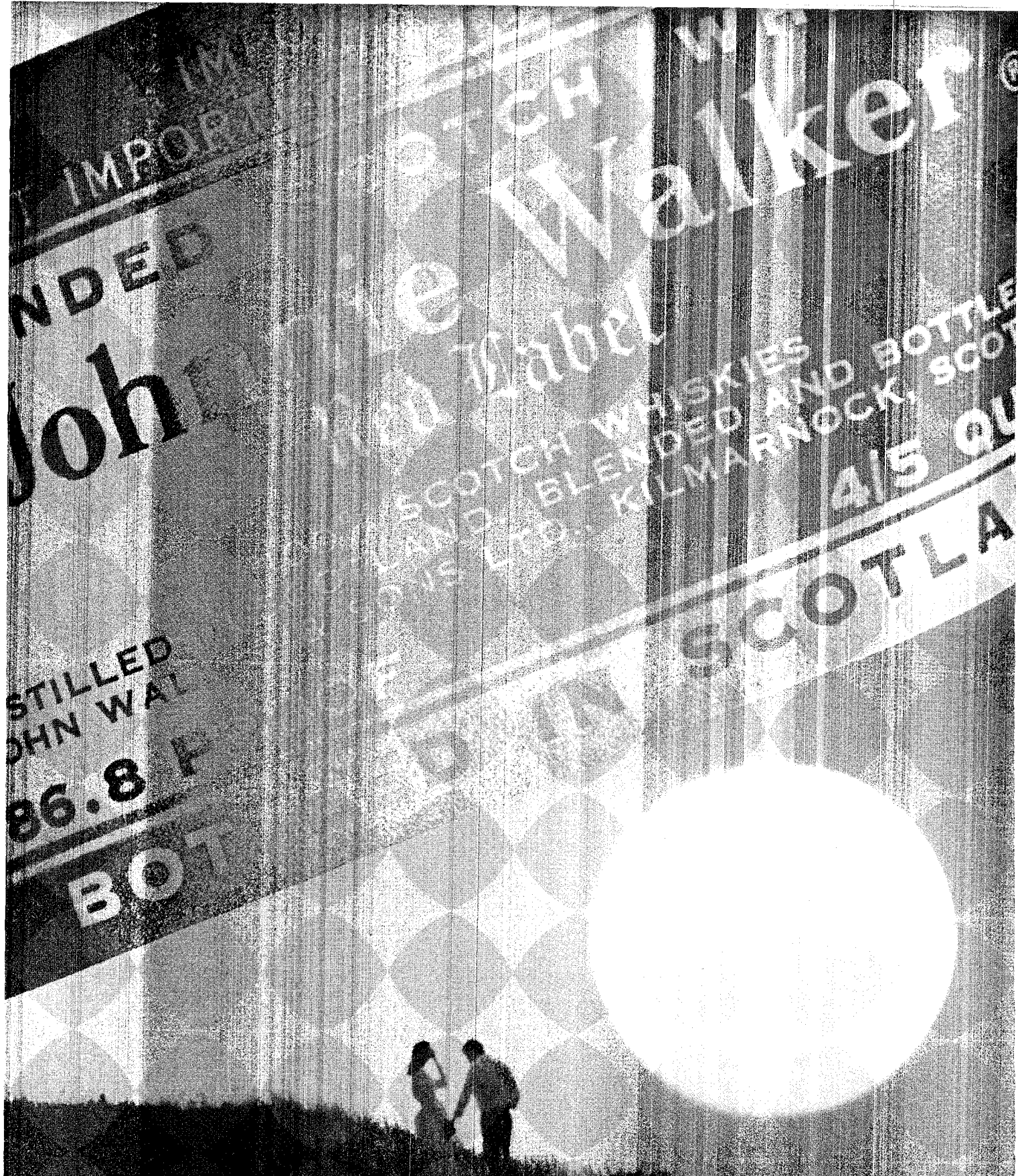


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I
Up the flint path
by rust-raked sheds, marled
greenyards stippled with onion,
day's end comes
eyes dark as earth covering
hill upon hill

far kin
of the night-carriers
on the windless plain lighting
their way with orphaned feet.

When it passes
stones rise in cold streams
sculled to transparency,
under dark lobes a kindling
floats up to the surface, crystal
milkstone
a loosed fossil

and here
on the wind-flailed slope
something I have sensed all my life
shifts in the near trees,
in a nest of rags
rocking itself slowly
it plucks at my breath as I come

and bend over its light bones
like a father.

II

Eyes carding the dark
and at the mouth a vague pleasure
come this long distance

how long have you been standing
beside me, last echo of light,
what have you carried that each palm
is shy in its pallor?

At hands' end snuffed wicks
limp by your side, your feet char
in the dust

an armful of sticks set burning
no more.

Your lungs are already choked
with worms, your life is going out
almost. I can hear how little
you had to use.

III

It must be now
that they set out, each family
invisible, come for their last,
in this calm it must be they gather
into great flocks opening wings
over the heavy core of the world.

As you lie thrashing for breath
in my arms they lift up

and for the moment free us all.

—RICHARD SCHRAMM

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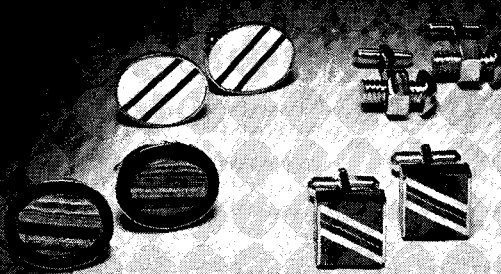
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Shadow and Substance

HENRI TROYAT's "Dostoyevsky" and "Pushkin" were sound biographies. His "Tolstoy" was quite exceptional in its intimacy. Its merit lay in the use of the lived quality of Tolstoy's writing, so that the man was assimilated through the writer and interwoven with him. Troyat had found the man in the innumerable details of his novels, autobiography, and ethical writings, had even caught the limpid surface of the prose, and his book had no overtones of pastiche. The task of dealing with Gogol ("Divided Soul: The Life of Gogol," published by Doubleday, and translated by Nancy Amphoux) is far more difficult. In him autobiography is either secretive or fantastic to the point of mania. If, like Tolstoy, he was to reject his art and become a preacher of the spiritual life, he did so when his powers had been annulled by his neuroses and when his spiritual aspirations were for the most part commonplace and had the generalized air of rambling, hypocritical uncton. Go-

gol has the dubiousness of a swami. And the prose is no help. It loses enormously, we are told, in translation. One can see simply that he was indeed a divided soul, who proceeded from a minute vegetative realism which collected facts and then broke into wild, comic, lyrical eloquence and passages of dense and extravagant imagery. The most the biographer can do is to speculate, from the outside, upon the Joycean slither of Gogol's peculiar mind. Troyat takes this from the account of the Mayor's soirée in "Dead Souls":

The black frock coats swooped and buzzed, individually or in clusters, like flies on a dazzling white sugar loaf an old woman is breaking up and separating into sparkling white segments near an open window on a hot July day. The children gather around, peering intently at the motions of her rough hands as she raises the hammer, while a swarm of flies borne on the light air come boldly in and, as absolute masters of the place, take advantage of the old woman's acute nearsightedness and the sun that blinds her

even more, to spread themselves all over the succulent morsels, sometimes alone and sometimes in throngs.

As Troyat says, the images have no direct bearing on the text; they are "glimpses into a secondary universe" that is a source of Gogol's greatness as an artist, whether it derives from the fancies of Little Russia or is the underground part of his droll, terrified, secretive, dissimulating, and eccentric character. He is a mystery enclosed in an enigma.

Gogol's character can easily be simplified by the psychologists of the last seventy years. It is perfectly split. His leaps from shrinking depression and melancholia to boasting and euphoria mark him down as a manic-depressive. His comic sense depends a good deal on the hilarious sneer. Troyat avoids the well-known psychological jargon and, because he is himself a novelist, employs an artist's mercy and lets the phases of Gogol's tormented and tormenting life speak for themselves. The famous writings "The Nose," "Diary of a Madman," "The Inspector General," and "Dead Souls" are, in their fantasies, explicit about his neuroses. He

did not have to wait for Kierkegaard or the Existentialists to discover his sense of the void and the abyss; his art revealed that instantly. One has to look to his extraordinary childhood to see how it all began, and to guess how much the old life of Little Russia and its visionary, ribald, or heroic storytelling colored him. The early indoctrination, by his pious mother, in the terrors of hellfire and the presence of the Devil formed him for the double life. His sickness when he was a child, his ugliness (particularly his fantastically long, pointed nose), his role as the favorite pampered by parents who doted naïvely on each other and himself, kept him infantile. The early death of his father gave him the precocious authority of a mother's boy. In one sense, his childhood, until his school days, was like Oblomov's dream of eternal caressing, sweet sloth, and delicious eating. Like Oblomov, he was always metaphorically at the breast. His genius as playwright, master of speech, mimicry, and caricature owes much to the fact that his father was



"Don't 'Hi, pal' me! Where in hell have you been?"

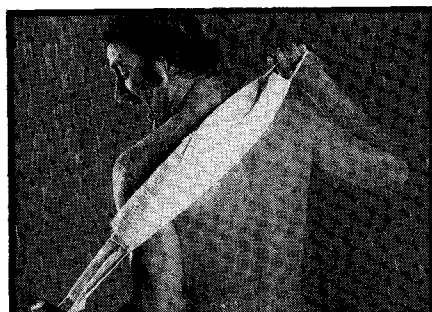


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something of an actor and playwright, too, who wrote puppet plays and charades to while away the idleness of a small landowning family who, in the Russian way, kept open house. The grotesque bodies and faces of Gogol's characters owe a lot to puppetry. The neighbors in the Ukraine were given to horseplay. One of them used to fill a huge vat with water, fling in a handful of gold coins, and ask his guests to dive in to get them. Wringing wet and shouting with laughter, the guests competed like clowns.

The mother's influence lasted. One has only to follow the possessive passion of this simple woman to understand Gogol's terror of women. "Woman catches us by the end of the nose"—the nose is his obsessive and explicit sexual symbol—and "has a pact with the Devil." The tiny, hermetic genius was impotent for life, loved and hated no other woman, was frightened by his homosexual impulses. He found protection in elaborate lying, and release in the vilifying of his friends, on whom he nevertheless ruthlessly traded. He was adept at changing his skin and pretending, like an actor, to become someone else; in all his writing as an artist and in his letters, one is aware of the double life of bluff and the exact observation that comes from inborn chagrin. The pattern of his intellectual life was established when, after becoming an admired writer in his early twenties, he cunningly pulled off the coup of being made lecturer in medieval history at St. Petersburg. He was almost totally ignorant, but he dumbfounded everyone by the eloquence of his first lecture, and then, in the ones that followed, became stammering and ridiculous on the platform. He met the humiliation by lies; he said he was ill and had a toothache. Turgenev has described the absurd scene. The escape into imaginary illness became a habitual move. The good and long-suffering Aksakov, the classic memoir writer of the period, who often had Gogol in his home for long stretches, described him at the age of twenty-three:

A crest of hair on his head, carefully clipped kiss-curls on his temples, clean-shaven lips and chin, and an enormous, over-starched collar gave an artificial expression to his face. There seemed to be something cunning in him.... He surprised me by his complaints about all sorts of diseases from which he thought he suffered—indeed past recovery.

And soon there was no doubt that the *malade imaginaire* would end by achieving a real illness. The fact is that gluttony had become the alternative to carnal love. That nose of his

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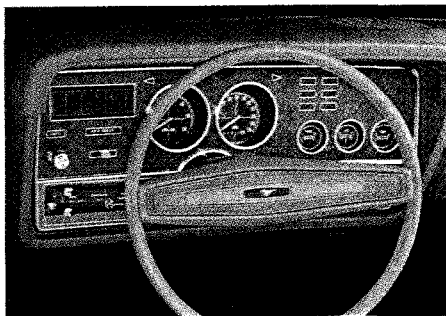
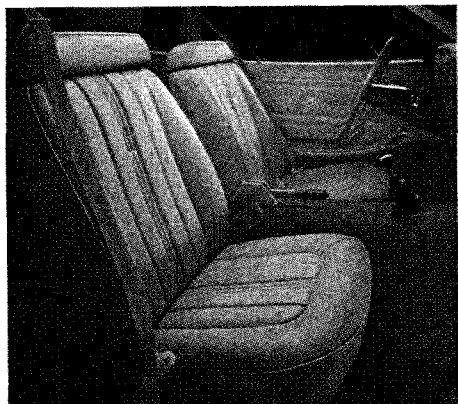
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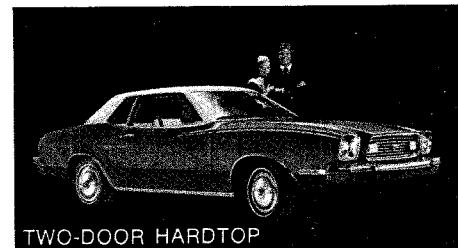
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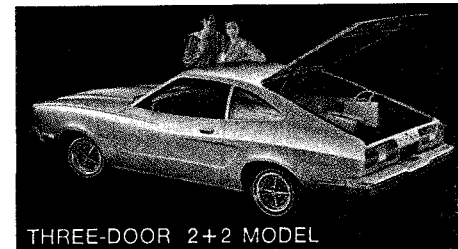
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ing for the vegetable life made him a minute, even petty observer of reality. The original actors of "The Inspector General" drove Gogol mad with their insistence on turning his people into the conventional overacted types of farce. What he seems to have been unaware of was that the play would be a political scandal. He was far from being a liberal or a reformist; he fully supported the Czar. His picture of the dishonesty, tedium, and oppressiveness of official life in the provinces was political but without explicit contemporary intention: to him, quite simply, life outside his mother's home in the Ukraine looked grotesque and wicked. And, as he said of his characters in "Dead Souls," their sordid behavior was a subjective expression of his own private tendencies and sins. One always doubts Gogol when he makes comments like this, for he was an ingrained dissimulator, but at least we know the religious worm was working in him and that he made fatal and paralyzing efforts to fill the second part of "Dead Souls" with "good" characters and to offset the impression that Russia was populated by liars and malicious ignoramuses. It is hard to accept that Gogol sought spiritual salvation, even in the final crisis of his short life (he died at the age of forty-three); rather, he sought ease and freedom from torment in this world, very much in the calculating way of his Chichikov, who is as self-interested as Gil Blas. Gogol thought of Chichikov as the Devil-in-Man, the commonplace Devil of humdrum human cunning; although he is "low," we are secretly on his side—as Troyat says—and fear that he will be unmasked, for he is the "low" part of ourselves.

Troyat points out that Gogol travelled little in Russia outside of Moscow and St. Petersburg, and that even there he was self-isolated. He hated Russia, and the Russia he invented was a dreamlike introspection during his long residence in Rome, which he loved. The irony is that "Dead Souls," which meant so much to generations of Russian realists, came from so intense a private and almost obfuscating source. Gogol wrote:

The town and its maelstrom of gossip should be portrayed as a chaos depicting the futility of mankind in general. How to reduce the universal image of futility in all its forms until it can be embodied in the futility of that town, and how to magnify the latter until it will approximate to an image of planetary futility.

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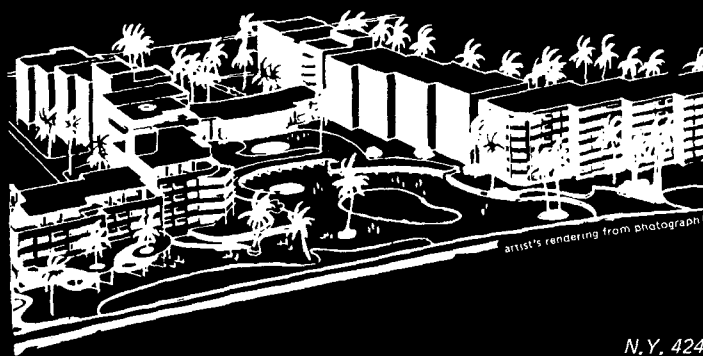
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cious in scenery and to essaylike reflection. If Gogol travelled little in Russia, he was always travelling in Europe, and, indeed, once went to Jerusalem on an unlucky religious wild-goose chase. This restless sense of travelling in his writing is part of its verve; in fact, he reached a point at which he was morose, disheartened, and empty when he stayed in his room. He either slept half the day or paced frantically up and down, screwing up little pellets of bread and throwing them about. But once on the move, he found the lost power to write.

Rome released him in one particularly alarming way. He had not been a feeling man; he depended on rich and useful friends. The death of Pushkin had left him not heartbroken but at a loss for a valuable hero. In Rome, he found two substitutes—both men. One was the painter Ivanov, an ascetic and a perfectionist who was giving his life to the painting of a single huge picture, "Christ Appearing to the People." The other was Count Joseph Vyelgorsky, a beautiful young man of twenty-three who lay dying, and for the first time Gogol felt the need to give himself to another human being.

What he had never dared show to a person destined to survive, he could both think and utter to one who was about to disappear forever. The chill light of the tomb purified and justified everything. Freed from his usual constraint by the very pathos of the situation, he could feel a tenderness that no woman had yet inspired in him. With those he most admired he was always on his guard, as though fearing their friendship would be imperceptibly degraded, transformed into flirtation, even love... Never would he have opened his heart to them as he did here, for he knew they were creatures of the flesh, greedy for conquest and sin... For once in his life, blind with grief and anxiety, Gogol was indifferent to gossip.

In this period, Gogol was wretchedly poor. He refused to earn his living during his toils on "Dead Souls." He ordered Aksakov and other friends to scrape a fund together for him. They succeeded in getting money from the Czar, who lazily remarked that he much preferred the work of Paul de Kock. Gogol was for a while secretly in Moscow, pretending to his mother he was in Trieste. He even described the town, and the sea-bathing cure he was taking there; she was almost penniless, and so were his sisters.

It is hard to believe that Gogol was only thirty-three when, after hysterical quarrels with editors and officials, "Dead Souls" was published, but it is typical that on the eve of publication he fled from Russia to escape the praise or

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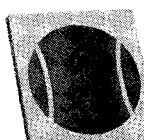
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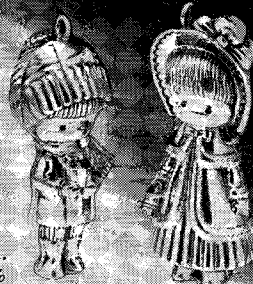
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the blame, and renewed his wanderings all over Europe, in search of peace and health, his cries alternating between remorse at his rudeness and ingratitude to his friends and grandiose utterances about the mystical intention of the book, which would become evident in the second and third volumes. He was set on a course of self-perfection—but in words. "Dead Souls" was the confession of his vices—and, indeed, it is a subjective work taken from his inner life; now he was to set up as the confessor of others. Since the new volumes made little progress, he collected female admirers who were in a state of remorse about their love affairs or loss of faith, the most charming being Mme. Smirnov, who scared him by attracting him.

Day after day, as he confessed and berated his penitent, he undressed her morally while rapturously forbidding himself the slightest physical contact, the briefest meaningful gaze.

With Christian coyness "rationing her confessions," she led him on, and even, half joking, once said, "Listen, you are in love with me." This put him in a rage, but the platonic titillation gave him anguish and delight. He stuck to the evasiveness of the impotent: he denounced slavery to the flesh while he continued his gluttony and his curious love of brilliant spectacles and highly colored, eccentric clothes. Among a crowd of admiring penitents was a young girl of eighteen. He went so far as to think of marrying her, but firmly without physical union. Her family put their foot down.

When, after five years, Gogol read what he had written of the second part of "Dead Souls," the mind of the artist cleared: he saw how mediocre he had become, and "with death in the face" he had the courage to burn the manuscript, but he went on to say, "It is my body that is infirm, not my soul." For he had a new scheme: to publish the interminable moralizing letters he had written to everyone he knew. His admirers in Russia who had pronounced his genius as an artist were appalled by the prolixity and banality of these letters. Troyat says that if there is one part of Gogol who is absent from the subjective first volume, it is the compulsive preacher. The artist was dead, the hypochondriac and perfectionist was approaching religious mania, and his morality was odd. He grandly proposed—rather as Tolstoy was to do—to give away whatever money he earned in grants to students, forgetting about the large sums he owed his friends and his mother and his obliga-

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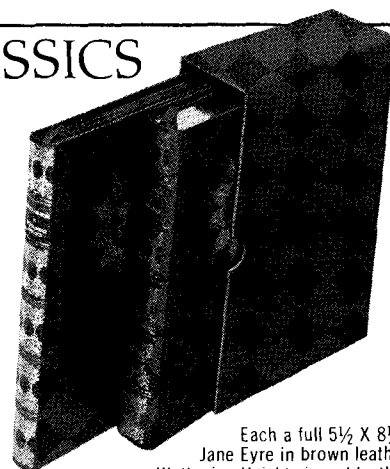
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tions to his sisters. He had reached the final phase of spiritual self-deception. Perhaps he was not self-deceived; was he not impelled, rather, to one more sin?

Troyat makes the changing scenes of this strange life flow. He has the gift of filling a crowded page with people and daily incident without confusing or wearying us. The final drama, in which Gogol threw himself repentantly at the feet of the brutal and fashionable priest Father Matthew, who really tortured his soul, is pitiable and nauseating. Gluttony had ruined Gogol's digestion, his nerves had long been going to pieces; now, aged forty-three, he was feeble and emaciated. He became a skeleton, and those who knew him regarded his approaching death as a suicide—and a secret, malign suicide at that. The final weeks, while the quarrelling doctors gathered round him trying out their cures, might be a scene from his own work. One monster applied leeches to his long, pointed nose—the beak that had lived its intense allegorical life in his writing. They wriggled obscenely from his nostrils. "Get the leeches out of my mouth!" he cried, in horror. Near the end, he called for a ladder. He had once said that "a ladder stands ready to be thrown down to us from Heaven, and a hand is outstretched toward us, to help us mount in one bound." For him it would seem natural that "one bound" was enough. The death and funeral, too, became episodes suitable to black comedy rather than to human dignity; Gogol had mocked so many officials, and, fearful of the authorities, the press was cautious in its comments. Turgenyev's funeral oration was refused by the St. Petersburg censor; the Moscow censor carelessly passed it; there was a terrible row. The official in charge of the secret police reported that the schemings of the literary world were "the active agent of all the trouble we are witnessing in the Empire," and the Czar ordered that Turgenyev be arrested, detained for a month, then exiled to his estate. And for three years Gogol's "Collected Works" were available only in expurgated form. In its treatment of writers Russia has not changed since 1852.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SALAMANDER, by Morris West (Morrow). The time is the present, the setting is Italian, and what starts out looking like a slick, enjoyable



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little suspense story about a good cop who prevents a Fascist takeover of the Italian government is eventually inflated to almost weather-balloon proportions by the author's ponderous reflections on modern statecraft; by a lot of well-researched but not particularly relevant details about such arcana as the Bankers' Club in Milan and the Chess Club in Rome; and by an inordinate number of passages that begin "We Latins..." Mr. West has a professional, springy way of writing that is very hard to resist. But most of his plot situations are clichés, and, except for their thick Italian coating, his characters—the overworked, fallible hero; his urbane, bloodless boss; his heart-of-gold double-agent girl friend; and his soigné mentor, the Salamander—all seem descended from spy books we have already read or spy movies we have already seen. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

HEARTLAND, by Saul Maloff (Scribners). The revenge of the shiksa, seen through the slightly astigmatic eyes of Isaiah Greene, world-weary wandering Jew and literary hack. This medium-to-not-at-all-funny Jewish joke details Greene's misadventures among the coeds of Donner Pass College for Women—a small, mediocre institution that hopes one day to be "a Rocky Mountain Radcliffe with important differences." Although there are occasional chuckles and lots of wry little passages about the bumbleheaded assimilator and his lust for the enemy (portrayed here as a philistine and cuddly castrator), the fun ends as soon as Mr. Maloff gets into the book's central event: a savage ritual in which the college girls turn into wild maenads who crave (literally) Jewish blood. Even more unlikely than this collegiate bacchanal is the book's ending, which seems to have virtually no relation to the rest of the novel.

A GOOD DAY TO DIE, by Jim Harrison (Simon & Schuster). Another rerun of this generation's version of the novel of rootless despair and self-pity. The narrator, aged twenty-eight, is homely, bright, sensitive, bookish, and, like most of his kind since "The Sun Also Rises," an ardent fisherman. His companion is a big, unimaginative hillbilly veteran of Vietnam. Their common bond is alcohol, marijuana, LSD, and all the rest, and the big guy's girl. But Mr. Harrison wants them on the road,



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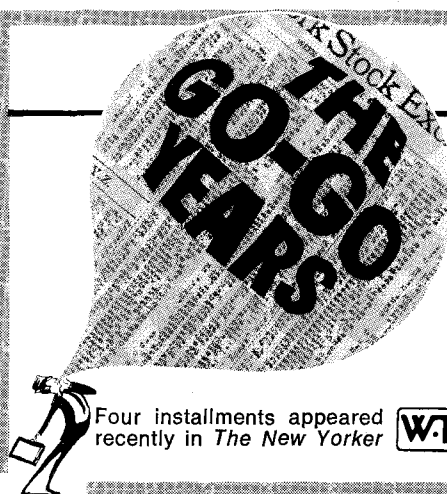
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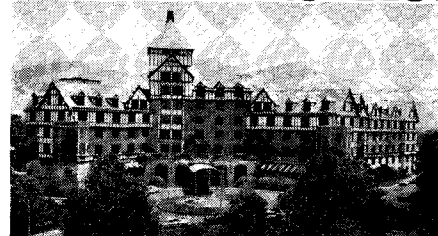
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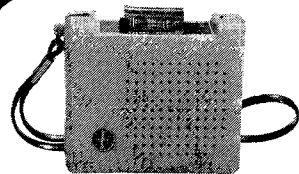
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and to that end he gives them a cause. There is a rumor that the government is building a dam across the Grand Canyon; they decide to blow it up in ecological protest. It is a pity that Mr. Harrison has wasted his time on this painfully no-news novel, because he is a writer of talent.

DANCE OF THE HAPPY SHADES, by Alice Munro (McGraw-Hill). Fifteen short stories, warm and detailed but fundamentally sketchy, set in country places and small towns in southwestern Ontario. The background in these stories is beyond all doubt authentic. The interiors of the houses, the views from their windows, the walks the people take on the roads and streets of the places where they live—all these, and the weather, are made so real that a reader who had never heard of Canada would understand, and perhaps even half recognize, the world Alice Munro is describing. The conversations also are extremely well rendered. It is only when she comes to deal with personality and character that this writer's hand becomes weak and her work faint, so that in the end the stories can be compared to a series of excellent, irreplaceable photographs in which every leaf, every thread, every stick of furniture is as clear and clean-cut as the day the camera clicked, while the human hands and faces have faded away into a blank place that is beyond recall.

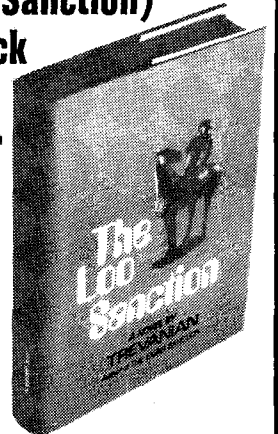
NOTE: "A Crown of Feathers," a collection of short stories by Isaac Bashevis Singer, most of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

GENERAL

FAREWELL TO MANZANAR, by Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston and James D. Houston (Houghton Mifflin). Manzanar was the earliest of the Japanese internment camps in the Western states during the Second World War, and in this book a particularly ignominious chapter in our history is recounted with chilling simplicity by an internee. Her family (like all other Japanese fishing families whose boat radios suggested to the government that they were probable saboteurs) was one of the first to arrive at the camp, in Owens Valley, California, and one of the last to leave. The crowded, makeshift, unsanitary, degrading camp not only destroyed her family's pride, she says, but

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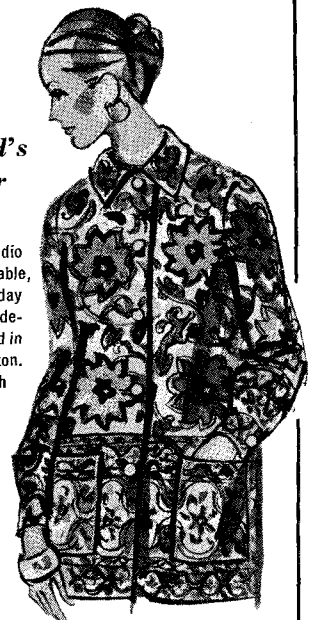
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broke the vital link with the past that had kept the family together and preserved a sense of Japanese culture even in California. Her family coped with the realities of the camp in several ways. Her nine brothers and sisters became more American than the Americans. The author (who was seven when she arrived at Manzanar) took up baton twirling and learned how to smile toothily; one brother formed a band called the Jive Bombers. But her father was too old to bend with the humiliations of the camp. Deprived of his past, he was unable to live in the present. His story is at the heart of this book, and his daughter tells it with great dignity.

LETTERS TO FELICE, by Franz Kafka, translated by James Stern and Elisabeth Duckworth (Schocken). "Writing is actually the good part of my nature. If there is anything good about me, it is that," Kafka says in one of these letters, and if this book proves anything, it is the truth of that statement. The almost totally epistolary five-year love affair (he lived with his parents in Prague, Felice Bauer lived with hers in Berlin, and though they managed to get engaged twice, they met only on rare occasions) seems to have been doomed from the start. More than anything, these abysmally sad letters record the terrible bleakness, illness, and wretchedness of Kafka's life. "I feel," he wrote in one of several extraordinarily self-denigrating proposals of marriage to Felice, "as though I had experienced nothing, learned nothing, and in fact I know less about most things than the average schoolboy." He meant it. Who the woman really was to whom he so halfheartedly recommended his "sick, weak, unsociable, taciturn, gloomy, stiff, almost hopeless" self we shall probably never know, since her letters have been destroyed. For Kafka, she was an almost inhuman paragon of every human virtue, his opposite ("gay, lively, sure") in every way, and a tabula rasa on which he permitted himself to inscribe his most passionate longings and fears.

LOOKING AT PHOTOGRAPHS, by John Szarkowski (Museum of Modern Art). This well-printed collection of one hundred photographs by one hundred photographers who worked between the eighteen-forties and the nineteen-seventies expresses through its selections the radical conception of photography that has marked the author's tenure as director of pho-

Photo: Jill Krementz

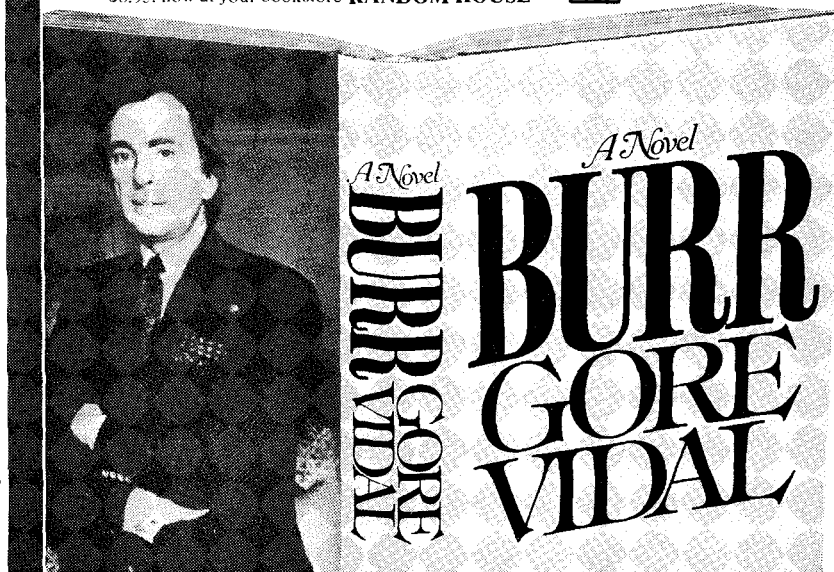
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tography at the Museum of Modern Art. He has extended to photography John Kouwenhoven's distinction between the vernacular and the cultivated traditions in American culture, and he believes that such unself-conscious forms as news photography, scientific photography, and amateur picture-taking are essentially more photographic than the fine-arts-centered efforts of salon photography. Accordingly, the photograph with which he has chosen to represent Alfred Stieglitz, for example, is not one of the famous pictorial masterpieces, such as the winter view of the Flatiron Building or the picture of steerage in an immigrant ship, but an obscure work whose frame of reference is the summer snapshot—a girl in white shorts and a white middie blouse standing on a porch before a white doorway and staring with dreamy belligerence at the photographer. It is a dazzling illustration and vindication of the Szarkowski predilection, but other choices are less persuasive, and some very good photographers (as even Szarkowski concedes) can't be squeezed into its confines. Despite—or perhaps because of—its bias, this is one of the finest photography anthologies in print, and the short essays by the anthologist that face each page show how intelligent, civilized, and noticing he is.

NOTE: "The Plundered Past," Karl E. Meyer's account of illicit trafficking in archeological treasures, has been published by Atheneum. Much of the material appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

MONEY VALUES—One Mexican peso is worth 12.5 U.S. cents, eight of them make one U.S. dollar. Looking at it another way, each Mexican peso is worth 8 cents.—*Corpus Christi Caller-Times*.

Sort of a sidewise glance?

Garden Club of America members were guests at a formal dinner in the Cloister at the Toledo Museum of Art where white tapers and rubrum lilies were centerpieces on tables covered with burgundy-covered cloths.—*Toledo Blade*.

Highly original but rather messy.

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT
[From the Atlanta Journal]

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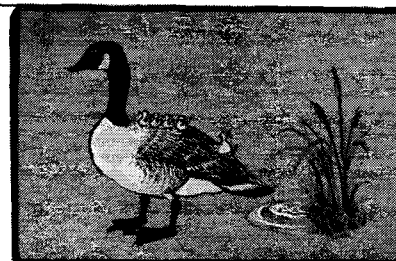
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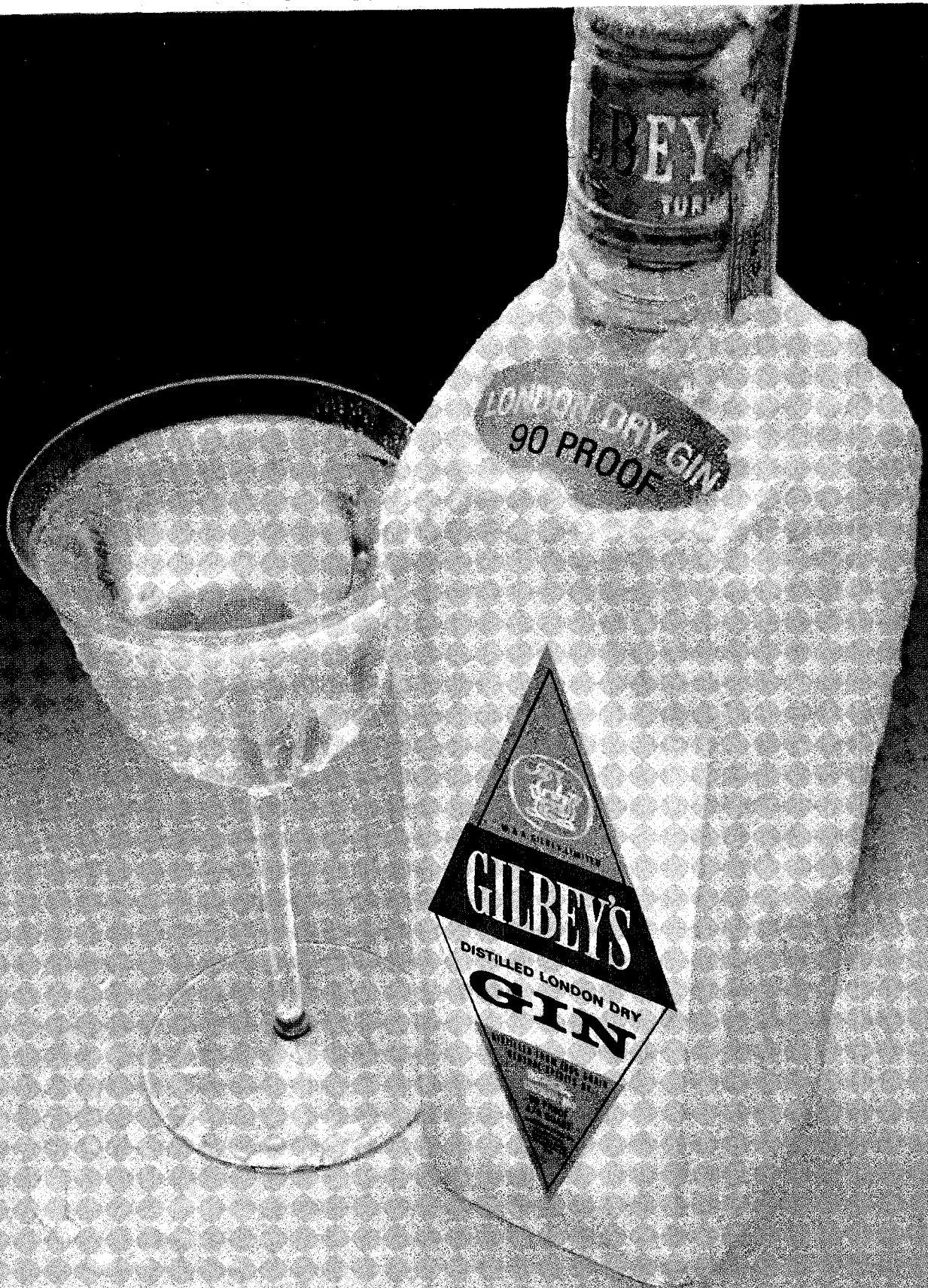
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